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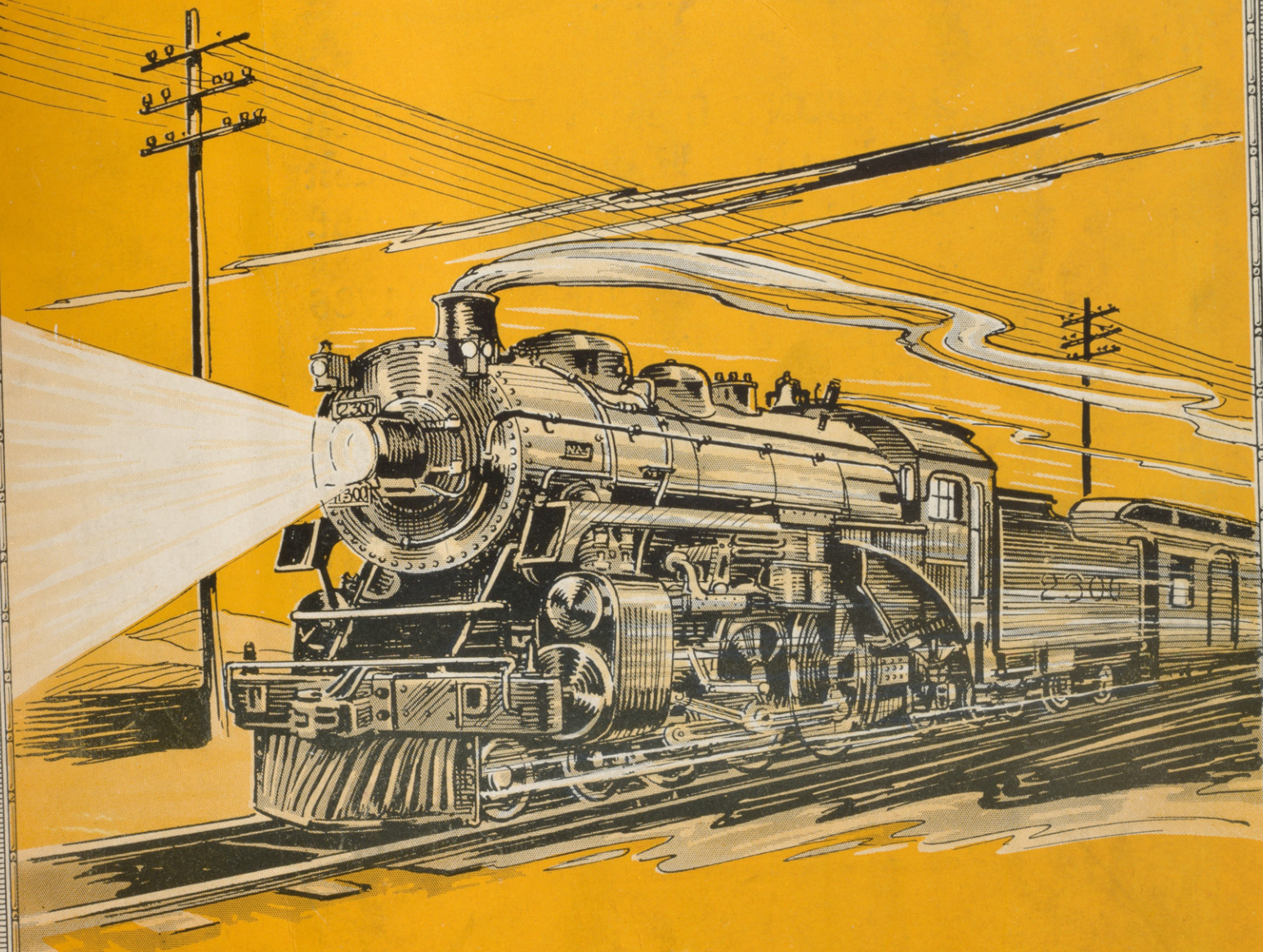


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VOLUME IX  
NUMBER 2

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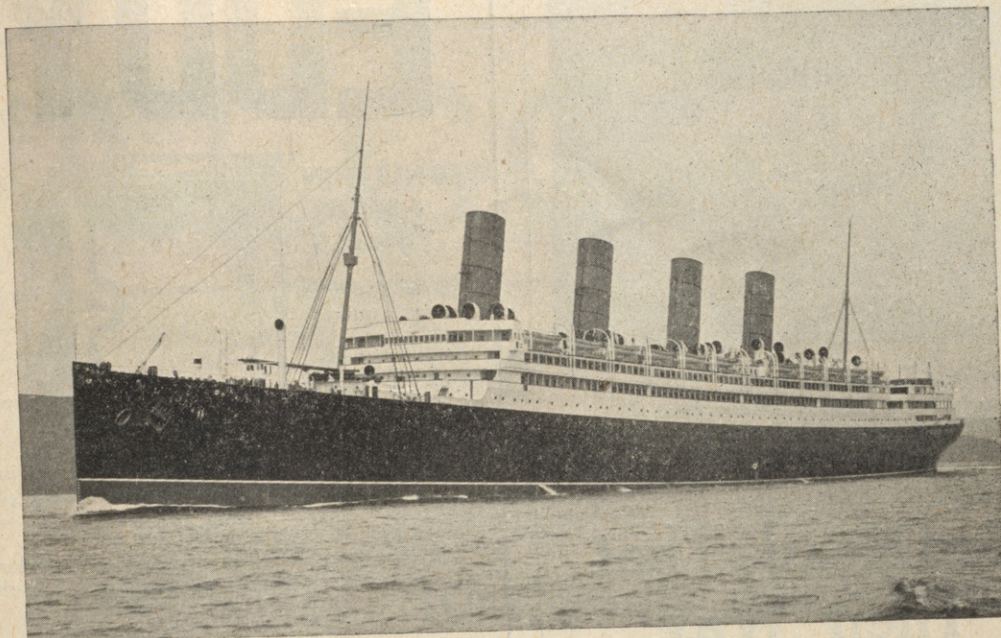
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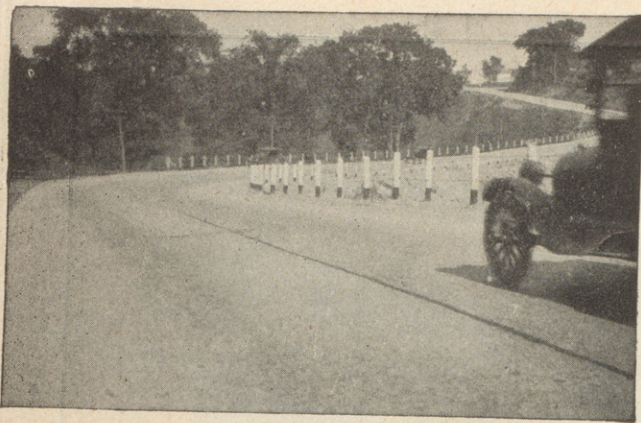
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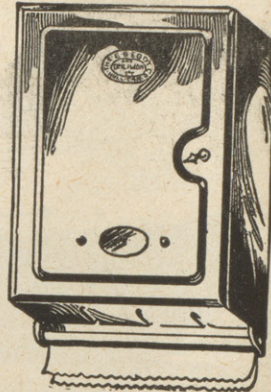
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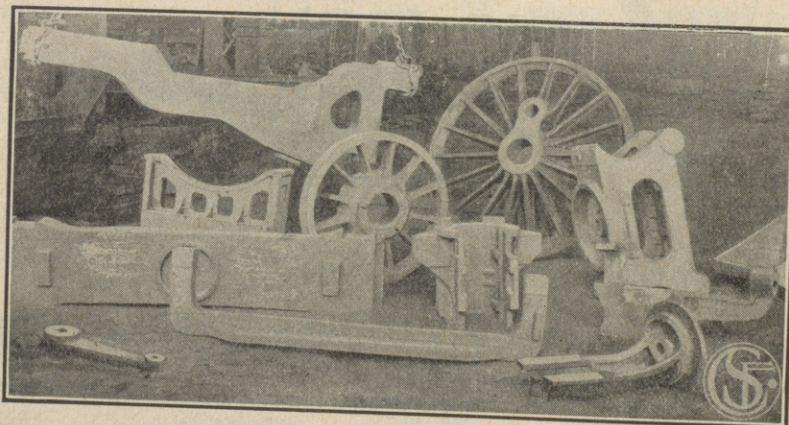
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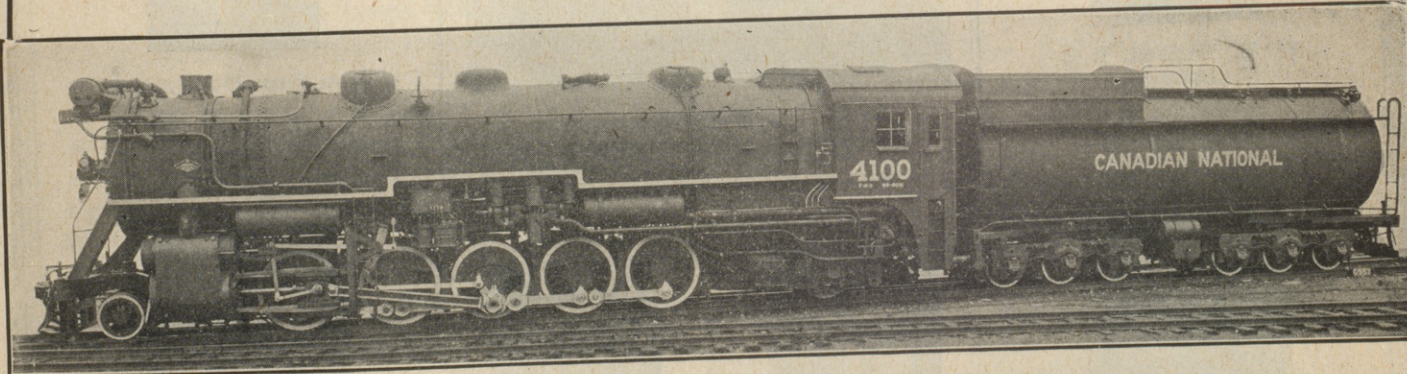
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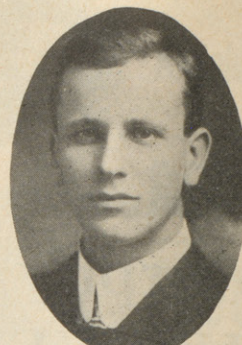




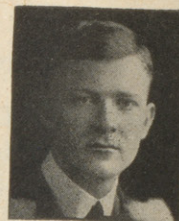
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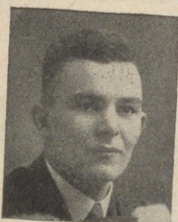
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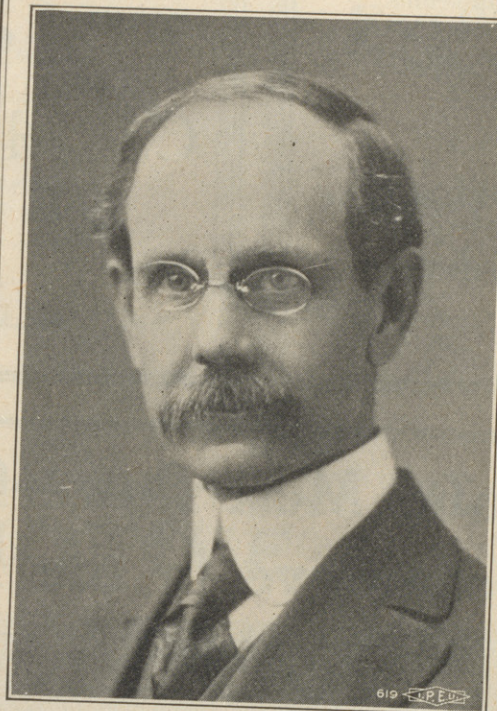
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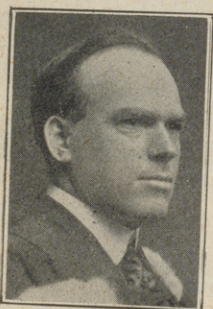
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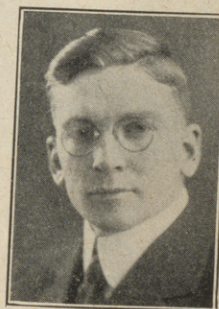
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A Few of the Fifty-five  
Instructors of the Frontier College during the Year 1925

For story see page 26



# CANADIAN RAILROADER

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17

VOL. IX

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE

NO. 2

## THE PRICE OF ADVENTURERS

EXPEDITIONS are being sent out to search for Amundsen and his companions, from whom nothing has been heard since they set out on their flight from Spitzbergen to the North Pole. Governments and other interests will spend many thousands of dollars in the search.

There is no doubt that the plight of the Amundsen party appeals to the imagination and sympathies of numbers of persons. The plight of Floyd Collins, imprisoned in a Kentucky cave, had a similar appeal. In the case of Collins, too, large sums of money were spent and prodigious effort put forth in the attempted rescue of the man.

Every reasonable endeavor should be made to save life. But that applies no more conspicuously in instances like those of Amundsen and Collins than in instances of the victims of ordinary accidents and other ills. Saving a young man from death by tuberculosis is just as important, though not as spectacular, as saving an Amundsen or a Collins; possibly more important, for at least Amundsen and Collins knew the risks and were willing to accept them.

If the money and effort expended to rescue Amundsen and Collins is a tribute to courage and lofty aim, that tribute might also be paid to the widow of the "Human Fly" who slips from the ledge of a ten-storey building. The value to humanity, the adding to the world's knowledge, is just as questionable in the case of Amundsen or Collins as in the case of the "Human Fly." And not one of the three is free from the suggestion of advertising and commercialism.

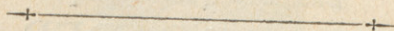
There is more to be said for the expert flier who recently made daredevil experiments with parachutes—already his name is forgotten—for he was, at any rate, testing apparatus and conditions from which practical lessons in safety were to be drawn for the benefit of many others.

*(Continued on next page)*



In the Collins episode enough cash and energy were used to save thousands of lives from the ordinary perils of civilization, and that situation is evidently to be repeated in the episode of Amundsen.

The question arises in the minds of some of us as to whether it is not time to reconsider the price paid by the public for adventurers.



### THE CHILDREN—GOD HELP THEM!

**I**T was Dickens, that great lover of children, who said that everyone was entitled to an early life of care-free pleasure and enjoyment so that, after the strenuous activities of youth and middle age, the pensive days of declining years might be mellowed by recollections of a happy childhood.

Some of the world's best loved poetry was the outgrowth of that period in the writer's history when "every common sight" seemed clothed "with the glory and the freshness of a dream." Wordsworth, that thinker of sublime thoughts, said, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy", and Thomas Hood, whose simple, unaffected songs are likely to make their appeal as long as love and home and sentiment last, remarked, in recalling some of the pretty fancies of childhood, that "'Tis little joy to know I'm farther off from Heaven than when I was a boy." Childhood to these men was a time of beautiful thoughts and happy dreams. No matter what life brought them of joy or sorrow the sacred memories of a happy youth reached down the years and cast a tender halo over the time when they had "put away childish things."

Since the beginning of the present year over twenty children have been killed by automobiles on the streets of Montreal. The toll of young life, heavy at all times through motor traffic in Canada's metropolis, seems particularly startling this season. With the growth of traffic in general and the widespread substitution of horse-drawn vehicles for motor trucks a tremendous speeding up in city life has resulted. Practically no effort has been made, however, to protect the juvenile population against the dangers contingent upon these changing conditions.

The result is that Montreal, with an infant death rate from illness of 32.3 per thousand for the year 1924, is on a fair way to being known far and wide as a sort of twentieth century Moloch whose lust demands the perpetual sacrifice of youth.

Regarding those who survive—what can be expected from adult citizens who have spent the recreation hours of "childhood's opening bloom" amid the filth and squalor of a congested city street, because there was nowhere else for them to play? The ghost of every little child wantonly slain by the monster of selfishness and indifference raises pale hands in supplication to "the powers that be" on behalf of the small companions from whom it was so cruelly torn, mutely craving for them some of the happiness and protection it was denied.



# Impressions of a Canadian Parliament

By E. L. CHICANOT, Author of "Four Farmer Premiers", "The New Klondyke",  
"American Investment in Canada", etc.

I WAS most distinctly thrilled when a journalistic friend offered to secure for me a ticket of admission to the gallery of the Dominion House of Commons which was in session. It seemed really too astonishing to be true. Though I had frequently been in Ottawa before the possibility of actually seeing Canadian legislation manufactured had never occurred to me, an ordinary, humble citizen of Canada's eight millions. The impression had always persisted of the Dominion's elected legislators, chosen for their possession of qualities which set them supremely above their fellow men, dwelling sublimely aloft in the sacrosanct solitude of Olympian heights, a select, inapproachable gathering. It seemed astounding that this sacred chamber should be accessible to me, one of that greater body which rules not but is merely ruled.

The actuality was very different. The business of legislating is not such an awesome and serious business as I had come to believe, and I am forced to the conclusion that Parliament really enjoys it. There is an air of insouciance about the chamber, an atmosphere of why after all take the business of governing so seriously. Members of parliament are in the peculiarly enviable position of both being actors in, and the audience at, a most enthralling national drama, and seem to thoroughly enjoy both roles. There is an entire absence of that ponderous dignity and elaborate ceremony which the visitor acquainted with, and dieted on, English parliamentary tradition is led to expect. The en-

tire conduct of the house is, in fact, so free from conventional trammels, so utterly democratic in all respects, as to be quite disillusioning to such an individual whose impressions are based on English tradition.

## Attendant Quite Unconcerned.

With a feeling of being especially favored by Providence and distinctly set apart from the great bulk of Canadians who will probably never have the good fortune to see their country actually being governed, I entered the hallowed precincts, with a deeper feeling of reverence than actuates me on my hebdomadal visit to church. Consequently, I was rather surprised and not a little piqued at the ease of my penetration. A conservatively uniformed official, who might have been a soldier or a policeman, monchalantly took my ticket as a collector at a movie show would. There was no heavily armed guard, such as I would not have been at all surprised to

encounter, not even a beefeater. There was no rigorous scrutiny, no searching for lethal weapons, no inquiry into my ancestry. I might have been a Bolshevik or a violent revolutionary, the attendant did not seem to mind. The pleasant idea I had harbored of being one of an especially honored few suffered a rude jolt.

The same attendant admitted me through a heavy door which swung silently to the gallery, and left me there. I walked in upon a floor covered with some thick material which effectually deadened my footfalls but could not stifle my heartbeats. I experienced all the sensations of a man walking into an Indian temple for the first time, except that the air was rather fresher. Again I suffered disillusionment. I was one of a mere straggling dozen or so of the people in Ottawa sufficiently interested in the destinies of their country to witness its laws being made. I had imagined a densely packed gallery, seething with varied emotion, a frantic craning of the neck, and perhaps an occasional glance of the great ones of the land. I found I had the choice of dozens of seats directly over-looking the chamber beneath and giving an entirely unobstructed view of the drama of legislation unfolding below. It is a much easier matter to view a Canadian Premier at leisure than to catch the veriest glimpse of a moving picture star visiting the Dominion.

The first and most forcible impression imparted was the utter casualness

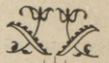


"The impression had always persisted of the Dominion's elected legislators . . . dwelling sublimely aloft in the sacrosanct solitudes of Olympian heights."





"I was one of a mere straggling dozen or so of the people in Ottawa sufficiently interested in the destinies of their country to witness its laws being made."



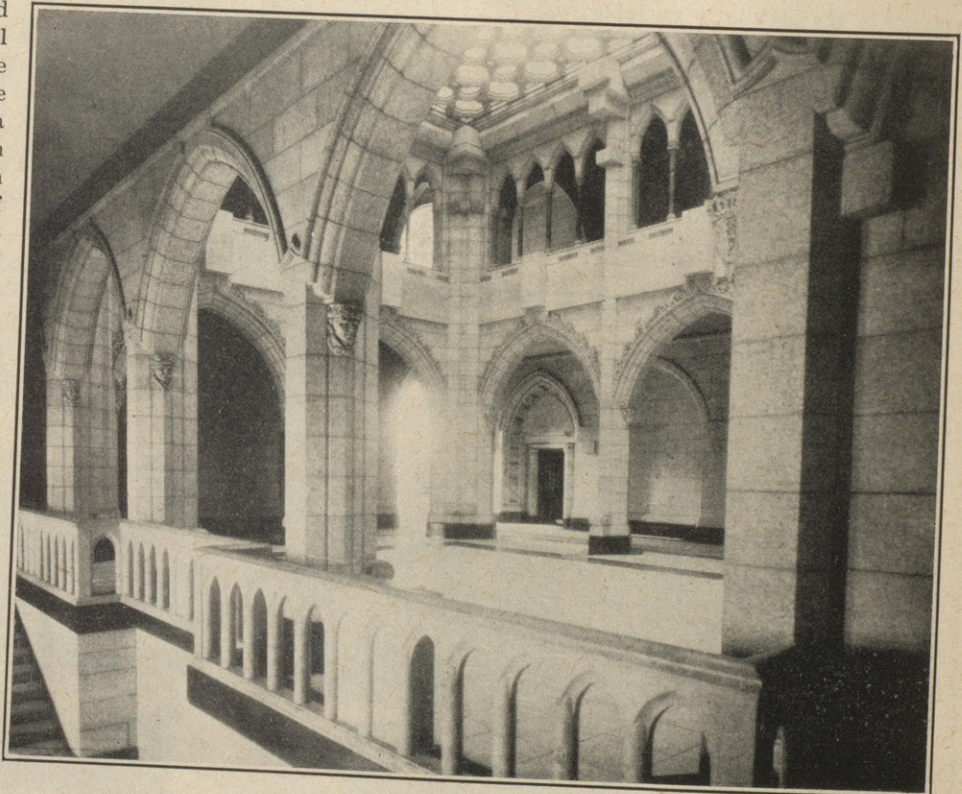
of it all. I anticipated a dignified and impressive scene, an awesome silence, broken only by the member holding the floor for the time being, the most rigid convention and ceremony. Instead, Parliament seemed more like a glorified meeting of a board of country school trustees, gathered to deliberate on the question of whether the schoolhouse door should be painted or not. In a half-filled House members, seated in twos, lolled in their seats as though blissfully unconscious that the eyes of a nation were fixed upon them, their deliberations and decisions eagerly followed and awaited. They were laughing and chatting together and strolling in and out in the most unconcerned manner, and one which amounted to positive rudeness to the member orating, who, however, did not seem to mind and was apparently used to it. Some members were sitting with their hats on and one sported a not too reputable cap.

#### One Awesome Personage.

The one aweing member of the House, who lent to the gathering an air of dignity and reserve, and who alone seemed to be responsible for restraining the assembly from such irresponsible behavior as throwing paper pellets at each other, was the Speaker, who, from his throne at the end of the chamber, surveyed the benches before him with an expression,

kindly and benign, yet withal possessing that restrictive influence of a good-natured schoolmaster. He held a light but firm rein on the members, restraining

the impetuous and those inclined to become a trifle unruly, gently reproving, making decisions in gentle yet authoritative tones.



"I entered the hallowed precincts with a deeper feeling of reverence than actuate me on my hebdomadal visit to church."



On the steps of the Speaker's throne sat numerous page boys in what are probably the only Eton suits to be found in all Canada. Their casual way of distributing themselves about the sacred eminence reminded one of those old paintings depicting the courts of mediaeval kings. They are at the behest of members, to bring their mail, replenish water tumblers, or carry messages across the floor—to perform the dozen little things a member wants doing whilst he is legislating.

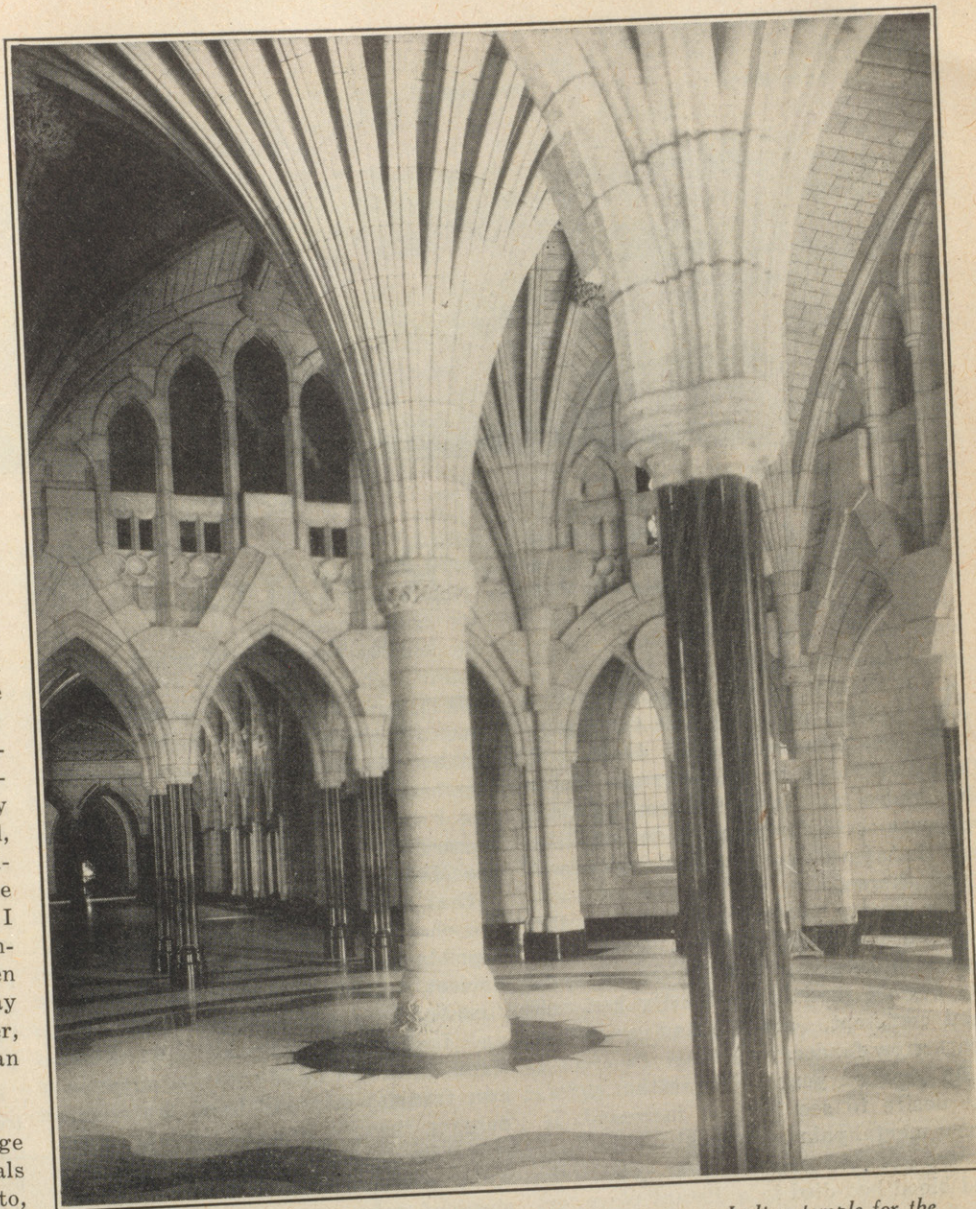
A member calls a page by snapping his fingers and the first to spot him runs, actually runs, up the length of the sacred chamber to see what he wants. It was the first time I had seen a small boy exhibit such celerity whilst engaged in one of the serious occupations of life, and in addition to being a decidedly novel experience this feature stood out in marked contrast to the air of leisure and casualness which otherwise pervaded the House.

Any remaining vestige of awe or reverence was dissipated on making a survey of the members of the House. They were not the eminently distinguished, exaltingly outstanding, or characteristically marked supermen one expects the selected legislators of the nation to be. I thought one might take an unconventional portrait of them all and christen it, "Yonge Street, Toronto, on Saturday Night," with few being any the wiser, so typical would it be of the Canadian general public.

#### Very Average Individuals.

They all seemed woefully average Canadians, the kind one meets in shoals on the streets of Montreal or Toronto, on the farms of Alberta or Saskatchewan, or the fishing towns of the Maritimes and unhesitatingly speaks to without any trepidation. In only two cases that I could ascertain was my diagnosis wrong. A most reactionary and Bolshevik labor member I had mentally categorized was a Presbyterian minister, whilst the member of the nondescript cap, whom I had set down as a disciple of Keir Hardie, turned out to be a prosperous and prominent captain of industry. Even the Premier and leader of the Government seemed to lose romance and I wondered how he could sit so calmly, reflecting with head upon his hand, gazing peacefully and tranquilly at the Leader of the Opposition who had been busily engaged the day before in cutting his parliamentary reputation to pieces.

The proceedings of Canada's Parliament are not characterized by that reserve of manner, that dignity of attitude, that restraint of conduct which one is wont to associate with British parliamentary affairs. Approximately about ten per cent. of the members present



*"I experienced all the sensations of a man walking into an Indian temple for the first time—except that the air was rather fresher."*

that night appeared to be listening to the member speaking to his motion. Ever and anon one of these attentive ones would grow tired and slouch out of the chamber with an expression of absolute boredom. The others were engaged in sparkling *tete-a-tetes*, writing letters, drawing figures on their pads, or drinking copious supplies of water. They crossed to the other side of the House whenever they felt so inclined, though always pausing religiously in the centre to bow to the Speaker's chair, and in every possible way seemed to endeavor to impress upon the member speaking their total disregard of what he was holding forth about. Occasionally, strictly against the etiquette of the House, a member would interject a remark, humorous or caustic, to be promptly reproved by the Speaker. Altogether the chamber was very reminiscent of a schoolroom rather loosely conducted.

The manner in which laws are made seems to be at times terrifyingly simple.

I presumed, or at least, hoped, that there had been some discussion at the previous sitting of the House, for things moved with startling rapidity after my arrival. The Speaker read a resolution in his cultured French accent, asked for a vote, received a purely indistinguishable murmur from the House, and said, "Passed." Another law had been added to the statutes which was not there before, and there was one more thing the Canadian people would in future be prohibited from doing.

It is, therefore, not surprising to see the voluminous amount of new legislation each session of the Canadian Parliament accounts for. And it is good, sound legislation, as all things attest. The manner of manufacture may appear haphazard, but in reality it is not so. Members are only too keenly apprised of all that is transpiring and give each matter the amount of consideration it warrants. The lethargy, the casualness, are only a cloak.





*"There is a rapture on the lonely shore" — Byron.*

## An Exile Returns to the Sea

By KENNEDY CRONE

**A**MONGST the varied emotions with which I recently made the trip to the distressed mining districts in Cape Breton, as an official reporter for the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, was the quite personal and exciting one that I would again look upon and smell the sea.

For twenty years I had not seen the sea, once familiar, always loved, yet never so keenly longed for as when it lay beyond reach. Familiarity had not bred contempt, absence had made the heart grow fonder.

As year on year of separation grew, the desire to see the sea increased. It was a mental pain to think about the sea, almost as if someone dear of flesh and blood had died in a distant place, or as if something in me were slowly wasting away because the sea air and the sea sights and sounds, which gave it life, had gone. A thousand miles from the sea a spirit was a-calling for the sea.

Now and then I would go down to Montreal harbor to visit the big ships that came from and passed out to the sea. There was an air of the sea about them even in their inland setting, and—though the scoffer scoffed—I could sense a faint odor of the sea in their steel and wood and rigging. I could see the cleanness and freshness of the sea in the skin and eyes of ship's officers and men.

In the fall of 1914 I had planned to see the sea, to go across it on the fine old Athenia with my fine old friend, Captain McNeil, who had had an interest in the family circle since the missis and I had crossed with him from Glasgow nine years before. During the interval the missis and babies had again been on the sea with him; indeed, the first-born

still brags that she travelled twelve thousand miles with her mother on the sea before she was two years old. The war broke, sailing schedules were upset, and I did not see the sea. The Athenia became a troopship which went down in the Mediterranean.

Ever sensitive to pipes and drums, and the rhythm of marching feet, despite horrible stories told me in boyhood by ancient, sun-browned relatives who had first-hand information about the Alma, and Lucknow, and Suakim and Tel-el-Kebir, I wanted to be with the adventurers; frankly, not a little of the accompanying thought was the thought of opportunity to see the sea, the gulls, the rocky coasts and what lay behind. Instead of going overseas, I did a lot of comparatively useless left-right-lefting in Montreal, and the only thing the country got out of it was, a bit of irony—that the rejected soldier became a physical training instructor.

I have been fussy about my sea. I have not wanted smooth sands, boardwalks and jazz bands with it. Rather have I wanted the hills rising ruggedly from the thrashing waves, the wild headlands or the shoal waters, the tiny boat that must keep out of the swell of the broadside and needs some tricky work to launch or beach, the silence except for the birds and the sounds of sea and wind, the humble homes of those who tread the sea.

To one who has seen the fishing smack go that never came back; who has seen

the lifeboat dare the howling night because lives hung on out there where the signal rockets burst; who has seen the coastguards throw their lines to the pounding barque; who has been drenched in the salt froth that tore and slashed and hissed and boomed in cleft and cavern—to one who has known these things, the peace of a summer day on a plateglass sheet and a sandy beach has not quite the same appeal as the peace that comes, strangely enough, from the wild.

There were exactly one thousand and twenty miles to go before I could stand on Atlantic shores at the north-eastern point of Cape Breton, two nights and a day on the trains. On the first night out from Montreal, aboard the Ocean Limited, that superb hotel on wheels that the C. N. R. has reason to feel chesty about, I slept ten hours like a happy child, a sound, calm sleep, unbroken except for a drowsy consciousness of a few moments about three in the morning. I raised the blind in my berth. It was still dark outside. Here and there in the distance were tiny spots of light betokening remote farm-houses. The air was not quite of the sea but there was a tone of the sea in it; I knew why an inner mind had awakened me. A guess that the train would be somewhere near Riviere du Loup, where there is enough tidal water in the St. Lawrence to make its presence obvious to the senses, a sleepy thought that I would lower the blind, reach for the light switch, and glance at the time-table,—and then, before thought passed to action, I was sleeping again to the lullaby of the rolling cars and the salt-scented air.

Approaching Campbellton the next day the sea air from the Gulf became more noticeable. A vagary of the

*The sea photographs in this article were taken near Glace Bay with my trusty "Brownie" camera, a 14-year-old companion. The weather was hazy when the "snaps" were made.—K.C.*



weather was that here and elsewhere in New Brunswick, and also in lower Quebec, it was winter, the uplands still sheathed in white and sleighs crossing the frozen lakes, while in Montreal and upper Quebec generally there was an early spring, the snow gone and the water free of ice. Passing through Nova Scotia towards evening, it was spring again, though not as far advanced as in upper Quebec.

Near Truro the train skirted the salt marshes across which come the winds from the Bay of Fundy. There was no mistaking the near presence of the sea.

New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were to me new countries, different naturally, and as man had ordered them, from those parts of Quebec with which I had been most familiar. The scenery rolled and valleyed instead of showing great expanses of flat; farms and farm-houses seemed trimmer, the towns and villages were not as quaint, perhaps, as French-Canadian towns and villages, yet had medleys of ancient and modern charm sure to strike a chord in the hearts of those who knew Old England or Old Scotland.

At Truro I left the Ocean Limited, which proceeded east to Halifax, and got on the night train for Sydney. Some time in the small dark hours a persistent shunting, with a series of bangs and an occasional jolt, woke me up. I gathered from the sounds that the train was being loaded in sections on the ferry that carries it from the mainland across the Straits of Canso to the Island of Cape

Breton. The breezes were corroborative evidence, for they were of the Atlantic without a doubt, and a fine tonic to a long-gone exile.

In the dawn, an early spring dawn, I saw the Bras d'Or Lakes—"Bracelets of Gold"—that wondrous salt-water chain that runs through from end to end of Cape Breton, girdled with the hills that might easily be the banks of other Lock Lomonds or the landward sight of other Kyles of Bute. I could sleep no more as picture after picture passed. I wished that I could loaf around these scenes and muse and write—nothing clever, maybe, but something of the tribute of a soul.

The tall buildings of cities, the machinery of commerce, the uncouth things of the mining industry which I was later to see as a grotesque crown to this fairy land, the many troubling, puzzling thoughts of an over-civilization and an over-conventionalization of the unimportant—all the meshes of these were forgotten and a simple, direct, understandable and wholly loveable world temporarily flushed the seeing eye and the eye of the mind.

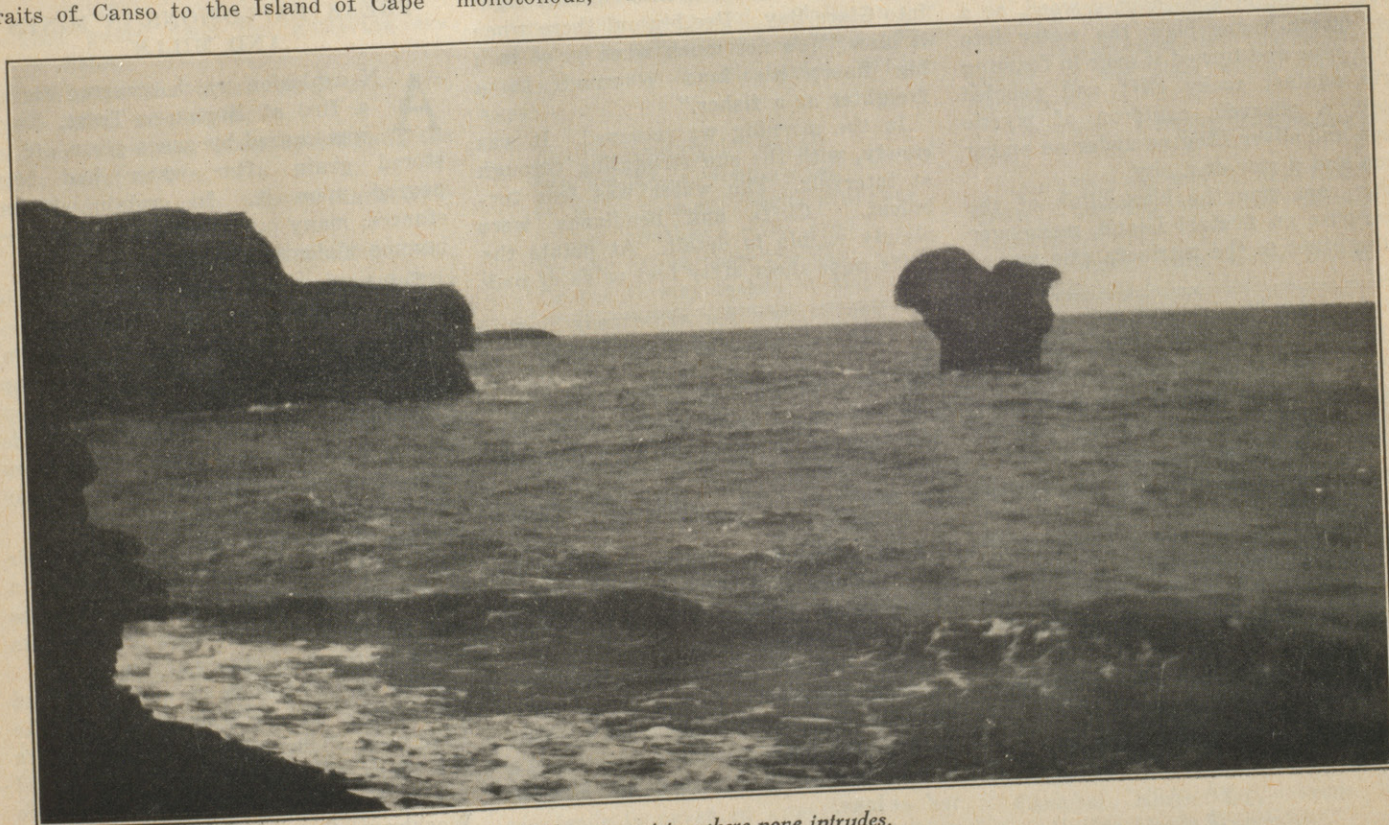
Breakfasting in Sydney, which looked eminently neat and respectable save the surprising feature that each of the fancy light standards on the main street was more or less badly damaged—suggesting a riot, but, I was told, merely a result of sustained neglect,—I took the street car from there to Glace Bay, a distance of sixteen miles. That was the most monotonous, uninteresting car ride of

my experience, through seemingly-endless lanes of brush and weeds and past mining communities with rows of houses that looked as if stamped from a single mould, the only variation being that some might have pink paint, some green paint, and some have paint so old that its original color was unknown.

In Glace Bay the car stopped at one end of a river bridge condemned as unsafe for heavy traffic, and looking the part. Glace Bay, a town of 19,000 inhabitants, mostly miners and their families, showed the efforts of civic pride to make the best of things, but, placed though it was on the edge of the Atlantic, it was hardly a place that could be described as a seaside resort. Indeed, the sea phase of it was incidental, the town facing and growing from the sea rather than towards it. I met a number of inhabitants who had not seen the sea at their backdoors for years. Shoreward was inclined to be slummy, where the bootleggers lived.

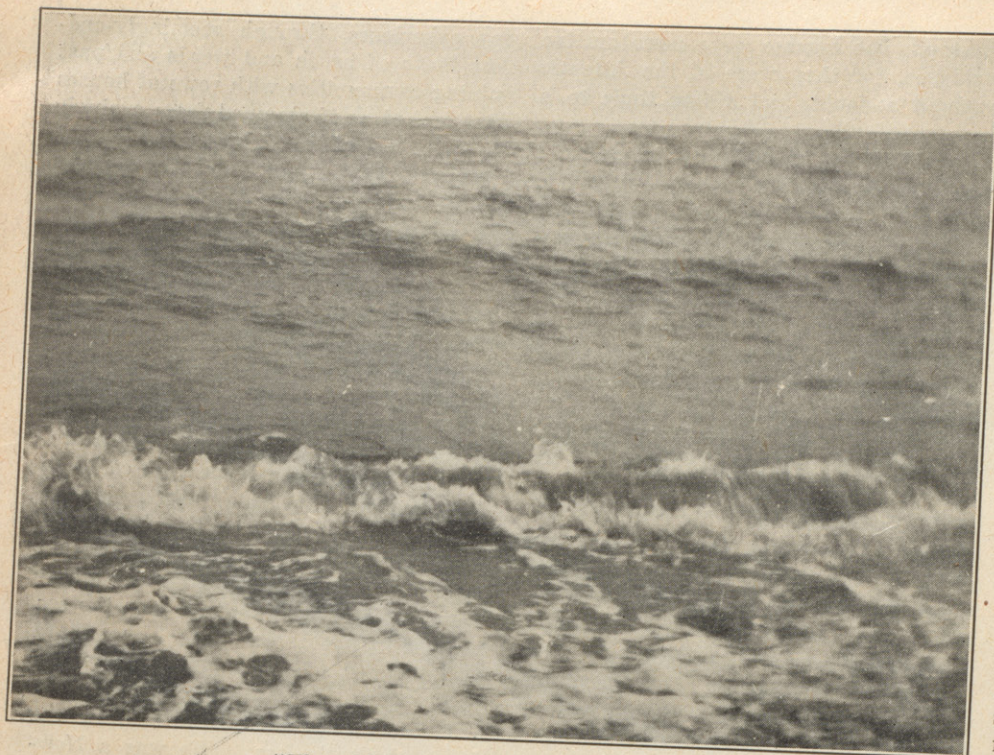
I struck a friendship with a miner who knew about the sea. He was a Newfoundlander who had sailed the Grand Banks and who had also been a look-out and donkey-engine runner on coal freighters from Sydney to Montreal. He comprehended, and he was a volume of information.

"Come wi' me the night when the moon is near its full, an' we'll go past the town where nobody goes an' where ye can see the flash o' Scatari Light. An' to-morrow's mornin, Easter Sunday, I'll tak' ye, be it suits ye, where's the ni-



*"There is society, where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar"—Byron.*





*"The endless ebb and flow  
Of tides that leave the ribbed sand beautiful" . . .*

cest pebbles in these parts. Man, I wish we wuz at Louisburg! That's the place fur nice pebbles!"

That evening we set out, passing the boot-legging haunts, the motor boats that sneak in from the sea-going rum runners, the stark wreckage that was once a coal-shipping wharf, and out to a place where there was only shore and sea and the heavens above. There we stood for minutes without a word, as a light north-easter blew the water into white caps and turned it over in foaming curls against rocky cliff and pebbled shore, a wizard's cauldron of myrtle green and silver filagree under an amber moon and a star-dust sky.

Far east was the blink-blink of the lighthouse on Scatari Island, messenger of the night to the mariners who passed

that way. "Scatari," said my guide—(he called it "Skatter-ee," which is probably right), "is the furthestmost point of Nova Scotia stickin' out in the Atlantic, the nearest bit o' Canada to England. Round the head there is Louisburg, where the ruins of the old fort are. Almost due north, mebbe ninety miles, is Noofunlan'. In here are some bad shoal waters, but there's a fine channel right into Glace Bay. I've bin out there when it blew. It's not much when ye're in a big liner; it's kind 'o rough in a freighter or a fisher."

In the morning we returned. It was cloudy, with the sun struggling through at intervals. The water was less turbulent. Cliffs and headlands were plainly visible in detail. At points the cliffs were sheer sixty feet or so of rock

from the narrow pebbled beach below to grassy plateau above.

My friend gathered colored pebbles for me and told what he knew of their stories. He remembered a visitor pouncing on a bright red one which was only an ordinary house brick worn round by the action of the sea. "The man didn't know no better, an' it wuz no use tellin' him, fur he thought he knowed it all."

"Jet black pebbles hereabout are just coal," he continued. "Coal outcrops, and pieces get into the sea an' are rock-ed an' rocked till they are smooth. Marbles an' granites are the nicest sea pebbles; I wish I could find ye a nice green one, almost clear like glass, but I don't see none. Man, I wish we wuz at Louisburg! That's where to get real nice pebbles!"

Later he said "Aye, I might go back to the sea some day. The sea is hard, ye know, in ways. Still, I like the sea an' the things o' the sea. There's somethin' that draws a man. There's nothin' draws a man in a coal mine two miles unner the sea but the wages. Arguments are agin the sea, of course, but still, but still—well, there's things a man don't know how to say. He jist knows. Ye unnerstan'?"

And so the man who didn't know how to say it said it for me, the wanderer of twenty years back again, seeing, breathing, feeling, understanding, glad — not knowing how to express it, and, between ourselves, not desiring.

### FREAK EXPLOSIONS IN MINES AND MILLS

**A**N explosion which occurred during a fire at Burton-on-Trent, Eng., was caused by gases given off by stored grain after water had been poured upon it. In certain circumstances, many quite ordinary substances become violently explosive.

Some years ago there was a terrible explosion in the famous Say sugar refinery near the Orleans Station in Paris. The whole of the first floor blew up with a noise like thunder and forty-two people were injured. The explosion is said to have been caused by a spark from a dynamo which ignited the fine sugar dust suspended in the air.

That organic dust suspended in dry air can form an explosive mixture is now a well-recognized fact, so much so that the law of England insists upon dry coal pits being watered at stated intervals.

Mills in which flour or malt is ground are always danger spots. In 1872 the Tradeston Flour Mills in Glasgow were the scene of an explosion which killed twelve people. A few years later the Washburn Corn Mills in Minneapolis blew up with a loss of eighteen lives.

## Holiday

**B**E mine the holiday of solitude,  
With one loved friend, beside  
the boundless sea,

Where no gay crowds nor city-sounds  
intrude,

And days pass in serene tranquillity!  
Treasure of shores be mine, a cliff-rock  
cool

For restful shade, the endless ebb and  
flow

Of tides that leave the ribbed sand beau-  
tiful,

Salt winds that softly from blue sea-  
leagues blow!

I do not crave the restless rush of cars,  
The lure of modern haunts and ribald  
song;

Be mine the calm hills, and twilight  
stars,

Sweet changing lights, and velvet  
shades that throng  
Green vales of peace where happy flow-  
ers sleep.

These delicate contrasts to the brick-  
bound days

Breathe o'er the wearied soul content-  
ment deep,

And beauty on the heart her blessing  
lays.

EDITHA JENKINSON.



# Faint Hearts and Fair Ladies

"LOVE," says Jerome K. Jerome, "is like measles, we all have to go through it." No one, old or young, man or woman, is indifferent to love-affairs, either his or her own, or other people's. It is but natural that, from Homer to Hardy, the love of a man for a maid is the motive and centre of most of the world's great literature.

Love either comes at first sight, sweeping reason before it, or it slowly develops and yet inexorably binds two souls together. Although Marlowe and Disraeli both declared "that none ever loved but at first sight," so general a statement is not true; for even if there must be one sublime moment when one human realizes that he or she is in love, this realization does not always come at first sight.

The experience of Swift and his Stella is a classic example of slowly dawning love; while the story of Garibaldi and his Anita is a famous example of powerful, enduring love which awoke at first sight.

Byron beautifully narrates the gradual falling in love of the shipwrecked Don Juan and Haidée, the pirate's daughter. Who can forget the climax?

They looked up at the sky, whose floating bowl  
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;  
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,  
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;  
They heard the waves splash, and the wind so low,  
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light  
Into each other—and, beholding this,  
Their lips drew near and clung into a kiss.

Perhaps the neatest description of sudden love is in "As You Like It," when Rosalind, speaking to Orlando, says:—

For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy.

## Putting the Question

The falling in love, however, is but a small part of the story. To touch even lightly on all the aspects of love would fill volumes.

Love, love, love,  
Love is like a dizziness;

It winna let a puir body  
Gang about his business.

The next step in what the poet calls "a dizziness" is the proposal, to which there can ultimately be but two possible replies. Between the brief and immortal "Barkis is willin'" and the prosy speeches so popular with the nineteenth-century novelists is a wide range of proposals, some humorous, some tragic, but all interesting.

Sir Pitt Crawley's proposal to Becky Sharp, a proposal made before his dead wife was buried, has been justly described as the ugliest and most cynical in literature; while David Copperfield's youthful, enthusiastic proposal to dear, incapable Dora is, possibly, the most genuine and touching.

Two amusing extremes are to be found in Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," where the self-satisfied Mr. Collins smugly tells Elizabeth Bennet of the advantages she will enjoy as his wife, and in H. G. Wells's "Joan and Peter," where the resourceful Joan takes matters into her own hands and stampedes Peter into marrying her.

Douglas Jerrold says that "the surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling"—but if the aim be not true what should Faintheart do?

The conventional procedure is for the rejected one to enlist, and return later, covered with glory and medals; or for him to go to Africa to shoot lions. The poet gives more sensible advice. Wither says:—

Shall I, wasting in despair,  
Die, because a woman's fair?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care  
'Cause another's rosy are?  
Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flow'ry meads in May,  
If she thinks not well of me,  
What care I how fair she be?

Sir John Suckling would be even more drastic:—

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?  
Prithee, why so pale?  
Will, when looking well can't move  
her,  
Looking ill prevail?  
Prithee, why so pale?

## Wedding Bells

The courtship which has its beginning in a proposal has its end in a wedding where, says the cynic, the bridegroom is never so important as the bride, and the bride is never so important as her dress.

Bacon, when asked at what age men should marry, replied: "A young man—not yet, an older man—not at all"; Socrates told a hesitant young man that whichever he did he would repent; Burton has it that "one was never married and that's his hell, another is and that's his plague"; Fielding says that "there's one fool at least in every married couple"; and Pepys entered in his Diary on Christmas Day, 1665, this observation: "Strange to say what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decayed into our own condition."

Yet in spite of it all, weddings still take place. Attempts could be made to pass on the jollity of the marriage in Dickens, or to describe the simplicity of the gipsies' weddings as told by Borrow, or to quote from Shakespeare. One is reminded of Suckling's exquisite "Ballad on a Wedding" and of the thrilling moment in Lorna Doone's wedding when says John Ridd:—

Her eyes which none on earth may ever equal or compare with, told me such a tale of hope and faith and heart's devotion, that I was almost amazed thoroughly as I knew them. Darling eyes, the clearest eyes, the loveliest, the most loving eyes—the sound of a shot rang through the church, and those eyes were dim with death.

But perhaps the most sensational wedding scene in literature is the abortive ceremony between Jane Eyre and Rochester.

## ALL QUESTIONS ANSWERED

"Is this a speedometer?" she asked as she tapped on the glass which covered the instrument.

"Yes, dear," I replied in a sweet, gentle voice.

"Don't they call this the dash light?" she queried, fingering the little nickel-plated illuminator.

"Yes, honey," my words floated out softly as before.

"And is this the cut-out?" she inquired.

"Yes, Toodles," as I took my foot off the accelerator. Not more than 200 feet away our course was blocked by a fast moving train.

"But what on earth is this funny looking pedal?" she said in a curious tone, as she gave the accelerator a vigorous push with her dainty foot.

"This, sweetheart, is heaven," I said in a soft, celestial voice, as I picked up a gold harp and flew away.—"The Watchman Examiner."

## ALL OVER

Cannibal Prince (rushing in)—"Am I late for dinner?"

Cannibal King—"Yep, every body's eaten."—Dry Goods Economist.



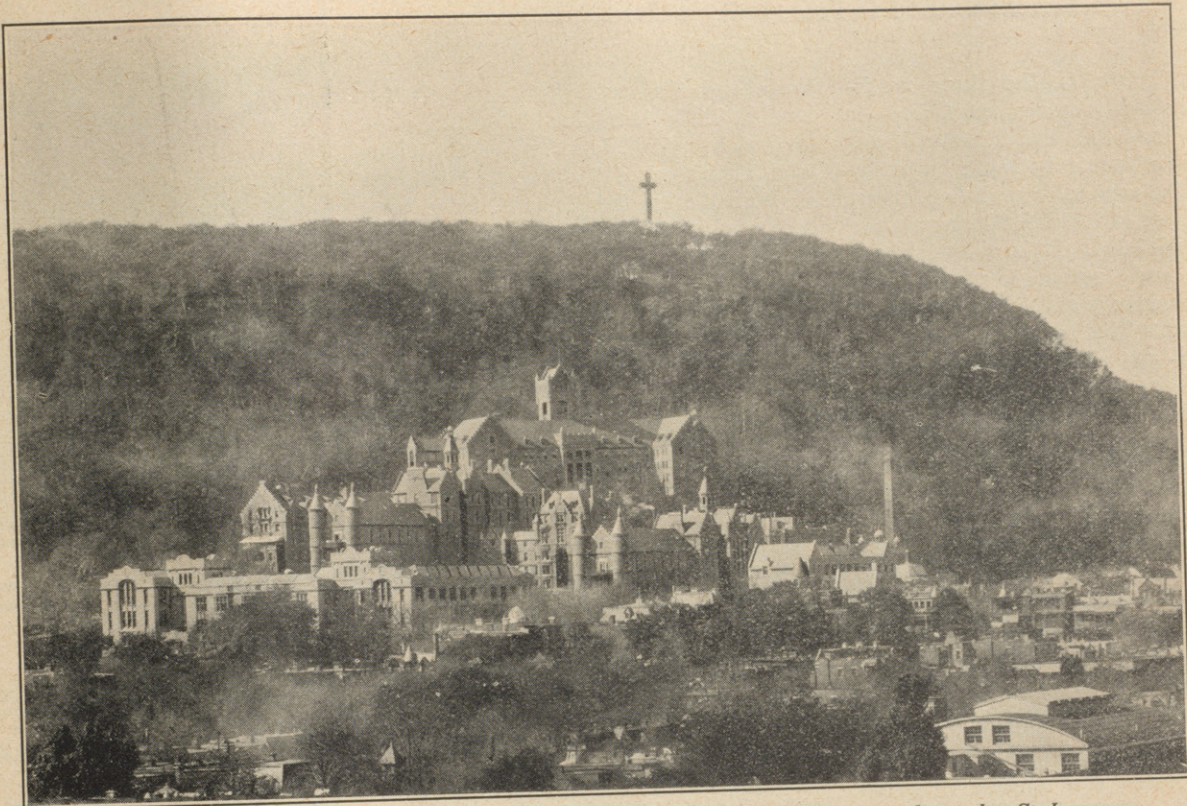
## BEACON OF A GREAT CITY



The erection of this cross on Mount Royal has been accomplished by the St. Jean Baptiste Society. It has been a work of devotion, made possible by the contributions of some 88,000 Catholic school children; 12,000 students in colleges and convents throughout the Province of Quebec and individual donations from 4,200 adults.



## MOUNT ROYAL'S CROSS



*"Casting its rays far and wide, it is at once a beacon to ships making their way up the mighty St. Lawrence, an historic monument and a religious symbol."*

## The Inspiration of the Cross

By NORMAN S. RANKIN

ON the highest point on Montreal's mountain, at the spot where, in 1535, the intrepid French explorer, Jacques Cartier, on the occasion of his first visit to the then Indian village of Hochelaga, raised and consecrated a crude, wooden cross, there now stands a huge steel cross, which, illuminated electrically at dusk each evening, casts its rays far and wide, at once a beacon to ships making their way up the mighty St. Lawrence River to the home port, a historic monument and a religious symbol. It is, say the French-Canadian residents of the city, the symbol of Canada.

The erection of this cross on Mount Royal has been accomplished by the St. Jean Baptiste Society. It has been a work of devotion, made possible by the contributions of some 88,000 Catholic school children, 12,000 students in colleges and convents throughout the Province of Quebec and individual donations from 4,200 adults. The cross, set on a

concrete base, 5 feet deep, rises 100 feet with a spread of 30 feet. It comprises nearly 2,000 pieces welded together by 7,000 rivets and carries 240 lamps of 75 watts each. Dominating Mount Royal at a height of 800 feet above the river level, it is an impressive nightly sight, its illumination being visible for miles in all directions. The visitor who, for the first time, from afar, sees its shining rays, doubtless feels its kindly welcome, and enters the city, piqued by curiosity to know more of its ways and prepared to enjoy its proverbial hospitality.

Montreal's mountain—Mount Royal—after which the city takes its name, has always been a joy to its citizens. They throng there by the thousands, in summer, picnicing, riding and hiking; in winter, ski-ing, tobogganing, and snow-shoeing, and it is safe to say that there are few children over 10 years of age who do not intimately know its trails and favorite play spots; where the first spring flowers shyly bloom and the but-

ternuts are to be had for the gathering. When the lower city swelters in the summer heat, on the mountain are to be found verdant shady nooks and corners that lure the jaded public; when zero weather and blinding snow storm grips the urban levels, there is always a sheltered retreat on one side or other of the mountain where children play and slide and rejoice their souls.

The most frequented spot for visitors to the city is the lookout at the summit, reached by a long, picturesque, winding drive. Below one can see, spread out like a map, all sections of the growing metropolis—the St. Lawrence River, a blue ribbon stretching eastwards to the horizon and westwards to the Lachine Canal, and the junction of the Ottawa, and, if the day be clear, the dim outlines of the mountains in the adjoining states of New York, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine. Once seen, the view will never be forgotten.



## Railroads and Other Things in Manchuria

**M**ANCHURIA—the three north-eastern provinces of China—is a land of great material resources which have only begun to be developed. The area is, in round numbers, 365,000 square miles and the population is about 25,000,000. It is a land where the people and resources of the East meet the machinery and modern methods of the West. The result is a land of opportunity—not alone for the people of Manchuria and nearby regions, but for all the world.

Manchuria holds a place of particular international interest. This ancient land was the home of the founders of the Manchu Dynasty, China's last line of emperors. In 1644 the first of the Manchu emperors, Shun Chih, moved from his Manchurian capital, Mukden, to Peking. Hsuan Tung, last of the Manchu Dynasty, abdicated in 1912, upon the establishment of the Republic of China.

In 1898 Russia leased from China for twenty-five years the Kwantung Province—the tip-end of the Liaotung Peninsula—and narrow strips of land on which she laid the foundation of important modern cities, and built the South Manchuria Railway. This railway has since been developed as an important branch of the world's great system of travel and transportation. Manchuria now has better railway facilities than any other part of China.

The Russo-Japanese War (1904-5) was fought chiefly in South Manchuria. By the treaty signed in Portsmouth, N. H. Japan succeeded to the Russian leases, which were later extended by treaty with China to 99 years. The South Manchuria Railway Company was organized in 1906. The railway was changed to standard gauge and has been patterned after the leading railways of the United States. It uses the same types of powerful locomotives and comfortable Pullmans. Its trains are the finest in Asia.

These are a few of the international features of Manchuria. The ports of the country, its extensive rail and water routes, its commercial and banking facilities, and its rapidly growing markets—all are at the service of the merchants and manufacturers and traders of the world, without discrimination.

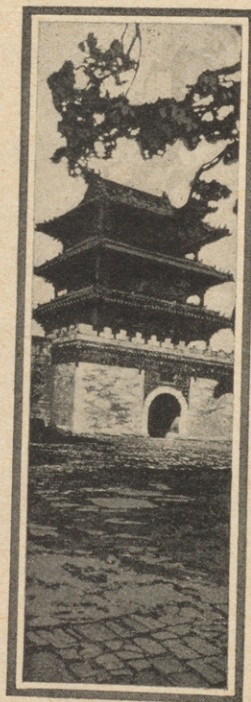
Manchuria is conspicuous for its agricultural, commercial and industrial development. The rise of the soya bean to a place of prominence in the world's

trade and the new vitality which this humble little bean has brought to its ancient homeland form one of the industrial romances of the world. Purchases of bean oil by the United States have been one of the main factors in development of this trade.

Manchuria's exports are chiefly raw or semi-manufactured materials, among which wild silk, furs and hides, and lumber are also prominent. The imports are principally manufactured goods—cotton goods and other fabrics, metals and machinery, bags, kerosene and tobacco.

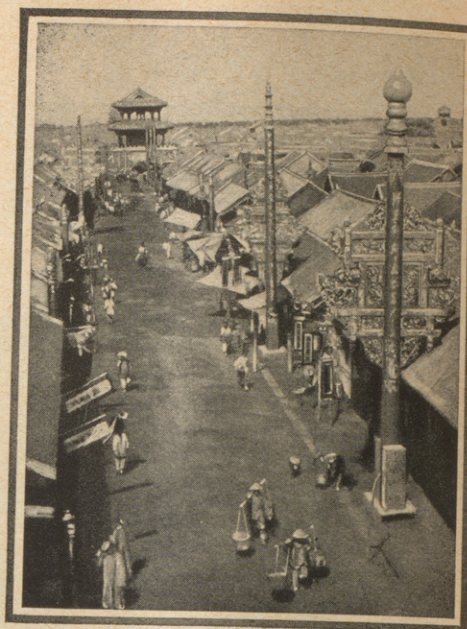
In 1908, two years after the South Manchuria Railway Company was organized, the total foreign trade of the country was, in round numbers, \$65,000,000. Now, each year, it runs into hundreds of millions. This railway alone has purchased more than \$75,000,000 worth of American materials and equipment, and every year brings large new orders.

Mukden, Harbin and Dairen are the largest cities of Manchuria. Dairen, in



*Mausoleum,  
near Mukden.*

the extreme south, is the centre of the bean oil industry and the second port of China in volume of foreign trade. Harbin is the trade and transportation centre of North Manchuria. The ancient capital, Mukden, has become an import-



*View from old City Wall toward Bell Tower in the Chinese section of Mukden.*

ant centre of trade and transportation. Changchun, where the South Manchuria Railway meets the Chinese Eastern, is another thriving market. Anshan is noted for its modern steel and iron works, and at Fushun, near Mukden, rich coal deposits, with seams from 50 to 430 feet thick, are being worked. The centre of the lumber and wild silk trade is Antung, near the mouth of the Yalu River.

The lure of Manchuria has been described by a magazine writer as follows: "To those even with a slight knowledge of the past glory of the races of Manchuria (Tartars, Mongols and Manchus), the country stimulates temptation to rove and wander, while students of economics and practical business men see in it a profitable field for study and enterprise."

The chief factor in the development of South Manchuria to its present position in industry and trade has been the South Manchuria Railway. This railway in Manchuria and Korea completes the shortest route between Tokyo and Peking, the two great capitals of the Orient.

The South Manchuria Railway has been described as "a great adventure in colonial development." A well-known world traveller recently said in the Saturday Evening Post, "The South Manchuria Railway has become a mighty empire builder, with a story as romantic as that of the Union Pacific or the Canadian Pacific."

"The whole story reads like one from the Arabian Nights as though some one had rubbed Aladdin's wonderful lamp,"



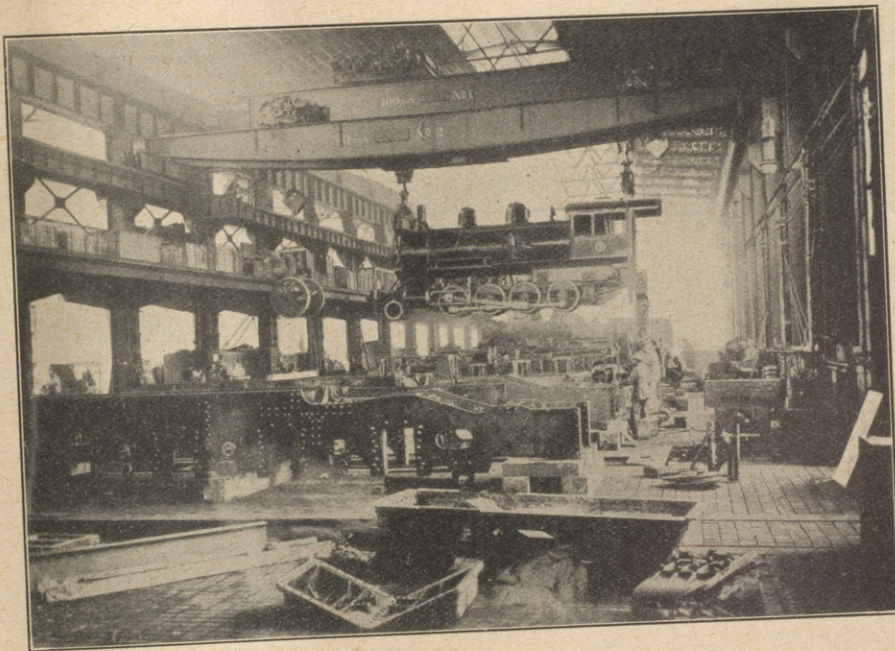


*Elementary School at Fushun, for children of the colliery employees and others.*

towns like the best in England; and agricultural experiment stations that make two blades of wheat grow where none grew before."

Along the line of the railway there have sprung up modern cities. These settlements within the railway zone, built and developed by the South Manchuria Railway Company, are amazingly like new western towns in the United States. They are enterprising, modern, beautifully laid out. These settlements often lie in close proximity to old Manchu cities, and indeed form part of them.

"One of the things that impressed me, as it must impress every visitor to Manchuria, is the extent to which the South Manchuria Railway is responsible for the country's development." So wrote an American upon his return home from the Orient.



*Locomotive Shop, Shakaiko Workshops, S.M.R.Co., near Dairen*

says another writer in a national financial review. After telling about the development of the soya bean market, and the coal and iron mines, this writer says:

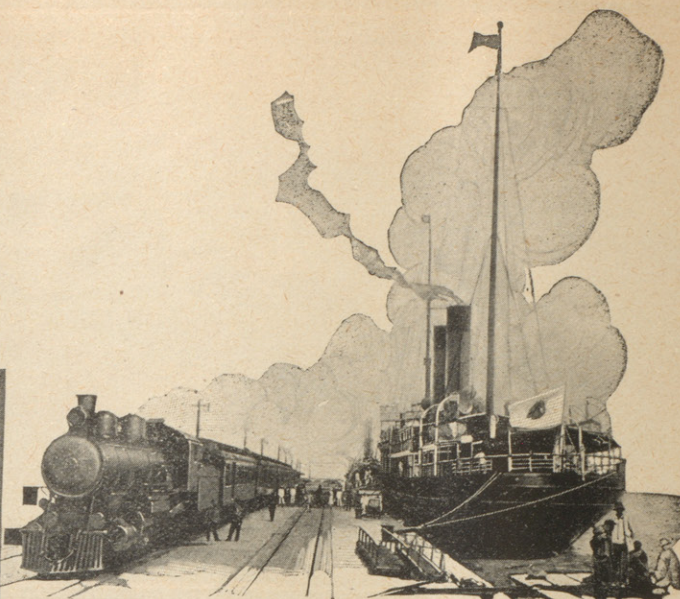
"And besides these amazing things, and the fishing village transformed into a modern city, the harbor full of busy shipping from over the world, and the railway that operates a solid Pullman excess-fare limited rivalling the luxury of the 'Twentieth Century Limited'—there are still other achievements. There is a chain of Yamato Hotels, modelled after the best in Europe and America, with seaside resorts and a golf course; a complete school system where Chinese and Japanese children are taught side by side; modern hospitals and a medical college at Mukden; circulating libraries that go wherever the Baldwin locomotives go; model factory



*View of New Section of Chang Chun.*



*South Manchuria Railway Station, Mukden.  
The Yamato Hotel occupies the top floor.*



*Train and steamer connection Dairen.*

*(Continued from page 19)*

"The South Manchuria Railway seemed to be somewhat like the soya bean—it was everywhere." Besides its railway lines, the company operates important mines, the Yamato chain of Western-style hotels, scores of schools and playgrounds, hospitals and libraries, and several agricultural experiment stations and research institutes.

This railroad uses practically an all-American equipment of locomotives, coaches and rails. The shriek of these locomotives, across Manchurian plains and through Manchurian cities, is the voice of modern enterprise bringing a rich, modern life to the people of that ancient land.



*Yamato Hotel, overlooking Central Circle, Dairen.*



*Head Office, South  
Manchuria Railway  
Station, Dairen.*



# Life's Hidden Dramas

Written for Canadian Railroader by LOIS I. STEPHENSON

*Relics of grim tragedy and light-hearted comedy follow close upon each other in a pawnbroker's shop. Secrets as widely varied as the pattern in a piece of tapestry rest with the proprietor of such an establishment and are as securely guarded as are the jewels in his safes.*

SHE gazed lovingly at it for the twentieth time that afternoon. Never had the old amethyst necklace looked so beautiful, she thought, as at that moment. The day had been dull and chilly with repeated threatenings of rain but now, toward evening, great banks of dark clouds rolled away from the west and revealed the sun in all its radiant glory. Long shafts of light touched the earth with rosy gold, momentarily transforming the grey old walls and pavements of Montreal into a city of enchantment.

An errant sunbeam, streaming in through the dimity curtains of the shabbily furnished little room, fell athwart a table at which a girl sat, lost in thought. Instantly the gems before her responded to the light with rainbow flashes of beauty. A lump rose in her throat and she bit her lip as she recalled how just ten years ago in London, her mother, only a few months before her death, had held up the ornament in the sunshine of a mid-September afternoon and said, "This is for you Jess, when I am gone. It was Granny's. I know how you will treasure it, that is why I am leaving it to you." And now, after nine years of considering it her one priceless possession, she was contemplating its disposal. The very thought seemed sacrilegious. It was like breaking faith with the dead—like wantonly throwing away a holy thing and justly incurring the wrath of an outraged Providence.

But here she was in a strange city. Positions seemed remarkably scarce for a land of such opportunity as Canada was reputed to be. She had practically reached the end of her financial resources and a three weeks' rent bill was staring her in the face. If only she had fifteen or twenty dollars to go on with surely in a few days her luck would improve.

The sunshine disappeared and purple shadows filled the darker spaces of the room. There was no sense in dodging the issue, she told herself. One thing remained to be done, and, though it tore her heart out, she must do it.

Next morning found her interviewing a pawnbroker to whom she had been directed. In a few minutes the dealer, a gentlemanly individual with a kindly manner, had entered into a satisfactory

transaction with her and she left the store, minus the necklace, but twenty dollars richer in cash while a small white ticket and a tremendous amount of determination were to play their part in redeeming the precious keepsake within the next three or four months.

## Relics of Other Days.

Few people, in casting a careless eye over the heterogeneous display in a

have been spoken above them—what secrets exchanged in their presence. What changes in the world's history they have seen and what thrilling tales of dead romances they could weave had they the power of speech.

Not long ago a massive necklace of wrought gold and exquisitely cut amethysts, which had once belonged to a member of the ill-starred House of Romanoff, was in the possession of a Montreal pawnbroker, while an European diplomat, occupying an important position in the Canadian Metropolis and who had "wasted his substance," was recalled but before he could secure passage back to the Old Country for himself and his family he was obliged to pawn many of the family heirlooms.

Not every pawner, however, separates himself from his property with "gathering tears and tremblings of distress," according to a well-known Montreal pawnbroker. Occasionally a modern Beau Brummell, with a "wild party" in prospect, will step up to the broker, and, divesting himself of a diamond tie pin, worth, possibly, a cool thousand, with watch and ring to match, will arrange to have these "trifles" lodged in safe keeping until such time as he has concluded his "celebrations" and is ready to resume "the even tenor of his way."

"Or perhaps," the broker remarked, "someone will bring in an article, maybe valued at five hundred dollars, and which is worth, possibly, a hundred dollars to us. The man, however, doesn't want a hundred dollars. All he asks is ten to tide him over a tight place. In such a case as that we naturally assume a tremendous amount of responsibility."

## Solid Protection.

"The average individual has no idea of the personal dangers daily besetting the path of the pawnbroker," he continued. "See that wall there? It is solidly wired against burglary and in ever so many convenient places are concealed .45 revolvers ready for instant use. Every safe is encased in a strong wooden cabinet with wires two inches apart drawn over the entire surface, this latter precaution being in accordance with the demands of the insurance companies. The moment a burglar tampers with the premises a red star flashes at the headquarters of the Dominion Signal Company

## HARBOR

By E. HAMILTON MOORE, in  
The Green Quarterly.

"O happy Barque, and art thou  
home at last,  
The harbor gained, the travail  
overpast?  
What matter riven side and ragged  
sail?  
Still flies the flag that hath defied  
the gale.

"O happy Barque, before thy  
patient prow  
The whispering seas divide. Thy  
Pilot now  
The homeward course directs, at  
whose behest  
The winds are hushed, the troubled  
waves at rest.

"O happy Barque! Nor be thy  
triumph mute:  
Now vail thy pennant, now the  
shore salute!  
Then furl thy wings—Far, far  
behind thee foam  
The foiled and vanquished waters.  
Thou art home."

pawnbroker's window stop to speculate upon the history which inevitably lies back of many of the priceless objects exhibited or give a thought to those, possibly long since dust, who wore them in happier times or to the ones whom a relentless Fate has driven to dispose of such things of beauty. What brilliant scenes these jewels must have graced—what words of love and words of hate





and a staff of police and autos is rushed to the spot.

"The modern pawnbroker is a very different individual from his predecessor of the old days," remarked the dealer. "The right sort of broker now is a man of good manners and appearance and has real business ability, while he treats every customer alike. A popular fallacy, however, is the idea that a broker of personal property is a wealthy person. If a woman is given twenty-five dollars on a loan she immediately develops the impression that money is made in the back office."

#### Always a Gamble.

"To illustrate: I have on my hands a sixteen-string Gibson mandolin (the best make of that variety of instrument) in a solid leather case, which cost five hundred dollars. All I am asking for it is fifty dollars and I can't dispose of it. The original owner is under the impression that I made ninety dollars in the

transaction. In another instance I had left on my hands eighteen railroad watches worth sixty-five dollars apiece and because the style became antiquated and a smaller timepiece was in demand I was obliged to sell them for fifteen dollars each. I suffered heavy losses also when the bottom fell out of the fur market and I was left with high-priced peltry on my hands.

"The pawnbroker is always taking a gamble. He accepts everything for a period of one year and grants a loan on it according to what the market is that day on second-hand goods. The only kinds of merchandise which yield quick returns are gold and silver. Gold rings, which possibly were fashioned after an intricate pattern to please the fancy of some individual, are quite useless to us. Consequently, the trinkets are broken up and the gold melted. The same applies to large-sized old watches. On the other hand, a profitable phase of pawnbrokerage is that transacted with managers of

fur factories and such concerns. These men, occasionally finding themselves in financial straits, are threatened with the possibility of having to suspend activities. A loan on their goods, however, provides them with the necessary cash to purchase more raw material; work in the factories is continued and after a few months the hill of difficulty has been passed."

#### A Popular Misconception.

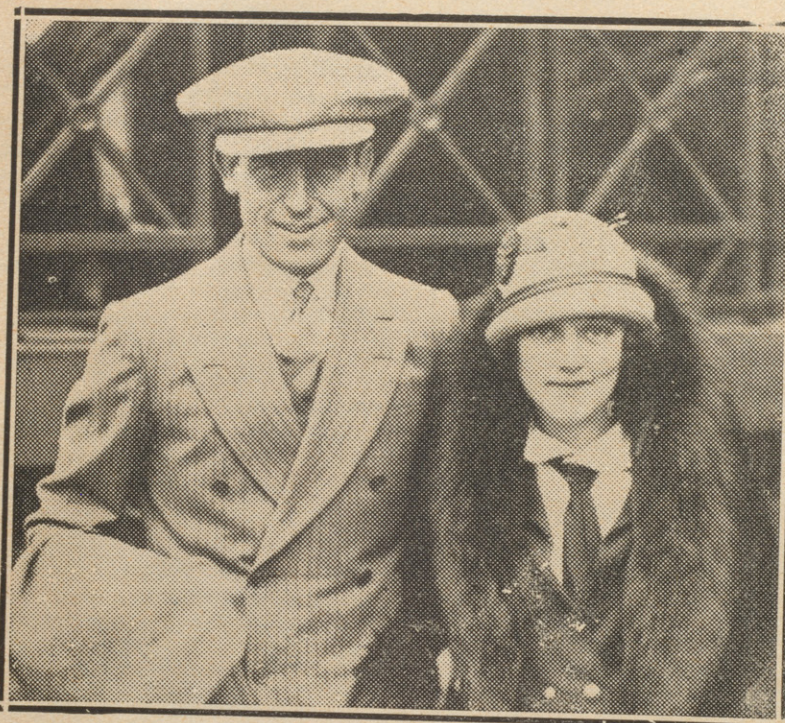
According to the pawnbroker, men in his line of business are much-maligned individuals, one of their troubles being that they are continually being confused with the second-hand dealer who buys articles outright. The result of this misconception is that it quite frequently happens that a man will enter the shop and say, "Did I leave a gold chain here?" "No," he is told. "I didn't leave a chain here?" he repeats in surprise. The denial is reiterated and the erstwhile owner of the gold chain has it borne in upon his consciousness that he has inadvertently taken permanent leave of his property.

When an individual comes to redeem an article with a ticket, possibly several years old, and is naturally told that the object has been disposed of, the pawner immediately bursts out in a tirade against the broker. "They told me I would never see it again," he fumes. Conversely, when a patron appears on the scene to recover something within twelve months and he eventually finds himself again in possession of his property no terms are sufficiently glowing with which to express his admiration of the individual who has acted as custodian of his property in the meantime, said the dealer.

#### Why People Pawn.

"Pawners in the long run are people who need a little money at once, knowing that in the course of two weeks or a month they will be in a position to redeem their property," he explained. "If the pawner acts in good faith the pawnbroker will stand behind him. One day I received this letter (and he read as follows): 'Dear Mr.—My son is in the hospital with that dreadful disease pneumonia, and is terribly worried over his mother's jewellery which he pawned with you. Can you possibly keep the articles for him? It will greatly aid his recovery if he knows they are safe!'

"I have kept property as long as twenty-two months because the owner begged me not to dispose of it and I wanted to give him a chance to get it back. Ninety per cent. of the people, however, to whom I have given a sum in excess of the value of their goods, simply to lend them a helping hand, have failed to make good. This is an ideal line for the man who wants to be hard. Not



#### Stars Make Trip Through Canada

Harold Lloyd and his wife, Mildred Davis, photographed on the Canadian Pacific steamship *Princess Victoria*, en route from Victoria to Vancouver during the course of their recent journey across Canada. They went across the country as far as Toronto on the Canadian Pacific line and from the Queen City returned to New York.

Although Mr. Lloyd intended to make the journey without any ostentation and to slip in and out of the

country without any fuss, he confessed, before it was over, that the trip was almost a triumphal procession. As soon as he stepped ashore at Victoria his reception started and it did not end until he was safely back in New York. The stars were greatly impressed with the beauty of the Rocky Mountains and Mr. Lloyd is seriously contemplating the possibility of utilizing the Alpine scenery in the Rockies as settings for future comedies.



infrequently a chap will come in here on a cold winter day and, peeling off his overcoat, make inquiries as to the pawning of it. 'I have another one at home boss, sure,' he will protest, in answer to my objections. "I never take such cases," he said.

In the opinion of the dealer, the Chinese are the most satisfactory pawniers. "They tell no hard luck stories," he remarked, "simply come in, lay down their article, take their ticket and walk out and when the time comes to redeem their property they do so without any fuss or bother."

"In my experience the most sentiment is found among English people of the middle class. They very greatly prize family keepsakes and mementoes. The monied folk, though, are usually practical and materialistic. A man of this type will say, 'That's my wife's ring but I'll buy her another some day.'"

#### Playing Off Stage.

Many an opportunity is afforded the pawnbroker of playing a major role (albeit behind the scene) in a domestic drama, according to the dealer. Perhaps an otherwise model husband is down on his luck following a game of poker or an adventurous wife has unsuccessfully played the stock market or put her money

on the wrong horse. A trip to the pawnshop will bridge the difficulty in the path and no one but the pawnier and the pawnbroker need be any the wiser.

"We are offered everything in this business from false teeth and spectacles to wooden limbs and glass eyes," said the dealer. "Similarly, we are quite accustomed to being asked for goods in as great variety. Occasionally folk from the country find their way into the shop and inquire for candy, tinware, sheet music and other commodities usually associated with a flourishing departmental store."

#### The Language of Gratitude.

"The man who appreciates a favor is the smallest man, financially, of the lot. The big fellow wants what is coming to him. Obviously monied men when redeeming their property will accept every last nickel of change. The boys in this line of business never get the chance of tips. With the exception of one night," remarked the broker, and he related the following incident:

It was near closing time and a workman who had been pawning something left the shop. Happening to glance at the floor one of the boys of the establishment spied an object in the shadow. "Why, here's some money," he exclaimed,

ed, and, counting it, found forty dollars in bills.

In a few moments the laborer returned in great distress. "Did you find some money?" he breathlessly inquired. "No," the broker told him. "Didn't you find some money here?" "No, did you lose some money?" "I've lost forty dollars," was the dejected reply. "You must have dropped it on the street," suggested the dealer. "Perhaps I did," replied the man. "Oh, God, my whole week's pay," he groaned, as he turned to leave the shop.

"Here's your money," cheerfully called out the proprietor, "the boy picked it up on the floor." An expression of gratitude overspread the laborer's face as he huskily asked, "What do I owe you?" "Nothing," promptly answered the broker, "but if you wish to give anything pass it over to the boy." Instantly the man drew a two-dollar bill out of his roll, handed it to the youngster and was gone.

Many are the stories, both grave and gay, which weave themselves like the intricate pattern in a fabric about the daily life of the pawnbroker. But these he keeps as securely guarded as are his premises when night rings down her dusky curtain after the animated scenes of the day.



**Family of 35 for Western Farms**

A British family of the name of Bradley, consisting of 35 persons and comprising three generations, arrived on the Canadian Pacific S. S. Montclare at St. John, N.B., recently, en route for Saskatchewan where they will settle on neighboring farms. The party consists of father and mother, their four sons and one son-in-law, with their respective wives, and 23 children. All the adults have some knowledge of agriculture and they have come to Canada under the joint Government scheme for settling 3,000 British farming families in the Dominion within two years.



# Money Order Completes Romance

*An Interesting Insight into a Newcomer's Life in Western Canada, as Told by a Canadian National Order.*

By LESLIE H. CHRISTIE, in "Canadian National Railway Magazine."

INTRODUCING a Canadian National Express Money Order! You all know, of course, what a Money Order is; but I wonder if the man in the street stops to consider the thousands of miles some of us travel and for what purposes we are sent to all corners of the world? Take my own experience as an example, and you will realize that we sometimes see more of the world than the average man or woman.

Just at this moment I am about at the end of my travels; actually, I am reposing in a silk-gloved hand of a young English west-country girl. She is in the post office in the town of Plymouth, in the county of Devonshire, waiting to exchange me for real money. When she has done this, my sphere of usefulness will be over. But while waiting here, let me tell you a little of my history;

how I came into being and the reason for my having travelled so far from home.

A large pulp and paper mill at Wayagamack, Quebec, is the first thing I can remember. I was a small part of a huge pile of raw pulp which was destined to become Money Orders of some kind. At that time it was not known by anyone to what branch of the big Money Order family I would belong; I didn't know myself; and with that uncertainty still prevailing, I was shipped to a lithographic firm in Montreal, where I was quickly to find out.

It might be just as well to tell you here just what branches I might have joined. There was the somewhat dignified Post Office Money Order and its less important cousin, the Postal Note; there was the sedate group of Bank Travelling Cheques; quite a miscellaneous assort-

ment of Travellers' Cheques issued by tourist agencies and also the Money Orders of the Railway Express Departments. It was a few days after arriving at Montreal from Wayagamack I found out I was to join the Express branch of the family, and eventually I found myself the first Money Order in a book of one hundred. I next was shipped, with a large number of other books, to the head office of the Canadian National Express, at Montreal. Arriving there I was put to one side with numerous other Money Order books and so remained until the next day when I was sent to the town of Vermilion, in the province of Alberta. My new home was in a tidy little drawer in the office of the Canadian National Express Agent at that thriving Albertan town, and as the agent had several books of his old stock on hand, we late arrivals were left lying in peace. As I was the uppermost order of my book, and as the book happened to be on the top, coupled with the fact that the drawer was being continually opened during the day, I had a first-class opportunity of seeing what was going on about me.

After having been at Vermilion for some days, I became aware of the existence of a particularly fine lot of Britishers who, I learned, had been specially selected by the Province of Alberta. Judging from their appearance, they had not only turned out a credit to their adopted province, but had done exceptionally well. I remember one day, in particular, when two of these chaps were talking to the Express Agent. One of them apparently had just received a happy letter from someone in his home town. He only read part of the letter in my hearing, but I gathered from what I heard that way-off in the town of Plymouth, there was a fair maiden who was not particular, apparently, of continuing living there, but would rather come to Vermilion to cast in her lot with him. Two days after, the same young man came back to the office and had quite a lengthy conversation with the Agent. The result was that my book was taken from the drawer. In a good round hand, the Agent began filling in my blank spaces and it did not take long before I was gently detached from my book and turned over to the young man in payment of \$250.





From this moment I was a traveller. I said good-bye to the Agent under whose care I had been for nearly three weeks; was taken by my new master; comfortably placed between the pages of a very affectionate letter; registered at the post office and then commenced my journey to Montreal in the care of the Mail Clerk of "The Continental Limited." From Montreal I was sent down to Quebec where I joined the White Star-Dominion liner "Megantic" and eventually found myself at Liverpool, a port I heard was agog with all kinds of mercantile craft and far busier than any place it had been my fortune to see during my short lifetime. It was certainly a striking contrast to the peaceful tranquility of Wayagamack, where I was first brought into existence, and Vermilion, where I had had such an easy time. Because of this newness of things, I wanted to see as much as I could, but being shut up in a letter in a mail sack, hampered me greatly. While I was thus musing on the changed conditions, some one came and lifted the bag I was in, took it off the boat and placed it with other bags containing other registered letters into a special conveyance. The next thing I knew I was being driven through the streets of Liverpool to the Post Office. There I was separated from some of the other mail and was quickly driven to a big station, placed on a special mail train and was soon speeding along. Of course, I did not know exactly where Plymouth was situated nor the way I should have to go to get there; but I soon discovered I was on an express bound for London, and it seemed to me no time was wasted in reaching that city. I arrived in the capital in the early hours of the morning and was immediately transferred to the General Post Office.

What a place this was to be sure. I never saw so much mail together in my life before. The letter I was in lay on a heap for a while—but only for a while. A hand shot out and grabbed it; someone shouted, "Plymouth-ten-thirty-Paddington" and the next thing I knew I was being sent whirling along on an automatic chute eventually to land in a special sack marked, "Registered-Plymouth;" and for the moment I was left there. While waiting, it occurred to me that the fellow upstairs had shouted "Plymouth-ten-thirty-Paddington," and I figured that wherever Plymouth might be, I would leave a station called Paddington at 10.30. This proved to be the case, because within 15 minutes of 10.30 that morning, I found myself placed in the mail van of "The 10.30 Limited"—a fast train of the Great Western Railway which goes to Plymouth without a stop—a distance of 227 miles.

On my arrival at Plymouth post-office, I discovered that the post-master was none other than the father of the girl to whom I was going and who, through me, was soon to leave her home for one of her own in far-away Vermilion. There were some twenty letters in the bag I was in—all registered—and the venerable postmaster commenced his work. After dealing with nine of the missives, he picked up the envelope addressed to his daughter, and when he saw it, he gave an involuntary start. Well he knew what that letter meant and also why it was registered. He was about to part with his only daughter—but as the old gentleman said—"what has to be must be."

So I was delivered to the girl, and she was all joy and skipped over to the post office to cash her Canadian National Express Money Order. As I finish this narrative, I am being turned over to the clerk who, after stamping me profusely, puts me to one side where I must take your leave—the girl meanwhile going to her home from the post office with £50 sterling, which she takes immediately to the local shipping office and books her passage to Vermilion, via London, Liverpool, Montreal and Winnipeg, via the Great Western Railway of England, the White Star-Dominion Line and the Canadian National Railways.

## St. Paul's Secret

*When Charles II. failed to keep his word*

ONE hears a great deal about the structure of St. Paul's Cathedral and very little about the library of St. Paul's. This library contains many books and documents connected with the present building. But perhaps the most interesting document—certainly the most interesting at this time of day—is the record of a royal promise of a subscription to the building fund of St. Paul's. It is written in the hand of Charles the Second, the wording being as follows:

"I will give one thousand pounds a year. Whithall.

"CHARLES R.  
"20 March, 1678."

Now, the Cathedral accounts for this period seem to be pretty thoroughly detailed. Some are signed by Sir Christopher Wren, and the minutes of the chapter record receipts being sent for other subscriptions to the fund. But oddly enough there is no record of any receipt being sent to the Merry Monarch. It is, of course, possible that he was more interested in St. Paul's of Covent Garden, which is nearer Nell Gwynn's original haunts, and so forgot his pledge to aid the building fund of the Cathedral.

### Sentenced for a Sermon

The library contains objects which make a more direct appeal to the antiquarian. Here are found the seal of Richard De Beames, who was Bishop from 1108 to 1128, and the seals of many of his Norman successors.

Here are manuscripts dating as far back as the eleventh century: words and music of Gregorian chants written in the fourteenth century, and a catalogue

of the original library as it existed in 1458. A great part of this library was destroyed by fire in the sixteenth century, and little of it survived.

Then there are Elizabethan plays as "Plaied by the children of Paules and the Blacke Fryeres," and following them such works as Middleton's "A Tricke to Catch the Old One: as it hath often been in action both at Paules, the Blacke Fryeres and before his Majestie," this having been printed in 1616.

There is a tract relating to Henry Burton, rector of St. Matthews, in Friday Street, who, for preaching a sermon, was sentenced to stand in the pillory of Palace Yard, Westminster; to lose his ears; to pay a fine of £5,000 to the King, and to be imprisoned for life. He endured most of his sentence, but was released by Parliament in 1640.

### While You Wait

At an all-night non-stop ball recently held at Covent Garden Theatre, London, a hosiery stall, where lady dancers could renew their silk stockings, was a popular feature.

This was only the beginning of a new campaign for ballroom comfort. Before long we may look for the introduction of a cobbler's stall, at which dancing pumps will be soled and heeled while you wait, and a beauty bower where missing eyebrows will be replaced, damaged complexions repaired, and roofs re-shingled.

Something must be done, too, by way of first aid for men. A collar-stud stall, the attendance of an expert bow-tie, and a machine for taking the wrinkles out of wrecked shirt-fronts without removing the garment are urgent necessities.





### Canadian Ships In Foreign Waters

**T**he Canadian Pacific S.S. Empress of Scotland as she appeared when viewed from the Square at Funchal, capital of Madeira. The Empress is now on a cruise of the Mediterranean with a large number of British, Canadian and American passengers.

## The Frontier College and the Influence of Manual Labor on its Instructors

*By ALFRED FITZPATRICK, Principal of the Frontier College*

**T**HE work of the Frontier College is more or less familiar to readers throughout Canada. Its experiments in education for the camps and frontier settlements have been carried on in all the provinces, except in Prince Edward Island. It has endeavored by actual experiment to find out how best to provide an atmosphere that would at once furnish needed educational facilities for the workers at their work.

The conviction that other methods than those of the Church were needed to reach the large army of frontier laborers, arose when the writer, as a missionary, realized his inability to exercise any worth-while influence over the loggers of the California Redwoods and later the lumberjacks of Algoma. Despite his best efforts to influence these

men for good there still appeared betwixt him and them "a great gulf fixed."

He did not, however, think that the workers were on the wrong side of the abyss, and refused to believe that the fault lay wholly on the part of the picturesque loggers and lumberjacks. Accordingly, discarding his clerical garb, he began to live and work with these men. He believed that what the workers needed was not so much advice expressed from a dignified pedestal, but sympathy and friendship from a man engaged in similar tasks and of "like passions" with themselves.

It seemed to the writer that his own education lacked as much on the physical side, as the workers' on the intellectual side. The idea of the instructor's

fulfilling the dual task of teacher and laborer has, therefore, grown out of the one-sidedness of the writer's own education, his belief in the essential goodness of neglected workers, and the necessity for a common ground and medium of approach. The questions naturally arose: How can these classes, dwarfed on opposite sides, be brought together for common benefit? Where is this meeting place, where teachers and men might mutually help one another? The answer came with no uncertain sound—clearly not at the village school ten miles away, but at their place of work.

### Working With Students

Froebel had already said: "Come, let us live with our students!" but that did





J. A. NICHOLSON, M.A.,  
Working with the Lift-Gang, C.N.R.,  
Hornepayne, Ont.

not solve the problem. It was soon found that a life of idleness during the day at a camp when the men were all at work, even although he held classes at night, did not tend to raise the instructor in the estimation of the men. The Frontier College, therefore, found it necessary to go much further than the father of the kindergarten, and said: "Come, let us work with our students!" It was found, however, that it was not enough for the instructor to work with the men; in order to gain their respect and enthusiasm for self-improvement, he must work well.

As the work was started in July it was necessary to try our first experiments in lumber camps. It became a task, therefore, not only to find teachers willing to work with large groups of lumberjacks, but who could work with the skill of experts. This was a difficult task then, and is by no means an easy one, even yet—twenty-five years

later. Such men are a small minority in the college class room.

Much of the work performed in the bush camps requires a practised hand, and may well be placed in the category of skilled labor. For this reason we were compelled to reduce the number of instructors at logging operations and increase those on construction camps where pick and shovel were mainly the tools used—the work here being of a less skilled nature.

#### Good Instructors Increase

Our mistakes in selecting suitable instructors became less and less common, but were not wholly eliminated. Even at construction camps it was found that good hands and common sense were as necessary as a college education on the part of the instructor. In 1907 an employer on railway construction, operat-



INSTRUCTOR J. R. JONES, B.A. (Trinity),  
With some of his pupils at Hollinger Power Develop-  
ment Camp, in Cochrane, Ont.



INSTRUCTOR MERKLEY,  
with the Tracklaying Gang, C.P.R., Sheho, Sask.

ing half a dozen camps, wrote me at the close of the season's work: "You sent me six men, two of these were dubs, but four of them no employer of labor would let go until the last wind up." The proportion of instructors who make good as workmen has gradually increased.

Our success in constantly securing a better type of instructor is not only on account of the fact that we operate proportionately fewer night schools at camps where expert axemen, skidders, and teamsters are needed, but also because of a steadily growing desire on the part of some students to qualify for the work of the Frontier College. Some young men who are refused work in the first years of their course on account of youth and inexperience, actually engage in manual labor for one or more seasons at construction and other camps in or-



der to prove to us that they are eligible for instructors.

There is, at last, undoubtedly a new attitude towards labor on the part of students. Many have come to believe that a man whose mind is educated at the expense of his body is dwarfed on one side and as a consequence is only partially developed in soul and mind. They realize that not even golfing will atone for the absence of good, honest toil as an all-round preparation for life.

There is, also, a new attitude towards education on the part of frontier laborers themselves. They long entertained this idea and many still hold a latent belief that education should preclude the necessity for doing manual work of any kind. "Why, if I had your book learning," said a navvy tamping ties, to an instructor similarly employed beside him, "I'd be driving a cab in Montreal." This fallacy is but the reflection of similar thoughts in ordered society.

A well-to-do lady from Halifax was once riding on a passing stage crossing the right of way of the Musquodobit railway, Nova Scotia, where an instructor of the Frontier College was at work. Her attention was called to a gang of navvies, where the instructor was the only Canadian at work with them. "That man," she was told, "is a graduate of Dalhousie University." "Dear me!" she exclaimed, "what crime has he committed?"

#### Overcoming Prejudice

At times, therefore, for a short period after his arrival at camp, the motives of an instructor are misunderstood. He has old prejudices to overcome. Nevertheless, the Frontier College has successfully introduced the university graduate into frontier work groups and to some extent, at least, has rescued him from the reproach in which he was long held by manual workers on account of his fastidious avoidance of hand labor.

There can be little doubt, however, but that when the instructor is the right type, and I think we may assume this is now usually the case, his personal contact benefits his fellow workers. But passing that by, as admitted and often dwelt upon, I wish to emphasize some of the practical benefits that association with the men confers upon the teacher-toiler himself.

Occasionally an instructor, after seven months at the university, finds his work on the gang too great a tax on his system, and is forced to drop out. But if, in spite of a lame back and of stiffened joints, he sticks the first week or ten days, he soon, in turn, experiences the zest of honest toil. The joy, too, of teaching in spare hours and of speaking

a word of sympathy and good cheer to his fellow workers will far outweigh any temporary unpleasantness due to the sudden change from the sedentary habits of the bookworm to hard, physical labor.

Many instructors, who have since gone into professional life or into some line of business, have assured me that they count their experience while an instructor a vital factor in shaping their whole attitude toward life. They feel proud of the privilege they have had in associating with men as laborers. The overalls of the work group have displaced any badge of caste. They have, also, a marked appreciation of the problems which confront the manual worker and

a willingness and courage to speak and work in his defence. Of more than nine hundred instructors who have served the Frontier College in this capacity at various times during the last twenty-five years the great majority have expressed satisfaction with the work attempted and the results attained.

#### Develops Unbiased Mind

The Frontier College believes that no better training could be had for a man intending to enter public life, in whatever capacity, than a few seasons as an instructor. Several years as a manual laborer with gangs of workers in lumber, mining, and construction camps of

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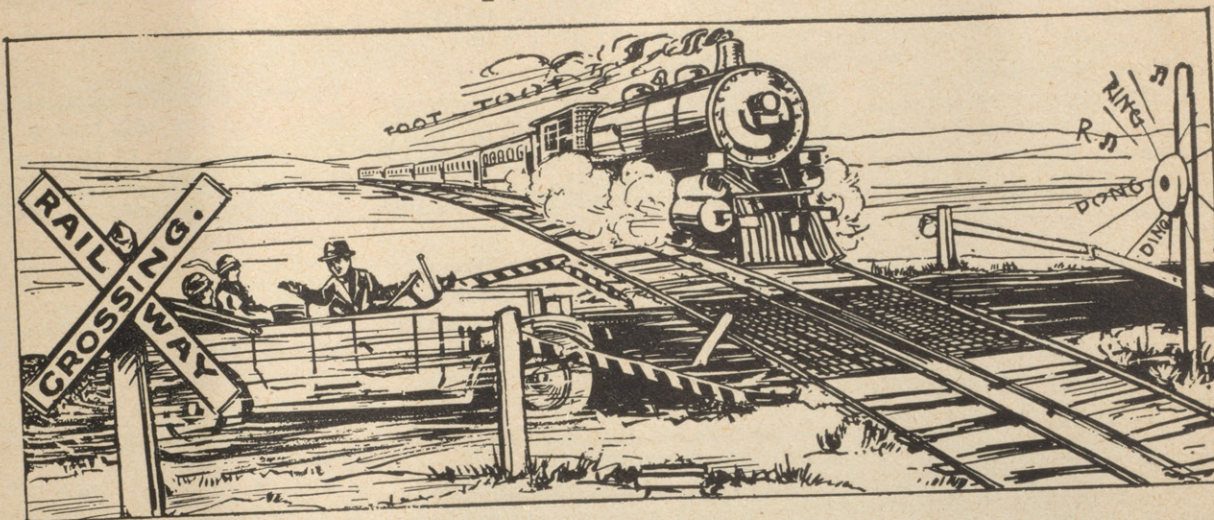
Instructor with his class at C.N.R. Yards, Bridgeburg, Ont.



H. J. ALEXANDER, M.B., and fellow laborers taken at dinner-hour. Extra Gang. C.P.R., Marquette, Man.



## "Hit 'Er Up, Boy—Who Cares?"



IF all the motorists who have ended their careers ingloriously at grade crossings while in a whole-souled, if not very sensible effort to beat a fast train, could be mobilized and sent into some new Balaclava, they would make the old boy's adventure immortalized by Tennyson look as mild as a Sunday school picnic. The cavalryman who is ordered to take a gallop into the jaws of death really has no option. He gets his orders and, preferring to die in front of the foe instead of in front of a firing squad, he does as he is told. But no such stern compulsion urges the reckless motorist. He dares death for the sheer thrill of it and if, very frequently, gets an overdose of thrill, perhaps he is sport enough in his last moments on earth to be a good loser.

Humane souls who cannot understand the urge that causes men to stamp on the throttle when a crossing and a speeding train loom ahead are all for abolishing the grade crossing. The average cost for eliminating a grade crossing runs from \$75,000 to \$100,000 and the grade crossings in this country are something over 100,000. To do away with all these crossings even at the minimum estimate would cost seventy-five million dollars. If a motorist does not consider his own life and those with him in the car worth the exercise of a little elementary caution, why talk of penalizing the railways to the tune of a sum that is economically absurd on the face of it.

The only practical way to cut the toll of human life taken by grade crossings is to make drivers of automobiles behave with greater caution. This, undoubtedly, can be done by a judicious combination of education and penalties for the infraction of the rules of plain common sense. Probably not more than three per cent of the automobile drivers of the country are absolutely reckless or criminally careless. Something stronger than a mere educational programme will be needed to cure this wild-eyed three per cent.

all kinds, enable him to look with unbiased mind at the problems arising out of the relationships between employer and employee.

The judgment of statesmen who legislate for the well-being of the people as a whole would be vastly benefitted by not only having sat in the class room with other students, but by having rubbed shoulders with the miner navvy, and lumberjack in the capacity of worker and instructor. Clergymen, too, who are the spiritual advisers of the people would be infinitely better prepared to exercise "the larger heart, the kindlier hand" toward their congregations, had they, like Longfellow's village blacksmith, for even a few years, known the blessedness of "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing," as laborers with men.

Abounding health, a broader outlook on life, sympathy for the manual worker and his problems, a more practical turn of mind and hand, the "moods of

calmness and emotion" which Wordsworth so beautifully portrays as coming from intimate association with nature, are but a few of the benefits of the man who goes forth—himself a worker—to educate his fellow workers at their work.

What a boon it would be to Canada and to the world at large if all employers of labor had themselves not only engaged in manual work, but for several years had acted in the capacity of "guide, philosopher, and friend" to their co-laborers! Surely such a consummation is devoutly to be wished and would head off a big percentage of industrial troubles.

Many of the instructors who stuck to their dual tasks for several years are today amongst the biggest and most successful men in Canada in education, in medicine, in law, in engineering, and in the Church. One has only to recall the names of a few of the greatest char-

acters of all time—Paul making tents; Hugh Miller, cutting stone; Lincoln, splitting rails—to be convinced that the highest development is attained in the exercise of the body in conjunction with that of the mind and soul.

"Nor soul helps flesh more now,  
Than flesh helps soul."

Eat less; breathe more.  
Talk less; think more.  
Ride less; walk more.  
Clothe less; bathe more.  
Worry less; work more.  
Waste less; give more.  
Preach less; practise more.

It is possible to contend so fiercely over principles that living them is quite overlooked.

He never gets to the top who waits for some one to push him up.



# What You Might Expect

A ONE-ACT COMEDY

By KENNEDY CRONE

ACTION: About 12 minutes.

SCENE: Dining room of second-class boarding house in Montreal. Large table at centre of stage, with dozen chairs around it. Table evidently being prepared for dinner.

CHARACTERS:

Dreamy Little Man, nearing middle-age, carelessly dressed. He is not very attractive or interesting looking, but still has the marks of having been tolerated by the girls when younger.

Young man, well-groomed, prepossessing.

A Waitress, matronly, plump, inclined to neglect appearance, and not over-endowed with looks, anyway.

The Voice.

Dreamy Little Man, centre of stage, yawns, stretches his arms, and struts up and down with his hands in his pockets.

Young Man, in outdoor dress, and with club-bag, enters centre door. Throws hat and coat across a chair. Lays bag beside chair. Draws out another chair and sits at one end of table.

Young Man: (jauntily)—"Hullo, Hamlet!"

Dreamy Little Man, (slightly jarred)—"Hullo, Vassellino!" (Sits in chair at other end of table). "Are you the new boarder?"

Young Man—"That's me. How long have you been here? What kind of a joint is it? 'Hash' or 'pea-soup'?"

D. L. M.—"I've been here for ages and ages. I know the crack in every cup. Sometimes the joint creaks. Usually it stays on its hinges, anyway. Its description is 'home-cooking'."

Young Man—"Lord! . . . Any nice girls board here?"

D. L. M. (grudgingly)—"Some are not half bad. The others are mere lipstick slabberers and (makes diving action) flour-barrel divers."

Young Man (slyly)—"Quite different from the girls in your earlier days?"

D. L. M. (swallowing the bait)—"Ah, girls were girls then; not three-fourths barbaric art and one-fourth girl!"

(Waitress enters by centre door. She puts the crockery and cutlery on table, with great clatter).

D. L. M. (resignedly)—"The new waitress, I suppose. Starts in on the battle to-day! The new one is always supposed to be better—and is always worse." (to waitress) "Can't you muffle that artillery a bit?"

Waitress (tartly)—"Can't you close your face?" (exit waitress).



D. L. M. (to Young Man)—"Gone for more ammunition! It's no use talking back to them. They just quit and accept a position where there's a three-valve radio set in the kitchen. As I was saying, girls were girls in those days. Why I—" (pauses, not sure whether to confide in the stranger).

Young Man (encouragingly)—"Go to it! I take it all in at one ear and block the exit. The girl. . . . ?"

D. L. M.—"I didn't say 'girl'. I said 'girls'. I was speaking broadly, in a general, social, stand-offish sense, not of a particular girl in whom I might have been particularly interested, with whom, possibly, I might have held hands, or with whom" (looking around for possible listeners) "I might even have osculated."

Young Man—"Osculated?"

D. L. M.—"Osculated! With minds of a certain calibre you can safely say" (looks around again " 'osculated', when it would not be discreet to say" (whispers) "—to say 'kissed'. At the same time" (with the air of a gay old dog) "I really was at the moment thinking of a particular girl."

Young Man—"I thought so. Sweet young thing with a poke bonnet and crinolines."

D. L. M. (a little testily)—"My dear child, how old do you think I am? I'm only 42."

Young Man—"Well, that's pretty old."

D. L. M.—"Old! Old! You're like the sales-bungler at the ribbon counter who said to the sales-bungler at the dress goods counter, 'I hear you've got a crush on Horace, Pearl?' and Pearl answers, 'Take an aspirin! Think I'd marry an old geezer of thirty?' My dear child, a man is as old as the company he keeps" (squares his shoulders and slaps his chest). "A woman is as old as her hair is untidy. When you are 42, if you don't take the women too seriously in

between, you will feel comparatively young, and you will look on persons of your present age as being in a sort of chrysalis stage—moving, but dumb; just groping towards youth and life."

Young Man—"Then you and the girls of other days must have been a dumb lot, too."

D. L. M.—"That, sir, was in another phase of civilization. There is no comparison between that time and this. But I was speaking of a girl."

Young Man (gaily)—"Not in crinolines!"

D. L. M. (sharply)—"Not in crinolines or gabardines or margarines!"

Young Man (with an ironically hopeful expression)—"Perhaps in whale-bone corsets worse than a strait-jacket. Perhaps with skirts that trailed on the ground, licking up the germs by the million. You didn't know whether a girl had ankles till you married her. Perhaps with a blouse that threatened to choke her, and with balloon sleeves that resembled legs of pork. Perhaps with her hair hanging like a beehive at the back of her neck, and all puffed out with false pads that originally came from a Chinaman or a horse."

D. L. M.—"How he raves!"

Young Man—"All right; your turn."

D. L. M.—"This girl I spoke about was one of the girls that God made. She was a lady in the sound, old-fashioned sense of that word, and a woman in the best natural sense of that word. The breath of an English moorland was in her hair. We went to school together, and as children pledged ourselves to one another. Together we used to sing 'True, true till Death' at birthday parties. As we neared maturity, her parents, whose ancestors came over with William the Conqueror and had considerable money in the bank, put all sorts of obstacles in our way. My own parents, humble, but with a pride of their own, thought themselves as good as any pirates and deck-swabbers who came over with the Conqueror or any other ancient cut-throat, and also protested against our association. Between the two forms of opposition I had a rough time, and lit out for foreign lands, promising to return to claim my loved one. The tears we shed at parting! The vows we made! The little keepsakes that we exchanged!

"Somehow I never got home again. It's a long story, and not very interesting. I shan't tell it." (Waitress enters and moves crockery about, more quietly





this time. Her ears are cocked for a bit of gossip).

"Enough to say that I finally settled here in Montreal. From the day I left England twenty-one years ago, half of my whole life, I have not heard of my old sweetheart. Until to-day!"

Young Man—"To-day!"

D. L. M.—"To-day!"

Waitress drops crockery at feet of Dreamy Little Man, startling him.

D. L. M.—"What the—! Say, old dear, when you spill them again, do it over there!" (Points to floor some distance away).

Waitress (angrily sweeping up the pieces)—"I'll 'old dear' you, you old walrus. I'm a decent widder, with six kids. Don't sass me again or I'll slosh you one on the beezer!" (She remains, preparing the table, and listening).

D. L. M.—"Beezer, Geezer, Ebenezer! Some genius might make a limerick out of that. I do a bit of versifying myself at times—heavy stuff about the seas and rocks and shrieking winds, and so on. Nobody admits that I'm a poet—nobody but me. Sometimes I am not sure of it myself" (becoming quite serious and revealing a flash of the soul) "I am a romancist, a dreamer: always I've been like that. I don't know where I fit, if I fit at all. It is too late to start over again, even if I knew where to start. I fear the raw criticisms — 'The dreamy fool', 'The lazy blockhead'. They may be true and just. Maybe I'm not much good, a sort of lost, unanchored soul, yet I wonder if there isn't a spark in me that might have been kindled to the hot flame of a great purpose and a great service." (Rather annoyed with himself for making the disclosure) "Bah! Bunk! I smell the home cooking! Beef stew!"

Young Man—"But the girl—to-day!"

D. L. M.—"To-day I heard the girl was in Montreal! She wants to see me! I have to meet her at Windsor Station to-night!"

Young Man (half serious)—"That will be a wonderful meeting, Won't it? Twenty-one years! Probably her parents are dead, and she has inherited their wealth. She has come, decked in furs and jewellery, to keep the old pledge to give you the start you dream of. She will be a little older, of course, but essentially the sweetheart of other days. She will buy a limousine—I know it! You will have a swell house in the country, in some place that resembles the English moorland of the long ago. What a scene that meeting would be for a movie camera! The eager looks, the happy cries, the rush to one another's arms, and thirty yards of film on the sacred kiss of reunion!"

(The D. L. M. is being carried away with the excitement when there is the

sound of a harsh, impatient voice of a woman from the kitchen).

The Voice—"Bill, come and fix the coffee, you crazy loafer!"

Young Man—"Who's that?"

D. L. M. (dropped to earth with a thud)—"That's the landlady—the wife!"

Waitress (stepping between the two men, placing hands on hips, and leering wickedly at the D. L. M.)—"And I—I am the long lost sweetheart!"

CURTAIN.

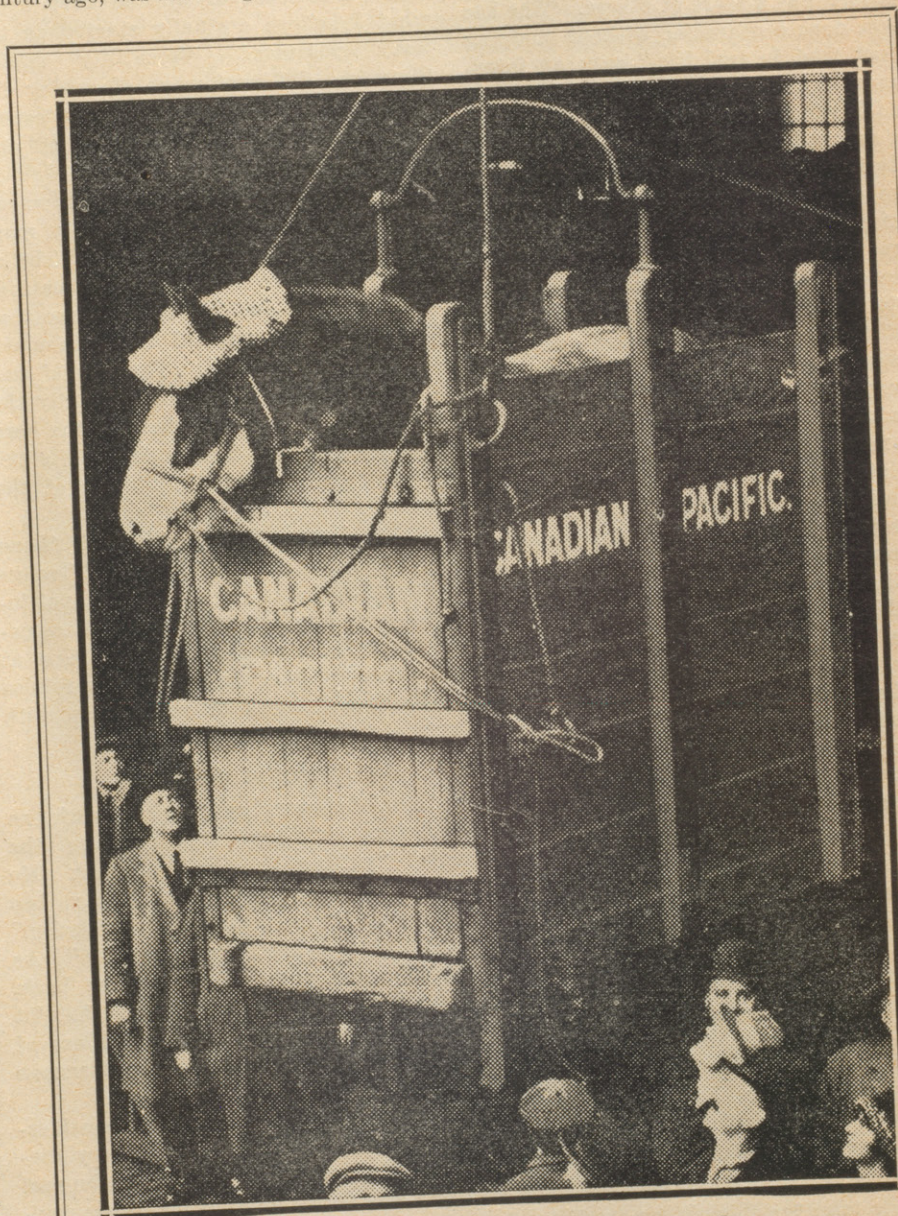
### Much Against Little

Leonard Bacon, who was one of the best-known theologians in New England a half century ago, was attending a conference, and

some assertions he made in his address were vehemently objected to by a member of the opposition. "Why," he expostulated, "I never heard of such a thing in all my life!"

"Mr. Moderator," rejoined Bacon calmly, "I cannot allow my opponent's ignorance, however vast, to offset my knowledge, however small."—"The Christian Register" (Boston).

"Jock, Jock," said a farmer's wife to a herdboys, "come in to your parritch; the flies are drowning themselves in the milk." "Nae fears," said Jock, "they'll wade through it." "You little rascal! Do you say you dinna get enough milk?" "Ou' aye, plenty for the parritch."



### Clydesdale Horses for Canada

T. W. McCallum, of Brampton, Ontario, has just completed the purchase of a very large number of Clydesdales and Percheron horses from the best studs in Scottish Counties, at a cost approximating \$50,000. The horses are intended for stud and haulage purposes. Photo shows one of the Stallions being taken aboard the S.S. Marburn for trans-Atlantic shipment.



# Slang in Evolution

**S**LANG goes in cycles; it evolves into a many-branched tree, and it shifts its social map. But it doesn't much enlarge its range of meanings, which seems to say that it is poor in ideas. A slang-mistress appears to have been found in Miss Ada Lewis, the well-known character actress who in the old days played Harrigan's "tough girl" after the manner she had observed in a girl of the San Francisco streets. Since then she has done such human types as the "dope kit," "Bowery tough," "the matinee girl," "the dashing widow," "to-day's mother," and a score of others. "She has never done a character without studying it out first in real life," says an interviewer in the Washington "Post." "What Ada Lewis doesn't know about what people say and do and why they do it probably isn't to be known outside of a college course in psychology." The categories we started out by mentioning are hers, and we seem to be at the apogee of one of the cycles she mentions. Then as to the evolutionary change we are told that "where grandfather had one neat, succinct and frisky way of expressing hearty endorsement, the younger generation has at least sixty-two, each a little bit more of a dark mystery to the uninitiate than the one that went before." Finally we find that the slang map has changed. Formerly it spread among the lower or uneducated classes. "Now one blushes, or does not blush, to admit slang is chiefly in circulation among college boys, high-school youngsters, society debs, boys and girls of similar ilk, and mothers and fathers who do not want to be left too far behind." According to Miss Lewis, "all ages have had their slang words and all slang virtually centres around the same phases or situations of life." To prove it:

"Turn to almost any decade and you'll find some picturesque slang name for, well, let's call it 'sweetheart.' The New York tough called his girl 'me steady,' 'me rag.' The dandy of the better classes said, 'my flame.' Well today there's not so much difference after all. What do we have? 'My sweetie,' 'my jane,' and oh, yes, I must admit 'my dumbdora.' Versatility, you see. What did I say? I can think of a lot of others!

"Then take the thought or emotion of hearty indorsement or unqualified approval. Every age, it seems, has had some kind of a slang expression for that. Way back, in indorsing a young lady—and that is usually what is indorsed with the aid of something not in the dictionary—the expression was 'she's

there.' Chimmie Fadden, in Bowery usage, would have put it, 'she's the best ever,' and that would have been superlative praise. Since then we've had 'she's all to the mustard,' 'she's the real goods,' 'she's the real cheese,' 'she's a peach,' 'a pippin,' and so on. But lately what have we had? An avalanche from the zoo!

"I refer to the era of the 'mosquito's eyebrows,' the 'bee's knees,' the 'monkey's instep,' the 'caterpillar's kimono,' and all the rest of that school of expression which leads us up and down from what I believe originally started as the 'cat's pajamas.' Versatility again! Sixty-two different ways of saying the same thing. Versatility but not especially originality on the part of the younger generation.

"We've always had some picturesque term in use which applies to a man. Take 'lady killer,' 'matinee idol,' 'sheik.' We hear almost nothing of the matinee idol any more and yet, at one time that descriptive was part of the vocabulary of every young girl. The 'sheik' has taken his place. It means virtually the same thing. Only the 'sheik' is the hero that came out of the movies, while the matinee idol was an institution of the stage.

"The terms 'dude,' 'dandy,' 'Beau Brummell,' 'Johnny,' 'cake-eater,' 'lounge lizard,' 'collegiate,' are, of course, not interchangeable, but they are all somewhat of the same ilk and prove that at all times we have designated the foibles and characteristics of young men with special titles."

## Savors of the Street

"Pep," "ginger," and "spicy" mark one evolution. "Ritzy," "putting on the dog," "putting on airs," another. No word, according to this authority, has ever gained the popularity of "skidoo," or its close cousin, "twenty-three." As slang goes farther and farther back, Miss Lewis asks you to notice that "it savors more of the streets and less of the college campus and the afternoon tea dance." She recalls:

"At the time I was devoting considerable time to acquiring the Bowery dialect, the place where you found the real slang was on the Bowery, or in the equivalent of the Bowery in other cities. But even in these classes they did not dream of using the amount of slang that is in vogue today.

"In the tough-girl part two of my lines were 'me money's as good as Jay Gould's' and 'me brudder hocked me shoes,' and that was considered out-and-

out slang. At that time slang of a sort was used in the set that went about a good bit, but never among the young people who were at school. But slang more or less reflects the spirit of the times, and I suppose it's rather natural in this day, when young folks are allowed so many more liberties, that they should be allowed this liberty too—to express their exuberance by inventing a language of their own.

"Then, too, I believe another reason why slang is so much more prevalent today is because classes mingle so much more. There are no hard-and-fast lines between classes any more. We are learning to speak each other's language. And when one set takes up certain slang expressions, the other set is soon apt to be trading it around.

"The history of slang has it that its origin can not be traced. Some say it originated within French peddler groups. Others say it is much older. The word jag, which originally meant to carry an umbrella and then a load of any kind, is known to go back to the fifteenth century. Bedlam was the name of an English insane asylum just as Sing Sing is the name of an American prison. The noise and chatter of the inmates became so obnoxious that any riotous demonstration came to be known as a perfect bedlam.

"Discussing these early beginnings of the language of slang, this star, who has become known as an expert on all character conversation, said she believed certain sorts of slang had a good excuse for being. This justification depends on what it means to convey. Some slang words connote real wit on the part of those who first coin them, but some, alas! only succeed in being senseless and somehow a bit vulgar.

"Some of our slang, in fact, Miss Lewis points out, comes up from the underworld."

A miserly old man visited one of his relatives uninvited.

One morning his little niece of five summers approached him unexpectedly with the indignant question: "Uncle, are you a cannibal?"

The old man was startled, and said: "No, of course not, my dear; but what on earth makes you ask?"

The little girl replied: "Oh, I thought you must be, because mamma was saying this morning just as you came in that you always lived on your relations."

Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marle."

—Sydney Smith.



# Veteran Men of the Rail

By J. CLEVE DEAN

*Dedicated to B. of R. T., Lodge Number 215, on 35th Anniversary, May 8th, 1921*

ONE autumn afternoon, as I was journeying from Chester to Burlington, I sat comfortably in my section in the Pullman, leaning my head against a soft pillow, reading the history of "Pioneer Men of the Rail." The day was damp and dreary, and rain fell softly with a constant beat against my window. I had read for a long while, when I stretched lazily out, laid my book on the front seat of my section and fell sound asleep. During my slumber I experienced one of the most remarkable visions of my life. The vision was in three parts, and the second, as well as the third part, was directly connected with the first.

In the first part of the vision I saw a small lad of 14 or 15 years approach a modern little cottage. He had in his hand a bright-burning lantern and was clad in fur coat, cap and heavy shoes, wrapped securely to keep the snow from injuring the leather, as was the custom in those days. The night was dark and cruelly cold, the wind was hissing through the tall timber and its roaring against the lofty mountains made the night seem all the more dreary.

As the lad approached the cottage I gazed with great curiosity, wondering why the midnight visitor, and I paused to see just what it all meant. He rapped gently on the door, which was promptly opened, and from his snow-covered coat he drew a small book. A man of robust stature, with a smile such as only a few wear responded to the rap of the caller. He took the book, signed it and passed it back to the boy, with a hearty "good night." The door closed gently, the lad turned and adjusted the heavy muffs over his ears and I heard the tread of snow under his departing feet.

I was about to pass on when again the cottage door opened. The young man of the home had reappeared at the door, this time accompanied by his lovely young wife and two little girls. The children were tugging along by the straps of his high, heavy boots, and their silvery voice pleading for another "good night" kiss made the scene touchingly beautiful. The young father, with a bright-beaming lantern on his arm, lifted them up, pressed them lovingly to his warm heart and kissed them again and again; then, letting them gently to the cottage floor, he took the young mother, embraced her and pressed his lips to hers some half-dozen times, then bid the little happy family "good night." The group

stood in the shivering cold till the young father had cleared the cottage yard. I saw him wave them a final farewell with the lantern, and again I heard the treading of snow under departing feet.

## A Train Appears

The second part of my vision was a scene in a railroad yard. This enclosure was like a great spider's web, and there were hundreds of "targets" guiding the entrance to the many tracks. Half of each "target" was red and half green. These "targets" casting their rays of red and green upon the drifted snow somehow filled my soul with admiration, and after casting my eyes over the scene several times I turned face about to the trail leading across the many tracks, adjusted my heavy fur coat collar up around my ears to shield them from the cold wintry wind and was about to pass on

when a slow-moving train came creeping by.

The steam was escaping from beneath its cylinders and the big, barrel-shaped smokestack was spitting great flames of fire and filling the clouded elements with smoke and lighted sparks. As these sparks descended they resembled the falling out of the heavens of many sparkling diamonds. The entire train was covered with snow and along the eaves and at the bottom edges and at the ends of the cars were icicles.

The train had about gone by; the little red caboose, with two green lights peering forward through the dismal dark, was only a few rods away. Glancing at the top of the snow-covered train, I saw there the rays of a bright-burning lantern. It was on the arm of a brakeman, and as the car came creeping by the man removed his watch to see the hour



## Ex-President of Hungary Passes Through Canada

Count Michael Karolyi and Countess Karolyi photographed on the Canadian Pacific Railway Windsor Station, Montreal, en route to Saint John, whence they sailed for England on S.S. Montclare. They were the centre of a storm in the United States during the past few months, having been prohibited from explaining their political situation in regard to Hungary. While the Count states that he is not Bolshevik in his views, he admitted that he took a wide and progressive outlook in politics. He was pessimistic as to European conditions and feared that the period of wars had by no means come to an end. Exiled from Hungary, he has taken up residence in London, England.



of the night. By the rays of the lantern I recognized the same stalwart, fine featured man I had seen respond to the call of the midnight visitor. I could see the same smile, the same clear countenance and the same look of determination. He was cheerful in the discharge of his duty, facing the many perils of the cold, stormy night.

By this time the little caboose had gone by and as I stepped upon the track to proceed on my journey I saw two sparkling red lights peering backward and finally fade away in the dark, stormy night. As I heard the dying out of the rumbling train in the distant valley and the whistle faintly echoing against the lofty, snow-covered mountains many miles away it seemed as if they were sending back a faint "good night" to the many loved ones in the slumbering village behind.

#### Father Time's Tower

In the third part of my vision I was standing in a tall tower. As I looked out of a window and gazed down upon the earth the great tower was so tall that only the large mountains, rivers, oceans and valleys could be seen with the naked eye. There stood by my side a refined old gentleman with beard as white as snow and voice soft but commanding. His name was "Father Time." When I greeted him he bowed with a smile of pleasant approval. During our long chat he told me the history of the ages. He opened the door leading to a great inner room of the tower where were many volumes, each volume giving a minute record of the century in which it was written. From the many windows of the great tower his view of the four corners of the world was unobstructed and he pointed out many countries and gave me the details of their existence.

After a brief description of the first two or three centuries, seeing I was so attentive and interested in his story, he smiled and, turning to a great iron chest, opened it, and said, "Herein I have stored away every instrument of ancient and modern build." He took from the chest a pair of field-glasses of many feet in length, the diameter at the first

section, as I judged, being seven or eight inches. These glasses in many sections were mounted on sterling silver, rimmed with new gold, and their scope circled the earth. With this instrument Father Time scanned every continent and every ocean, both far and near, including the eastern, northern, western and southern horizon. Then with a smile of approval he removed the glasses and beckoned me to his side.

As he did so he handed them to me, pointed to the far north, and said, "Look!" I adjusted the glasses to my eyes and did as he commanded, and there in the far north I saw a great country. It was a place of high mountains, deep ravines and dark valleys, with many streams of troubled waters rushing to and fro. I saw in that country the "railway of life." In my amazement I removed the glasses and, placing my hand over my eyes made an effort to bring myself to a realization of all I had seen. Readjusting the glasses to my eyes I glimpsed in the far north on the "railway of life" the train I had seen in the beginning of my vision. It was wending its way from city to city, and I saw there the same gallant trainman I had noticed as the train departed from the slumbering village. He was clinging bravely to his post of duty as the train crossed many high trestles and rounded many dangerous curves.

#### The Mystic Train

In the concluding part of my vision we were still in the great tower. The aged gentleman turning to me, smiled and said, "Ancient and modern science have done their part in making the railway what it is today, but may due recognition be given to the gallant young man on top of yonder train." He paused for a few minutes and, while gently stroking his long white beard, said: "That man, that train and its road represent every walk of human life. Thanks to the toil, skill, patience and endurance of such men, their years of untiring work have brought us from the wooden rail to the iron rail; from the iron rail to the steel rail; from the wood burner to the coal burner; from the coal burner

to the oil burner; from the oil burner to the modern electric railway, and from a travel of rugged torture to a travel of luxury and ease."

Then, turning to the iron chest, Father Time handed me another pair of glasses of much larger, greater structure than the first ones. Out of these I looked through the north window of the tower on "life's railway" and its train, and at a still farther distance there was written in fiery letters on the sky:

"Life is like a mountain railway, with an engineer that's brave.

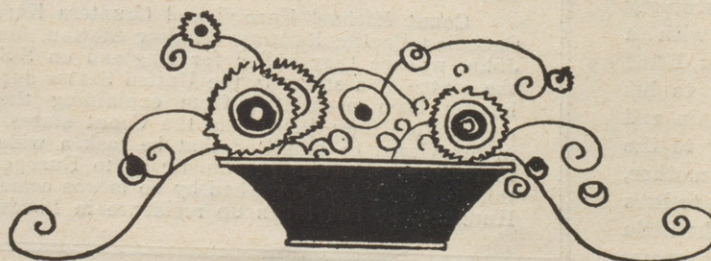
We must make our run successful from the cradle to the grave."

The train was on an inclined road, speeding on at a much faster, smoother speed than before. The whole train had been transformed; it was a train laden with many "veterans of the rail." The locomotive and all the cars were mounted on wheels made of crystal. The entire body was of white enamel, striped with bands of new gold, the cars within being equipped with many mirrors, girdled with bands of sterling silver. The road's ballast was of diamond; the ties were silver bars and the rails of the purest gold.

Through the glass in the tower I saw the train on the "railway of life" pass through the arched gate of heaven, laden with "veterans of the rail." Their joy was unexcelled, and as they stopped in the terminal, the great terminal of rest, I saw them dismount in single file from the "train of life." They were met by multitudes of friends and relatives who had long ago passed to their great reward. In that terminal there was no sun, moon or stars to give light, for the light was the beaming glory of God.

I saw these "veteran men of the rail" march up to the great book, the "Book of Life," and many angels stood by as witness for them as they signed their names in the volume. When the last name had been signed there was great rejoicing throughout heaven, and I heard a loud voice saying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servants."

I handed back the field glasses to the old gentleman and awoke.





# Montreal Welcomes New Canadians



Here is the first party of British 'teen age boys to come out to Canada under the auspices of the British Immigration Aid Society in 1925. They arrived in Quebec on the Canadian Pacific SS. "Minnedosa". The lads were met at Montreal by prominent citizens, members of the society, and escorted to the Boys' Hostel which is equipped and supported by the Kiwanis Club in the metropolis. They were well entertained while in Montreal and given a chance to see the city thoroughly. Twenty-four of them went to places ready for them on farms in Ontario and Quebec and the balance proceeded west where similar places in farm homes were awaiting them in Alberta. Many had had previous farm experience in England, and all were eager and enthusiastic over Canadian farming and looked forward to ultimately having farms of their own. In the photograph may be noticed Rev. Principal Smythe, Rev. Mr. Chisholm, E. A. Cunningham of the Kiwanis Club, and Mr. Warriner, who brought out the party. The pictures were taken in front of the Boys' Hostel, on Mountain Street.





## Catching Parents Young

**P**ARENTS who whine about their duties and complain about their children should look no further for the source of their troubles. Self-help and early training, we are told, are the only cure. In fact, "parents ought to be caught much younger," writes Bertha C. Reynolds in "The Mental Hygiene of Young Children." Some parents may see themselves in this mirror:

"What twisted training has produced a mother who refuses, quite casually, a promised reward, which her little boy has earned by incredible effort, and is surprised that he does not trust her again? How can one combat endless gossip over children in their hearing when there are no interests to substitute? What can one do with a mother who refers to her child's morning waking as the time 'when he starts raving,' and envies people who have no children? Fear sometimes defeats its object, as when two tiny sons of a mother who denies them the playground, lest they learn bad words, shine in their alley for the richness of their vocabularies. Education waits on cure as often as cure on education. A mother who was frantically trying to check the normal activities of two small boys was found to be lonely and under-occupied in the tenement where she had shut herself from neighbors, in false shame over her children's behavior. A part-time job, while the children played freely in a day nursery, gave the mother social contacts and a new outlook and was truly curative for them all."

Two darkies were lolling in the shade one hot afternoon in August. Said Mose drowsily, "Ah wisht a had a whole truck-load of watahmillions." Sam (rousing up)—"Say, Mose, if you had that many would you gimme a couple?" Mose (indignantly)—"No, you shif'luss niggah! Wish fo' yo' own watahmillion!"

### A DIFFERENT GIRL

"I don't like your heart action," said the medical examiner. "You've had some trouble with Angina Pectoris."

"You're partly right, doctor," said the applicant sheepishly, "only that ain't her name."—College Humor.

### His Congregation

He was new to the church, and was conceited.

"I have been addressing a congregation of asses," he said to an old college chum, after preaching his first sermon.

"And you brethren," returned his friend.

Customer—"I want a couple of pillow-cases."

Clerk—"What size?"

Customer—"I don't know, but I wear a size seven hat."—"Chaparral."



## Where Are You Going To My Pretty Maid?

**"I**'M going to Canada, sir," she said. And here she is, in Montreal; suitcase, dolly, dimples and all.

Her name is Miss Lila Mary Courtenay, and she is two and a half years old. She comes from Bromley, England, and crossed the mighty Atlantic all alone on the Canadian Pacific steamship "Minnedosa," rested a day at the Canadian Women's Hostel, Montreal, where she is shown above, and then proceeded still unaccompanied to Calgary, Alberta, where her father met her and escorted her home to Edmonton.

She is, as you see, not much bigger than a minute and prettier than most pictures. When she arrived at the Women's Hostel, she came straight to the point and asked anxiously "Please, is my daddy here". But, after a few tears of disappointment, she made herself at home and smiled happily at the 'funny man' with the camera. She had a long, long way to go but the Canadian Pacific officials all along the route had been notified of her coming and although actually unaccompanied, she enjoyed her trip immensely.



# A Hustling Genius

By PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON

**T**HOMAS ALVA EDISON, the great inventor, was born in 1847, at Milan, Ohio. He was the son of a resolute father and a wise mother, but there is no accounting for him in terms of them—Dutch and Scotch though they were. He was a new departure. When the boy was about eight years of age his father moved from decadent Milan to bustling Port Huron, a more stimulating environment. There was a period of very rapid learning. At the age of nine he had read (or head) Hume's "History of England," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of Rome," and other light literature. We are more interested in the fact that his father built an "Outlook Tower" eighty feet high, and equipped it with an old telescope; for this was perhaps one of the factors in developing the boy's power of visualizing.

Mr. Francis Arthur Jones, in his recently-published revised "Life of Edison," a picturesque appreciation, tells us in pleasant detail the story of the early years of his hero, but what strikes us as curious is the absence of any particular indication of the boy being father of the man. He was quick, shrewd, and independent, but the inventive faculty was for a relatively long time in bud. When he was about eleven years old, he insisted on becoming newsboy and "candy butcher" on the Grand Trunk railroad between Port Huron and Detroit; and it was in a compartment of one of the cars that he printed the "Weekly Herald," which he sold to the passengers at three cents a copy. It had at its zenith a circulation of about seven hundred, but a fire in the printing-office, due to the jolting off of a bottle of phosphorus (what has that to do with printing?), brought the enterprise to an abrupt end, and left the fifteen-year-old proprietor, publisher, and printer on the platform of the next stopping-place.

## Emergence of Ingenuity

No doubt the compartment on the car was one beginning of a laboratory and an attic at home another; no doubt the railway environment made the boy familiar with mechanisms and prompted some experiments in private telegraphy; but we cannot from the records discern anything very extraordinary. Perhaps the first flash was seen in an apparatus that he rigged up in a couple of days when a telegraph operator of about fifteen; it was an automatic arrangement for sending a signal every half-hour to the train-dispatcher, so that the inven-

tor—as night-operator—might sleep between times! For as he could seldom be persuaded to sleep during the day, he was often very drowsy at night—indeed he was as unreliable as he was ingenious.

Retiring in manner, eccentric in dress, not a little untidy except in handwriting, he wandered about from place to place, unrivalled in his skill as a telegraph operator, never out of or in a job for long at a time. He was reading hard and experimenting. It was in Boston that he patented a vote-recording inven-

## FLASHES

A real optimist is one who works out a cross-word puzzle with a fountain pen.

And while on the subject of cross-word puzzles, E. W. (Pimlico) writes: "There is a cross word of four letters which means you have lost your collar stud."

It's easy for a man to do right when he can't do anything else.

If some of us saw ourselves as others see us we might refuse to believe our eyes.

Politeness is like an air-cushion: there may be nothing in it, but it makes the jolts less noticeable.

tion, which was at once rejected at Washington with the remark that "With an instrument like that it would be difficult to monkey with the vote if you wanted to." Ben trovato, at any rate! It was about 1868 in Boston that Edison bought "the whole of Faraday's works on electricity"; and that, we like to think, was the decisive stimulus of his life—the contact of great discoverer and great inventor. Henceforth, Edison was all for electricity.

Edison's ingenuity soon secured him a good position and after that a workshop with assistants, and then began the extraordinary flood of telegraphic, telephonic, phonographic, and other inventions. He became "the wizard of Menlo Park" and the centre of multitudinous myths. He is said to have invented the telephonic exclamation "Hello!" In 1878

began his fruitful contributions to electric light problems, in many ways his greatest triumph. But he has also done much for electric locomotion and electrical engineering. We are reminded by such words as "Ediswan" that many of the advances have depended on teamwork, but over a thousand patents stand in Edison's name alone. He has been the most fertile of inventors.

## Edison's Secret

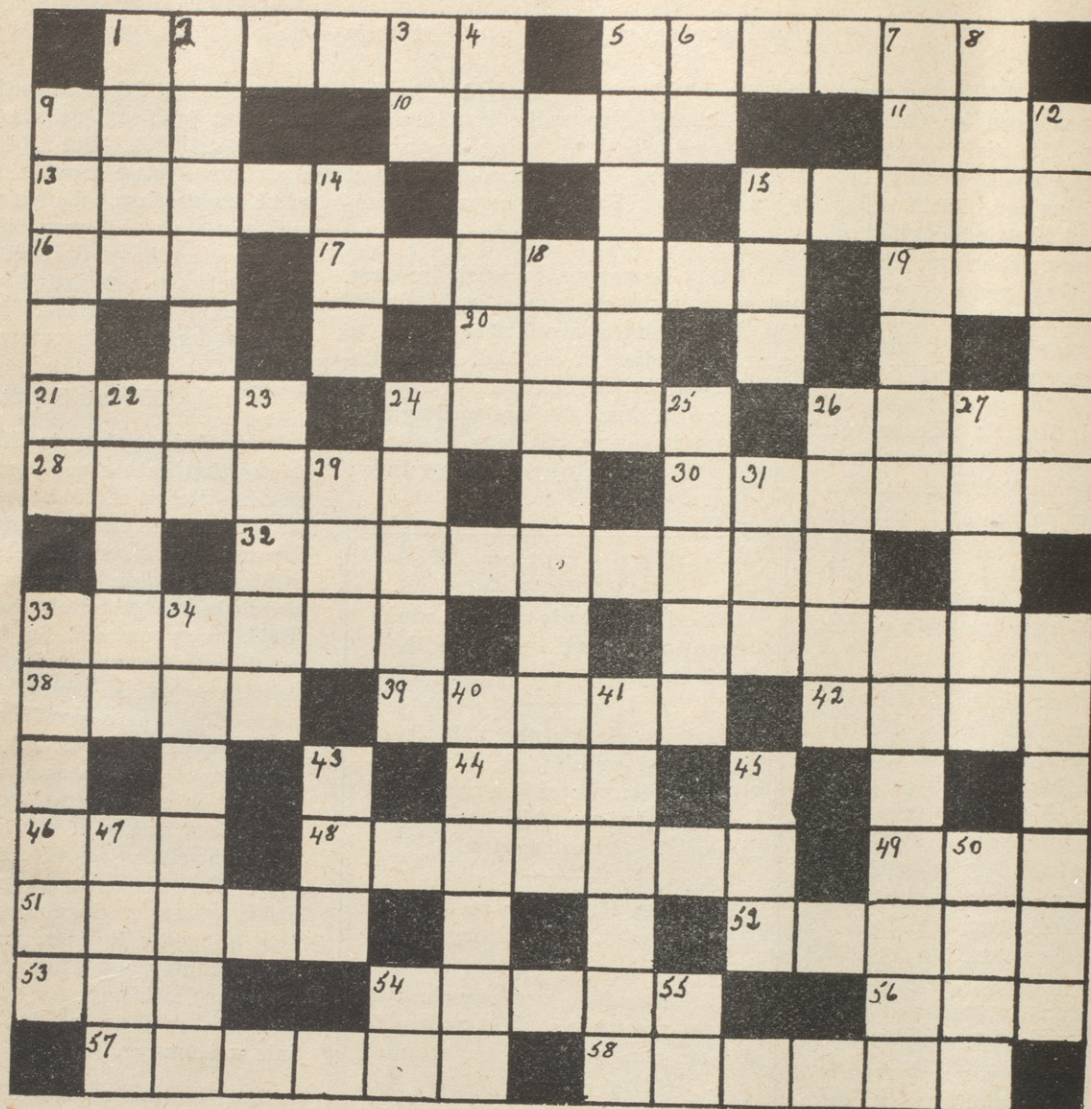
It is not derogatory to Edison's genius to say that he has not been a maker of new knowledge of first-rate importance. He has not been a discoverer like Faraday or Clerk Maxwell. He has been a brilliant inventor, a genius in applying knowledge to practical problems. Lord Kelvin was unusual in being almost equally strong on both lines, but Edison was the genius as technician. We must think of him as a man with extraordinary visualizing power, with a vivid imagination of a constructive or creative type, with supernormal powers of concentration, and with a tenacity of purpose that often goes with a strong physique. There is no explaining how Edison suddenly sees an ingenious new adaptation of means to ends, just as there is no explaining how Poincaré (the mathematician) suddenly saw a solution of an abstruse problem as he was jumping into a tram-car.

The "intimate record" delightfully written by Mr. Francis Arthur Jones leaves us with a pleasing impression of Edison. A very strong man with a massive head, a plain liver, of even temper, kindly and loyal to his thousands of workmen, indefatigably thrilled with curiosity, fond of a good cigar and Gaboriau, delighting in Beethoven and domesticity, and equally happy when he has found out something new in his laboratory, or when he is wandering in the woods watching the birds and flowers.

Old floors that have never been polished may be waxed in this way with good results. First of all wash the floor well with soap and water. Then allow plenty of time for drying. When the wood is quite dry coat the floor with a dressing of linseed oil. Now rub over with sawdust, which will not only remove the superfluous oil, but will also act as a polish. Finish with any good floor wax, rubbing until a fine polished effect is secured.



# Another Crossword Puzzle



Mr. A. E. Storey, an official of the C.N.R., has prepared this crossword puzzle for the readers of Canadian Railroader. The solution is also given.

## Horizontal

1. Schedule of duties or tolls.
5. Part of Mohammedan household.
9. Man's name (abbrev.)
10. Sulked.
11. Cousin of Mohammed.
13. Surface measures.
15. Spanish farewell.
16. Decim.
17. Prolific.
19. Weight measure (abbrev.)
20. Man's name (abbrev.)
21. Early biblical character (male)
24. Selects.
26. A container.
28. A kind of wig.
30. Deserved for service.
32. To pass around.
33. Accumulating.
35. Disposition.
38. Second-hand.

39. Points of egress.

42. Relax.

44. Attention.

46. A theory.

48. One very dear.

49. To add up.

51. A chute.

52. To flow slowly.

53. Prevailing fashion (Fr.)

54. A rejoinder.

56. A fanatic radical.

57. Heron's plumes.

58. Helps.

## Vertical

1. Weight of a container.
2. One who rectifies.
3. Army officer of highest rank (abbrev.)
4. To deny oneself.
5. A fine, in old English law.
6. Prefix meaning to or towards.

7. Distributor of His Majesty's mail.

8. A fat, slovenly show-wit.

9. A Persian magistrate or ruler.

12. Sent forth.

14. Saint, feminine (abbrev.)

15. Erstwhile.

18. Fickle, volatile.

22. Influences by pressure.

23. Clear.

24. A woollen material.

25. Places in Parliament.

26. French for cream.

27. Divisions of animals or plants.

29. Blood relation.

31. Consumed or corroded.

33. Ear specialist.

34. Considering.

36. To graze.

37. Ceased labor.

40. An ancient Persian Monarch (486 B.C.)



41. Attempts.
43. Fish of carp family.
45. To grow old.
47. A variety of plum.
50. Poems or songs.
54. Abbreviation for Right.
55. You.

#### Solution to Puzzle Horizontal

1. Tariff.
5. Harems.
9. Sam.
10. Moped.
11. Ali.
13. Areas.
15. Adios.
16. Decim.
17. Teeming.
19. Lbs.
20. Geo.
21. Abel.
24. Sorts.
26. Case.
28. Puke.
30. Earned.

32. Circulate.
33. Adding.
35. Disposition.
38. Used.
39. Exits.
42. Ease.
44. Ear.
46. Ism.
48. Darling.
49. Tot.
51. Slide.
52. Excuse.
53. Ton.
54. Reply.
56. Red.
57. Heron's plumes.
58. Serves.

#### Vertical

1. Tare.
2. Amender.
3. F. M.
4. Forego.
5. Heriot.
6. Ad.
7. Mailman.

8. Siob.
9. Satrap.
12. Issued.
14. Ste.
15. Ago.
18. Mercurial.
22. Bends.
23. Lucid.
24. Serge.
25. Seats.
26. Creme.
27. Sexes.
29. Kin.
31. Ate.
33. Aurist.
34. Deeming.
36. Pasture.
37. Rested.
40. Xerxes.
41. Trials.
43. Ide.
45. Age.
47. Sloe.
51. Odes.
54. RT.
55. Ye.

# Sound That Can Be Seen

## FASCINATING WIRELESS EXPERIMENTS

HOW sound can be made visible is described by Dr. E. E. Fournier D'Albe, the well-known inventor, in an extremely interesting article in the first number of the Wireless Magazine.

A hollow vessel, such as a small box of wood or metal, a cartridge, or a medicine bottle, is provided with an opening of such size that on blowing across the opening a certain note sounds. By varying the size of the vessel and by varying the size of the opening we can tune the vessel to any note we please.

When a sound wave of the proper wave-length reaches such a resonator, a strong eddy current of air is set up in the mouth of the vessel.

A ready means of "making wireless visible" is the following: Remove the horn from a loud-speaker and place the receiver in such a position that the sound goes vertically upwards. For the horn substitute a funnel about two in. across at its widest. Stretch a rubber film over the opening, turning the edges down, and making a tight joint with rubber solution or some other adhesive substance.

When the rubber is stuck on firmly, and the funnel is mounted with the rubber film in a horizontal position, pour some mercury on to the film until the drop of mercury has a diameter of about half an inch.

Now turn on the "wireless" in the usual manner. The sound will not be as loud as usual, being damped by the rubber and the mercury. But the sound thus lost is used to produce a visible effect. On observing the surface of the mercury in a good light, it will be noticed that its surface is crimping itself into a succession of ever-changing patterns, many of them of great beauty. These patterns vary with every note of the music and every spoken word. The variation is instantaneous.

The effect can be shown on a screen. An electric flashlight enclosed in a cardboard tube throws its beam on the surface of the mercury, and the reflected light is received on a ground-glass screen. On looking at this screen from the other side the patterns are seen on a larger scale.

The pitch of the note producing the pattern can be gauged by the wavelength of the pattern on the mercury.

A steep gradient of pressure is thus produced, which leads to a strong surging of air in and out of the entrance. This surging can be made evident in various ways.

The author's method is the following: A "reed" of thin glass or mica is clamped to one end, while the other end is provided with a tiny flat mirror. The reed is fixed so that it projects about half-

way across the opening of the resonator, nearly closing it up.

By altering the length of the reed it can be tuned to the same note as the vessel, and when this is carefully done the result is surprising, and very beautiful. When the note is sounded in any part of the room there is an instantaneous response of the resonator. The response ceases as soon as the note stops.

Light from a lamp is made to fall on the reed, and is reflected by the tiny mirror on to a screen of ground glass. Observing this screen from the other side, a small line or patch of light is seen on the screen. When the note is sounded on a piano or whistle or other musical instrument, the line or patch is immediately drawn out into a band, which is longer the louder the sound.

A mouse is afraid of a man; a man is afraid of a woman; a woman is afraid of a mouse. This shows the inconsistencies of life, even if it hasn't any bearing on its uncertainties.

#### TO-DAY.

Think not on yesterday, nor trouble borrow  
On what may be in store for you to-morrow,  
But let to-day be your incessant care,—  
The past is past, to-morrow's in the air.  
Who gives to-day the best that in him lies  
Will find the road that leads to clearer skies.

—John Kendrick Bangs.



# Snatches

Written for Canadian Railroader by LOIS I. STEPHENSON

**W**HEN a big mechanical job is undertaken it is always handled by machinery which has been in constant use and, consequently, known beyond a doubt to be in first-class running order.

The busy machine is the reliable machine. It has been tested and found efficient. No rust of dead years has been allowed to eat into its vitals; no idle months have been permitted to clog its delicate mechanism with dust. Therefore, when a sudden call is made upon its resources no elaborate overhauling is necessary to bring it up to one hundred per cent. efficiency.

By the same process of reasoning the busy man is the man sought when some particular task is to be undertaken, some outstanding venture carried out. Because he has many interests and activities his brain is usually in a healthy, well-balanced state of development and his varied achievements prove that he has in him the stuff of which success is made.

Emerson says that nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. One of the most potent factors contributing to a man's success is his faculty for growing enthusiastic. It is the great force which impels him toward the goal of accomplishment.

Imagination is another indispensable spoke in the wheel rolling toward the realization of an objective. Many a dying cause is grasped at the eleventh hour and carried to splendid achievement by a man whose eyes are able to peer beyond the grey discouragement of the present to some glorious day in the dim future when his dreams, now shrouded in the mists of uncertainty, will have become vital realities, perhaps to move the world.

It is because of this healthy optimism, this strong faith in the ultimate success of things, that he is always singled out for special service.

He who emerges from the clouds of obscurity to the high light of prominence is he with the spirit of the pioneer who is willing to take a chance on something better than that which present conditions offer. "Nothing venture, nothing win" is none the less true because of being one of the most hackneyed phrases in the language. The individual who has the courage to aim at the stars will leave his mark as high as the tree tops, at least.

The hard-working man is usually the happy man. He is in no danger of becoming a chronic dyspeptic or of de-

veloping a serious case of neurasthenia by moping over his own misfortunes because every ounce of brain and brawn is requisitioned for the carrying out of his daily programme. He has no time for destructive thinking, consequently, he is usually found among the more cheerful of the earth's inhabitants. Work exhilarates him. His spirits rise at the prospect of every new venture because he sees in it the possibility of another success.

Therefore, as long as the world lasts the busy man is likely to be the man sought when important business is awaiting despatch.

\* \* \*

## The Way of the Crowd

Mass psychology is an interesting study. Various waves of emotion which originate as tiny ripples on the surface of the sea of thought steadily gain momentum until they finally crash with a thunderous roar, engulfing everything within reach of their terrible force. Such is the evolution of that fickle thing, known as public opinion, which ultimately sweeps everyone before it in one breathless tide of expression—everyone except an occasional individual who persists in forming his own views and holding them—and is consequently considered a freak.

Seventy-five per cent of the people do things out of a feverish longing to be "smart." "Theirs not to reason why, 'Theirs but to do"—or die—in the attempt. Like so many sheep, they follow the lead of their more opulent acquaintances with ne'er a thought of where they may eventually land. Week after week paterfamilias doggedly "blows in" much of his income for golf dues, French gowns and after-theatre supper parties and the mater stages elaborate afternoon affairs, travels extensively and contributes generously to the charitable scheme of the moment in a frenzied effort to "keep up with the Joneses." As well be out of the world as out of the society column, they say, or words to that effect.

And so we are likely to continue to see podgy matrons disporting in knee-length frocks of the jazzy variety for the simple reason that Paris pronounces them the "dernier cri" and timid-looking damsels heroically gulping down volumes of cigarette smoke to the imminent peril of their windpipes because "it's done."

To be perfectly honest, the majority of us are like children who never realize they want a thing until they see it in

the possession of somebody else. Herein lies one of the reasons for the popularity of each mode as it is successively presented by Dame Fashion for the delectation of the eternal feminine. A sylph-like creature with roseleaf complexion and golden locks steps out like a duchess in a creation of ethereal blue while her portly, raven-haired neighbor of the fallow variety promptly acquires a twin outfit under the impression that the effect will be equally pleasing.

There is more than love with defective eyesight (or pitiful lack of imagination) in this world, forsooth. Similarly, there is decidedly more psychology than poetry in the limerick which runs:

An epicure dining at Crewe  
Found a pretty large mouse in his stew;  
Said the waiter, "Don't shout  
And wave it about,  
Or the rest will be wanting one, too!"

## How Old Are You?

"There are periods in a young woman's life when she does not like to tell her age, but after you reach ninety you always like to boast of it." So said Chauncey M. Depew, former United States senator and chairman of the board of directors of the New York Central Railroad, recently, in beginning the ninety-second year of his voyage here below.

Distasteful as the habit of boasting is generally conceded to be there is surely no one ungenerous enough to object to the feeling of pride one must experience, when, having withstood the storms and stress of this very hectic age, one launches happily out on the last decade leading to the century mark. To all such should be awarded the palm for the long endurance test. By smoking two whole tins of tobacco per diem or by abstaining from so much as the mention of My Lady Nicotine; by living on a diet of lettuce and spinach with a few beans thrown in by way of variety or by counting that day lost at whose mid-day meal a healthy beefsteak failed to appear; by breathlessly greeting the dawn while going through a strenuous daily dozen or by spending long peaceful days with piles of dusty tomes and a Morris chair these doughty ones have, by hook or by crook, managed to outwit the Grim Reaper and persist in living, despite the "allotted span" of Holy Writ.

So much for those who wish to proclaim the number of their birthdays from the housetops.

As for the canny individuals who keep the secret of their age firmly locked in their breasts—or think they do. In the first place, why, in all conscience, should they? The majority of people seem to consider Father Time's hand a sort of mark of Cain which is going to brand them as objectionable for the rest of



their natural days. So, they are pleased to ignore the hoary sage, and, like a snobbish woman, where her socially inconsequential acquaintances are concerned, simply refuse to recognize him.

At all of which Father Time simply snaps his fingers. "The moving finger writes, and, having writ, moves on":—and though the art of the beauty specialist makes many a strategic erasure some marks are applied with an indelible pencil that no amount of kneading by the masseuse nor tinting by the cos-

metic artist nor bobbing by the barber can wash out. Age is like the odor of garlic or the whiff of the cup that cheers—it will out, despite the most strenuous efforts of those immediately concerned to hide it.

So, why mince out in knee-length frocks, wear the blush of seventeen and coyly admit that you have just finished celebrating your twenty-sixth birthday when a certain look in your eyes and a certain "something" in your general appearance indisputably proclaim, "Thirty-

five?" Some people, women in particular, have adopted strange methods of flattering themselves. There is, for instance, surely more credit in being a youthful, well-preserved forty, and admitting it, than in laying claim to a twenty-five which inevitably wears many of the ear-marks of middle-age.

"O, bring back yesterday, bid Time return!" wailed Shakespeare over three centuries ago and as long as the sun and the moon endure women—and men, too,—are likely to take up the refrain.

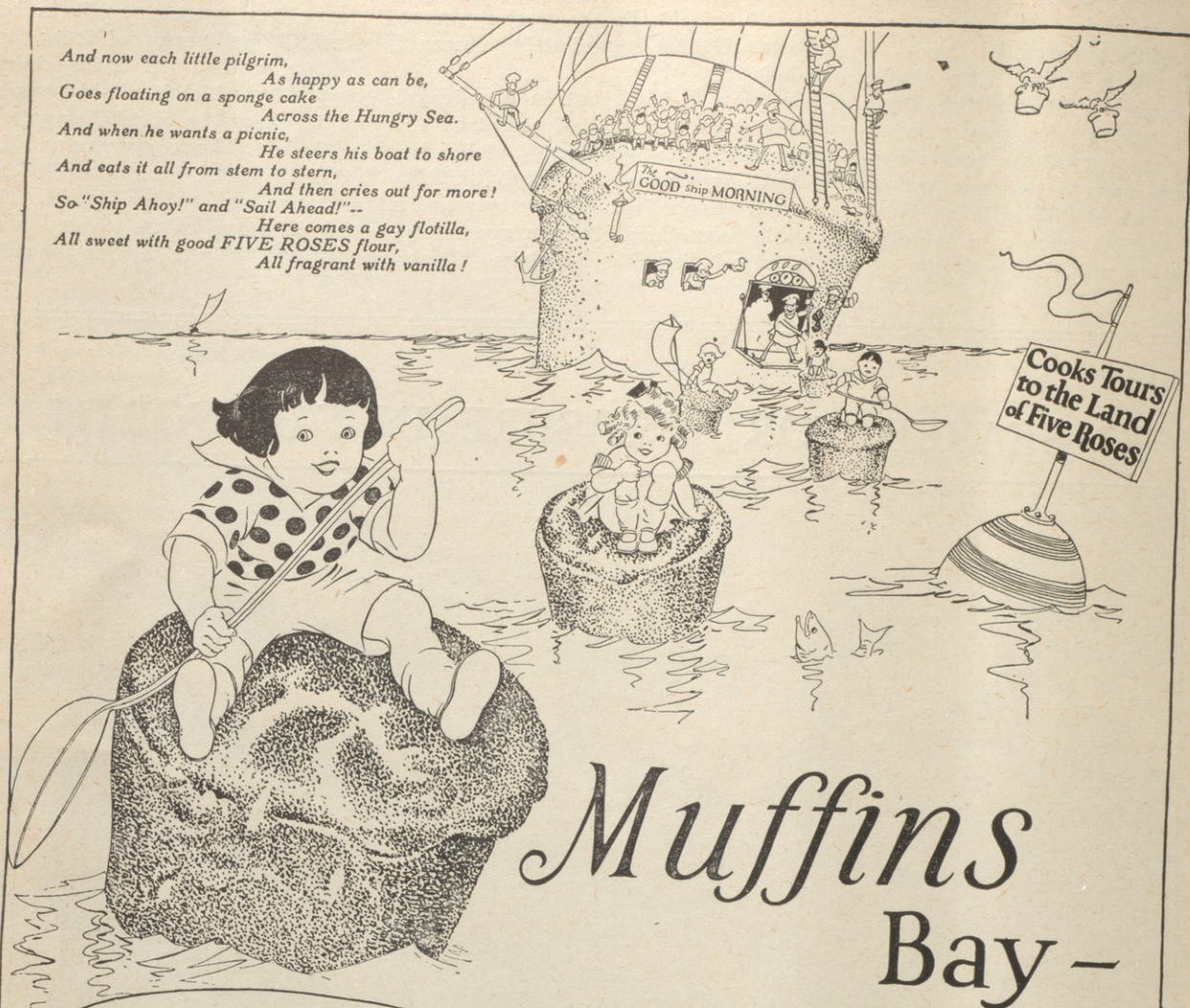
## TO SEARCH FOR TREASURE IN FAR NORTH



Five men from Hull, England, all unmarried and of ages ranging from 22 to 59, sailed from Liverpool recently by Canadian Pacific S.S. Montclare on the quest of a rich vein of silver, said to be hidden in "No Man's Land" of the Great Northwest. The mine is claimed to be in the vicinity of the Mackenzie River, District of Alaska, and is located in a cliff hundreds of miles from civilization. The last port before striking the trail will be Wrangell, Alaska. The party is led by John Riley, engineer, aged 59, who had much experience in the Klondike gold region. The rest of the party are Thomas Thompson, sailor, aged 26; Joseph Millard, jeweller, aged 22; Robert Flemming, engineer, aged 35, and Ernest Starke, confectioner, aged 32. When they find the mine, they will stake it and return to England to form a company for its development. As they passed through Saint John, N.B., the party was full of confidence and hope to return to the Old Country by next October.



And now each little pilgrim,  
As happy as can be,  
Goes floating on a sponge cake  
Across the Hungry Sea.  
And when he wants a picnic,  
He steers his boat to shore  
And eats it all from stem to stern,  
And then cries out for more!  
So "Ship Ahoy!" and "Sail Ahead!"--  
Here comes a gay flotilla,  
All sweet with good FIVE ROSES flour,  
All fragrant with vanilla!



## Muffins Bay -

**BUOYANT**, porous and yielding are the popovers, muffins and gems of the FIVE ROSES flour user. And for days after baking, they are still alluring through their lasting freshness.

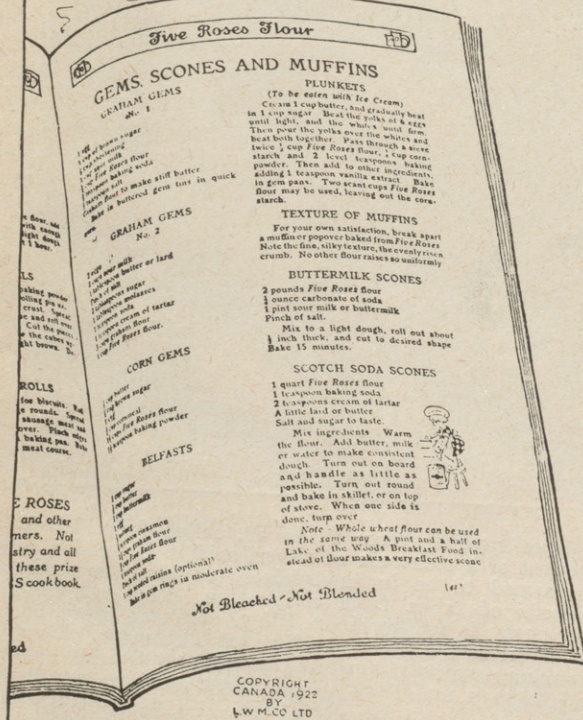
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## In Woman's Sphere

### Have You a Kink?

I SUPPOSE we have all suffered from a friend who is horribly "touchy," inclined to take offence at the slightest provocation, and thought that she was thoroughly disagreeable, a person to be avoided as much as possible.

It goes back, as most things do, to babyhood. A baby, when it is born, thinks only of itself, loving its mother, certainly, but only as the provider of comforts and food, of petting and fussing. When hungry, a baby cries and makes itself a nuisance until all its wants are supplied. When too hot or too cold, or uncomfortable, it cries again. We do not expect a little baby to do otherwise because it knows no better.

But as it grows up and is trained and educated into the ways of the household, it learns to "put up" with things, to wait without crying while its food is being prepared, to know, when it is cold, that mother will come with a warm blanket in a minute; or, if it is in pain, that mother will cure the pain.

Babies should be "let down gently" to the discomforts of this world, but they should never discover the fatal fact that they can get their own way by making themselves unpleasant to others.

If they do, their self-love will never change to love of others as it should do. They will never "lose themselves" in love for others as all really happy people do. You have only to watch a young man or girl in the first flush of love, or a mother with her baby, to realize what joy this forgetfulness of self can bring.

#### In a Happy Home.

Everyone is self-centred at birth and for some years afterwards, according to upbringing. In a happy home, with love all round, self is forgotten because there is no need for excessive self-protection. The neurotic, "touchy" person is usually one who was brought up unhappily, and will remain self-centred all his or her life.

A touchy person is one full of self love. They are to be pitied because self-

lovers are always bored and dull and wretched. When we really love another, self does not count.

A woman who is always thinking herself ill-used, always deploring her own unhappiness, should try working for a while in a slum crèche or helping some overburdened woman in her task. She



will soon find the lovely sunlight of love getting into the dusty corners of her heart and making her happy.

If you have a touchy friend and want to cure her, try to make her see that she is certainly gaining attention by her touchiness, but it is not pleasant attention. She gets her own way as a rule, but no one likes her.

The man married to a touchy woman cannot call his soul his own for fear of annoying her. His life is a constant strain and in the end he will get tired of it and possibly leave her. I would advise such a man not to give way to her fads.

At the same time, he should try to reason her out of them. If she can once see that she is alienating her husband and friends and making herself ridiculous, she will realize the sense of changing her direction of life.

### Retain Friendship

IT IS perfectly natural that the little bride, having settled down among her new chintzes in a neighborhood remote from her old home should form new friendships. There are always avenues of approach. Ted is so keen on tennis, they join the local club, and the way of dances, whist drives and other divisions lies clear before them.

That is just as it should be. New friends are excellent things, but they should not be allowed to oust the old ones. There is always a danger that Phyllis, having cut adrift from office or school, may forget the friends of bachelor days in the exhilarating joy of making new ones.

She has not forgotten Margaret and Monica, and she quite means to invite them down, but somehow there never seems to be an opportunity. Their next door neighbors are bridge fiends and welcome her and her husband to complete the four; another neighbor has given an open invitation to "listen-in" and the little spinster across the way has promised to let her into the mysteries of marmalade making. There is always something to be done, some new pleasure to be enjoyed, some new activity to be sampled!

Margaret and Monica recede into the background along with filing cabinets and teashop lunches. In a year or so they are nothing but a memory.

#### You Owe It To Your Husband.

It is later on when the first glamor and excitement of married life has worn off that Phyllis may regret the finality with which she severed the cords of friendship. New friends do not always stand the test of time; domestic activities lose their novelty; there comes a day when she yearns for a taste of the old bachelor girl life and discovers she has no companion with whom she can escape temporarily from the atmosphere of saucepans and carpet-sweepers.

The young wife owes it to her husband to cherish her pre-marriage friendships. The average man does not drop his men pals on marriage; there will be times when he will want to seek their society but if it means leaving his wife at a loose end he may feel it incumbent upon him to stay at home.



## Rain and Sunshine

"Alas, how easily things go wrong,  
A sigh too much or a kiss too long—  
And there comes a mist and a weeping  
rain,  
And things are never the same again."

**N**O, things aren't quite the same afterwards. They're different and generally better. For things that go easily wrong can mostly be righted. So that although things aren't quite the same afterwards, they are, perhaps, better.

### Leave Well Alone!

Things do go wrong so very easily.  
Often they stay wrong or get worse.



And that is generally because the person most concerned will try to make them better. When things go wrong the only possible motto is: "Leave well alone."



This does not mean the big things that have to have drastic and quick remedies, but little everyday occurrences that may seem tragedies—and may indeed lead to tragedies—at the time.

If only you can cultivate patience, you'll find that things right themselves in a most miraculous manner.

Always give yourself time to think, time for fresh air to pass through your brain.

Then you'll get the right perspective and after a little while—a few days, perhaps—if the worry hasn't faded into the distance by itself, which most worries do, at least the right action for you to take will have come to your mind. Say to yourself, "I know this seems ghastly to-day, but I won't think about it till to-morrow." And to-morrow the sun may be shining instead of raining as it was the day before, and you'll laugh and think, "Well, that cloud has passed." And if you have patience and faith, all others will pass in the same way.

### LOVES.

I see the sun above the hill  
And the stars across the sea,  
As I have seen them many a time  
In the days that used to be.

The same sea under the golden hill,  
And the same world under the sky,  
And I can remember the old dream still  
Of the boy that was not I.

And the world I love, and the sea and the sky,  
And the long, grey, windy street,  
And the woods that bend as the wind goes by  
Have been trodden by other feet.

And men that are dead have heard the cry  
Of the sea-birds circling low  
O'er the wintry waves. Dead men that lie  
Where strange seas ebb and flow  
Have loved the world the same as I  
Ten thousand years ago!  
W. R. D. FULLER.

### TO CURE BUNIONS.

To effect a permanent cure of this painful foot-trouble, low heeled shoes of soft pliable leather must be worn, the toes square or rounded. High heels and pointed toes must be totally abolished. Bathe the foot frequently to allay inflammation, and at night bind the bunion with linen saturated with olive oil. If the swelling is on the under side of the joint, wear a thick soft inner sole, from which a piece has been cut away to fit the bunion.

## Things We Don't Say!

### A Mother to Her Brood

**"W**HY do you choose the days when I am particularly tired or have a bad headache to be so tiresome? Those are the days when you have to be told everything twice before you do as you're told, when you dawdle to bed and seem to be just as naughty as you can.

"And when I come up and find you all in bed, a lot of little angels, I wonder how I had found it in my heart to be cross with you at all. You dears!

And how I love you all on my birthday, when you come and lay your treasures in my lap. That kettle-holder that little Elizabeth has been working on so busily, and telling me was a secret when she asked my help; the vase that was bought with Peter's precious pennies, saved up for oh such a long time, and discussed for weeks, and wrapped up at least twenty times! And Baby Molly's

'Mary Anne,' because she ate the sweets she had for me, and must give me something.

"I know you couldn't help it, but it was careless to spill that cup of tea down my best frock, in fact, the only decent one I've got, and which has to last for ages. I oughtn't to have been quite so cross, too, but sometimes it seemed as if I was never to have anything nice.

"I know the clothes you have are not as nice as the Browns'. But the Browns' have heaps of money, and we've hardly any at all, and I try my hardest to give you the best I can. You don't know how it hurts when you ask for things that simply can't be managed.

"Sometimes I think you're ungrateful little beggars, I slave for you all day, I'm here all the time to help you, play with you, and be there when you want

me all day long, and yet when daddy comes home I'm nobody. Daddy is a splendid person who only comes home in the evenings, and then it's a treat to stay up and see him, and, wonder of wonders, to play with him for a little while, and when he's there mother simply doesn't count. All day long you ask, 'When will daddy come home?' I'm always here, so I am taken as a matter of course.

"But I get just as big a welcome when I go away for a day or two, and when you came back from grandma's after baby was born you were pleased to see me, and you didn't think much of the little stranger who had come to take mother from you.

"And I do wish that when a neighbor comes in to tea, you wouldn't give away all the family secrets. You always manage to tell the wrong people that I can't afford to buy the best butter, or have to 'make do' with last year's coat. It's so humiliating for me. But all the same, with all your faults, I love you."



## Have You Ever Tried These?

### Salmon Croquettes.

ONE pound can salmon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, cayenne pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cracker crumbs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated onion, 1 well beaten egg, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. From a can of salmon, opened neatly, take the fish and mince it fine; add salt and pepper, and a tablespoon of chopped parsley tops and cracker crumbs; moisten it with a raw egg and mix well, turn it out upon a dish; then roll it into cones, dip these in beaten egg seasoned with salt and pepper, roll them in bread crumbs, drop into deep, hot fat and fry a delicate brown; drain them a moment, arrange neatly on a hot dish and serve with tartare sauce.

### Beaten Corn Bread.

Work one heaping teaspoon of butter into a cup of corn meal, a cup of flour,

two teaspoons of sugar, and a teaspoon of salt. Add enough water to moisten but not to wet it enough to make it crumble. Spread on a floured board and beat with a masher for twenty minutes, folding it over often. Roll out a half-inch thick, cut in rounds, prick with a fork and bake in greased shallow pan.

### Ginger Drops.

One-fourth cup shortening,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup brown sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cloves, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup molasses, 1 teaspoon soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon ginger. Cream butter and add sugar gradually then add the egg. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add alternately with hot water and molasses. Bake in muffin pans.

## Mems for Madam

If you prick your finger when sewing, and spots of blood spoil the appearance of the work, cover them with a coating of starch, applied quite wet. Let it dry, then brush off, and the marks will be gone.

To grow slips successfully in water, one or more eyes or joints must be underneath the water, which should be changed frequently; this is important.

Iron rust is removable by cream of tartar treatment. Pile the latter on the spot, and sew up that part of the garment like a fat little bag. Then put into a pan of cold water and boil.

Emergency starch is possible if there is cornflour in the larder. Mix two tablespoonfuls of cornflour to a paste with cold water, then slowly stir into it about a quart of boiling water.

Before washing cotton prints for the first time steep them in a solution of salt and water.

### WAY TO HAPPINESS

"Why I like my work," is the subject on which a newspaper of Czecho-Slovakia recently invited contributions from its readers. One woman wrote, "My life and my work are just the simple, sober humdrum of a good housekeeper. I take my daily life and all its cares simply, as they come, without posing as a martyr. I do not ask anybody to 'understand' me, because I have learned to find an outlet for my creative instinct within my own four walls. I have assumed responsibility for the happiness of those who are near me, with the result that my own troubles retreat increasingly into the background." It would be difficult to imagine a woman more content with her lot, and yet before her marriage this woman shrank from the task of home-maker; her ambition was to be a doctor.

Bedclothes should be warm but light. Too many are as bad as too few.

### HOW TO LIFT BABY.

Never lift a baby by the arms. Slip your left hand under the little back beneath the shoulders, spreading the fingers so that they support the neck and head, and lift feet and legs with the right hand. Never lift a baby without thus supporting the spine.

When baby has learned to hold up his head, and has gained strength in the muscle of back and neck, he may be lifted by grasping him with outspread fingers under the armpits, whilst the body must be firmly held, so that the entire strain does not come on the shoulders. Careless lifting may result in the dislocation of a joint.

### HISTORY OF WEDDING RING.

When a Roman maid was married to the man of her choice he placed a ring on the third finger of her left hand, because, it is affirmed, the ancients believed that a nerve ran from this finger to the heart.

Like a good many other heathen customs and usages which the Christian era adopted, this was Christianised—that is to say, it was made a symbol of the Trinity. The thumb and first two fingers represent the Trinity and the next finger is the husband's to whom next to God, the wife owes allegiance by her marriage vows, so it was believed. The left hand was chosen, and not the right, to show that the woman was to be subject to the man.

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# Kiddies' Page



My Dear Nieces and Nephews:

I want you all to put on your thinking caps and try your very hardest to guess these word puzzles. If they prove too difficult for you you will find the answers at the end.

Now that school is over for another term I suppose you all are terribly excited at the prospect of two long months of holidays. I hope you will have a delightful vacation.

Your loving  
AUNT FLO.

I.

I consist of eleven letters. My first two suggest a place of hospitality; my next four signify a warm garment; my sixth letter is a personal pronoun; and finally my remaining four describe a large door.

II.

I am a word of nine letters. My first two denote a body of people; my next three are a secluded woman; my final four represent a military instrument.

Word Squares.

I.

1.—Part of your face. 2.—A girl's name. 3.—A boy's name.

II.

1.—A relative. 2.—A poem. 3.—A donkey's name.

III.

1.—Used in the kitchen. 2.—A girl's name. 3.—Another girl's name.

Answers to Puzzles.

1. — In(n)-vest-i-gate. 2. — Co-nun-drum.

Word Squares.

L I P	S O N	P A N
I D A	O D E	A D A
P A T	N E D	N A N

RIDDLES.

What teeth can never bite?  
The teeth of a comb.

When are the streets greasy?  
When the rain is dripping.

Why did the coal-scuttle?  
Because it saw the kitchen sink.

Where is happiness always found?  
Why, in the dictionary!

## The Poor Butterfly

AURORA was a beautiful tortoise-shell butterfly, the very first to wake in the spring. As soon as her wings were sufficiently strong she made little flying trips in the warm sunshine, and at last she came to the edge of a pond.

There were lots and lots of funny insects flying over the pond, and she hovered round watching them. Then she gave a big start, for there, sitting upon a large stone, was the ugliest creature she could have imagined—with a big, wide mouth, goggle eyes, and ugly brown skin.

His ugliness seemed to fascinate her, for she flew round him in circles; and

## DISAPPOINTED



Freddie Frog: "Hi, waiter, there isn't a single fly in this soup." 610-PEP

at last he spoke, and said—"Aren't I handsome?"

Aurora shuddered delicately, and said—"No, you are quite the most hideous creature I have ever seen."

"Thank you," said the frog, and grinned so widely that Aurora drew back in alarm.

"All the same," said he, "it is delightful to gaze upon one so beautiful as yourself."

The butterfly was flattered, and she spread her beautiful wings most gracefully, fluttering nearer to display their exquisite coloring. She forgot the horrible wideness of the frog's mouth in thinking of her own beauty.

There was the sudden flash of a long tongue, and a moment later Aurora had

## Did You Ever Play These?

SOME player who made himself liable to a forfeit in another game is to be "It," and is to stand in the centre of the circle formed by the other players, all of whom are seated. Every player in the circle is privileged to ask him a question which he must answer with "I did it."

The first player asks, "Who went into the dining room and tasted the frosting on the cake?" and he answers, "I did it." The next player may ask who it was that put a fly in the ice cream, and again he must admit that he did it. This continues all around the circle.

However, he has his revenge. He may name the next "It," choosing the one who asked the most painful question. He may also suggest the answer to be given to all questions, or the answer may be the same, "I did it!" If he wishes to change the answer he might suggest "I am," for an answer with possibilities. Thus when the first question asked the new "It" happens to be, "Who is the prettiest boy here?" "It" must say "I am," although he would like to meet his questioner outside.

\* \* \*

## A NEW BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

There are many versions of old-time games; for instance, this way of playing your old favorite, "Blind Man's Buff": Seat yourselves in a circle, or you may stand. The leader is chosen by the time-honored custom known as "counting out," blindfolded and placed in the middle. He is given a cane; he then walks around the circle, stops and points the cane; the one it touches or comes closest to must repeat in a disguised tone the noise made by either a cat, dog, cow or horse. He may repeat the sound three times. If the "blind man" cannot guess who it is he must try someone else; if he names the right child, that one takes the place of the leader.

disappeared. The frog sat alone upon the stone, his goggle eyes staring upon the world in the same blank manner as when she had first seen him.



## Each Man To His Taste

IT has been said that a knowledge of the world's foods ought to increase international tolerance! But every race has its unreasonable prejudices in the matter of food. For instance, we are told that the Chinese view with repugnance the English idea of eating beef, butter, and cheese, though they have a high opinion of the octopus and even cats as an article of diet.

In this connection it is of interest to note some of the unfamiliar foods consumed in the foreign colonies of American cities. In the "Scientific American" Mr. L. Lodian has recently enumerated a number of unusual dishes, appetising and otherwise; "ripened eggs, canned braised earthworms and ducks' gizzards dried to horny hardness, hardly tempt the native American palate."

Water-lily bulbs sound more attractive, but they are described as heavy tubers like dingy-hued fat bananas growing end to end in chains a yard long, and we are assured that when they are cooked only the Oriental palate has thus far been able to appreciate them.

But, turning from lily to rose, we learn that Chinese rose-flower marmalade is delicious, and that when a container of it is opened a whole room is suffused with the perfume of roses. Roses, too, lend a part of their charm to the Turkish confection zujak, a delicacy of which the chief component is nuts.

The little greenish pistachio kernels or the kernels from sweet almonds or walnuts are strung, and then dipped in a vat containing a mixture of steam-prepared vegetable gelatin with crystalline palm or date syrup. Dipping is done only when the temperature of the batch is almost at the solidification point, at which moment a few drops of attar of roses are added. When the rose flavor has been added and properly mixed the stringed nuts are at once lowered into the vat by the dozen or score of strings suspended from a frame. Then they are lifted out and allowed to dry, and the process is repeated, dip after dip, until a coating of the desired thickness is deposited on the nuts. "It is a most sustaining confection," says Mr. Lodian, "and the delectable rose fragrance of the zujak suffuses the palate and makes our own confectionery appear commonplace in comparison."

Smoked fruits are as yet unknown to the tables of most Americans, but it is more than likely they will not remain so, for they are said to be wholesome and delicious, and afford an excellent way of preserving superfluous fruit. Smoked figs and raisins are now imported from Italy for Italian immigrants. For fifty years smoked pears have been sent over in large quantities from Germany for America's citizens of German ancestry.

Tamales south of the Rio Grande have long been known to Americans; they are of the maize-and-meat variety, put up in the corn husks. But "the elder brother of all tamales" is the Mongolian rice tamal. In America it can be found only in Chinatown. It is wrapped in rush leaves and is made like

a miniature pyramid of rice pulverised with pork, pinon nuts and chestnuts.

### Other Queer Dishes

The largest tamal known is made in South America in the region of the Orinoco and the Amazon. It is called aliaka and is composed of minced chicken, chick peas and pepper, well cooked and bundled up in big banana leaves.

So much for the many curious varieties of food consumed by America's foreign population. Like the Chinese, the Mediterranean peoples have a great liking for the octopus. In addition to eating this enemy of the fishermen fresh, the Chinese squash it, press it, and dry it, in which form, dusted over with flour, a stack of it may be found in any provision shop.

Bats, of which there are about ten kinds in England, are eagerly eaten in Dahomey, some of the Polynesian islands, the Malay Archipelago, India, and elsewhere. Bat is said to taste rather like hare. The black-bellied roussette, of Timor, is a favorite edible there. The flesh is white and very tender, with a musky flavor. Badger is also said to be good eating, and tastes like boar. Badger hams are a delicacy in China. Mole is eaten in many parts of Africa; a pale blue kind is accounted a luxury near the Kasai.

In some parts of the globe snakes are considered as very excellent food, so also are many kinds of lizard. Even highly poisonous snakes are edible, for the poison, of course, is confined to a couple of little glands in the jaw. Snakes are said to be more palatable than eel.

Frogs and snails are highly esteemed in France. It may be mentioned, however, that West Indian blacks are prone to shudder at the thought of eating rabbit, and Mr. Bassett Digby, F.R.G.S., the well-known traveller says he has found that the Siberian peasants view with disgust the idea of eating hare. But those same West Indian natives, says Mr. Bassett Digby, declare that no food in the world comes up to fricassee of rats that have fattened themselves in sugar-cane plantations! Each to his taste.

A farmer from the outskirts of Aberdeen sold twenty hens to a neighbor, but only delivered nineteen. In the evening, however, he turned up with the missing hen.

"This yin dinna lay until the afternoon," he explained.

"I say, Mabel, may I come and see you to-night?"

"Certainly, John; come by all means."

"But this isn't John."

"And this isn't Mabel, either."

## Walking on Red-Hot Stones

By S. LEONARD BASTIN

THE practice of walking on red-hot stones is not by any means confined to the Fiji Islands. In several parts of Asia the priests, in order to show their magical powers go through a similar performance. The method of procedure is, roughly, on the following lines. Stones are spread over a fierce fire which is burning in a trench. The men then proceed to walk about on the stones without any harmful result at all. After the ordeal the feet show no signs of being burned. It has been stated that the soles of the priests are much tougher than would be the case with men accustomed to wearing boots. No doubt this is true, but the toughest skin would soon be burned by the fierce heat. The real explanation is very interesting, and has only recently come to light.

In the making of the fire a shallow pit is dug, and in the bottom of this is placed the wood. This is overlaid with several layers of stones, and the fire is then lighted. When everything is apparently at a great heat the priest walks across, and gets to the other side without harm. Any skeptical person who tries to do the same will get his feet terribly burned.

This startling display by the priests is rendered possible by reason of the fact that on such occasions one kind of stone, known as basalt, is always used. The stone is of volcanic origin, and is extremely porous, and is also one of the worst conductors of heat known. It is possible to have a lump of basalt red-hot at one end, and yet cool enough to hold in the hand at the other end; and the priest knows exactly where to put his feet, and as long as he actually avoids treading on the glowing stones, there is not the least fear that he will get burned.

"I'm leaving for Chicago to-night I'm supposed to get married to-morrow."

"Where, in Chicago?"

"No, here in New York."

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

"Have you any smoking jackets?"

"No, this is not a fire sale."

—Centre Colonel.

Club Member (keen player)—Do you play bridge?

Nervous New Member—Er—well—I—I hardly know—you see, I've never tried!—Passing Show (London).

"My wife is an angel."

"Mine is still alive!"—Vikingen, Christiania.



# "Father and Son"

*To Be Successful in the Business of Being a Father a Man Must Remember His Own Boyhood*

**M**OST business men agree that it is by no means easy to become successful in the world of commerce today. Those who have reached the pinnacles contend that perseverance, patience, and incessant hard work have won them their coveted positions.

But the man who wishes to be a successful father must possess something more than these three desirable attributes. His task is to cultivate a close friendship with his son. In order to accomplish this he must never forget that he was once a boy, with a boy's outlook on life, a boy's thoughts and longings, and a boy's love of mischief.

This is more easily said than done, and many fathers fail honestly to compare their sons with themselves in this manner.

The business of Father & Son has many difficulties to face, and although the old adage, "spare the rod and spoil the child" is still true today, far more good can be done by an "understanding" than can ever be obtained through chastisement.

This "understanding" can only be reached where there is a feeling of real comradeship between father and son.

For the first few years of a child's life his interest is centred upon his mother. She feeds him, clothes him, bathes him, and looks after his welfare generally. Daddy's part is usually the "minding" of the baby from time to time when he is fretful!

But when baby begins to take a keen interest in people and things, when he starts to ask the "why" and "wherefore" of everything, then daddy comes to the front. At this stage of a child's life father should try to avoid saying, "I don't know" to a youngster. If he can't handle some more than usually puzzling question let him reply: "I'll tell you later on," or words to that effect. Father is omniscient in his son's eyes, and if the parent is careful not to let his heir imagine that he finds it difficult to answer any of his posers, the father gradually becomes more or less of a hero.

## Don't Laugh at Him!

But youthful dreams must pass, and the boy must go to school, where he learns many new things which widen his outlook. He begins to have opinions of his own, and daddy is suddenly jolted off his pedestal.

Don't laugh at the boy's new ideas, however preposterous they may seem. Talk things over with him, try to see his point of view, and consider what you would have thought about it in your early days. Show him that you are interested in his welfare, that you want to be a real friend to him, and your reward will be—a frank, open, and honest son.

The next period, adolescence, is perhaps the most difficult of all. Most boys at this age get "swelled head," and the parental patience is tested to the utmost. But the seed of comradeship

which has been sown will bear fruit. The father should be stern, but kind and loving, yet ready to reprove when necessary, and eager to co-operate in his son's plans when they are within the realm of possibility.

Then the girl comes along. This is where the father finds his faculty for recalling his youth of great service. If the older man remembers that he was sentimental, that he took quite a long while to say "good-night" to the "only girl in the world," that he used to talk about his sweetheart rather more than other people liked, the grown-up son will appreciate the kindness and consideration which are shown to him.

And in the future years the son will remember, and through remembrance will come the saving of his business of "Father & Son."

## OVERDOING HOSPITALITY

**T**HERE are people who make the disastrous mistake of being too hospitable—they choke you with their hospitality.

Directly you enter the front door you are greeted with the birth certificate of your last visit—and are bombarded with questions as to why you have been so long in coming again. You don't want to hurt their feelings so you make the best excuses you can think of on the spur of the moment.

You are given the best chair and made to stay in it while the entire household is admonished to look after you.

You eat far more than is good for you because your refusal to do so plunges your hostess into gloom and despair. She is certain you don't like her cooking or her choice of food, so to save her feelings again, you go through with everything—knowing all the while there will be an unhappy reckoning for you later on.

## THE MEANING OF "IRIS."

It is always interesting to know what names mean, isn't it?—though, of course, the names have very little to do with the characters of their owners.

Iris is supposed to mean "a messenger." In olden times the people used to say that the Iris flower was the emblem of Irene, the goddess of peace. Because of the slightly varied color in the Iris it was said to be the "rainbow flower"—the rainbow being the symbol of union between heaven and earth. By and bye they transferred the name Iris an imaginary nymph, who was supposed to carry messages for Irene. Anyone who painted Iris gave her dainty wings of rainbow hue, and the little nymph was said to have power to call down water from heaven to refresh the earth in times of drought.

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AVE you evur sat by the r.r. track,  
& watched the empty's cuming back?  
lumbering along with a groan and  
a whine---

smoke strung out in a long grey line  
belched from the panting injun's stack  
. . . just empty's cuming back.

i have . . . and to me the empty's seam  
like dreams i sometimes dream---  
of a girl . . . or munny . . . or  
maybe fame . . .

my dreams have all returned the same,  
swinging along the home-bound track  
. . . just empty's cuming back.

MESCAL IKE





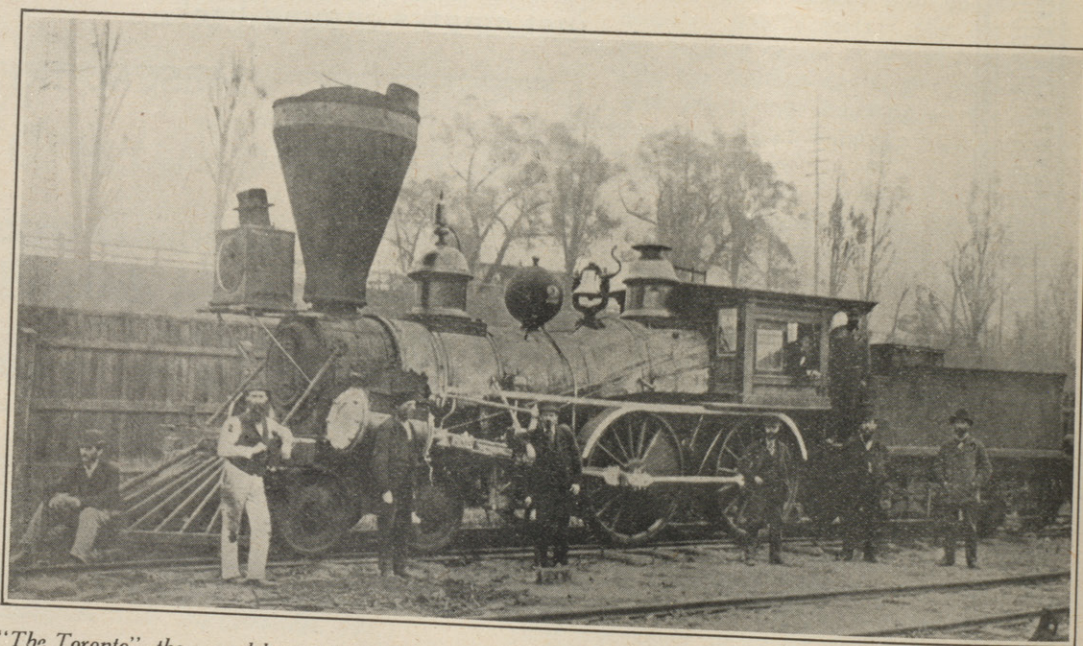


# :: THE EVOLUTION OF



Heavy grade engine No. 313, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, taken during the summer of 1889, in Kicking Horse River Canyon, near Golden, B.C.

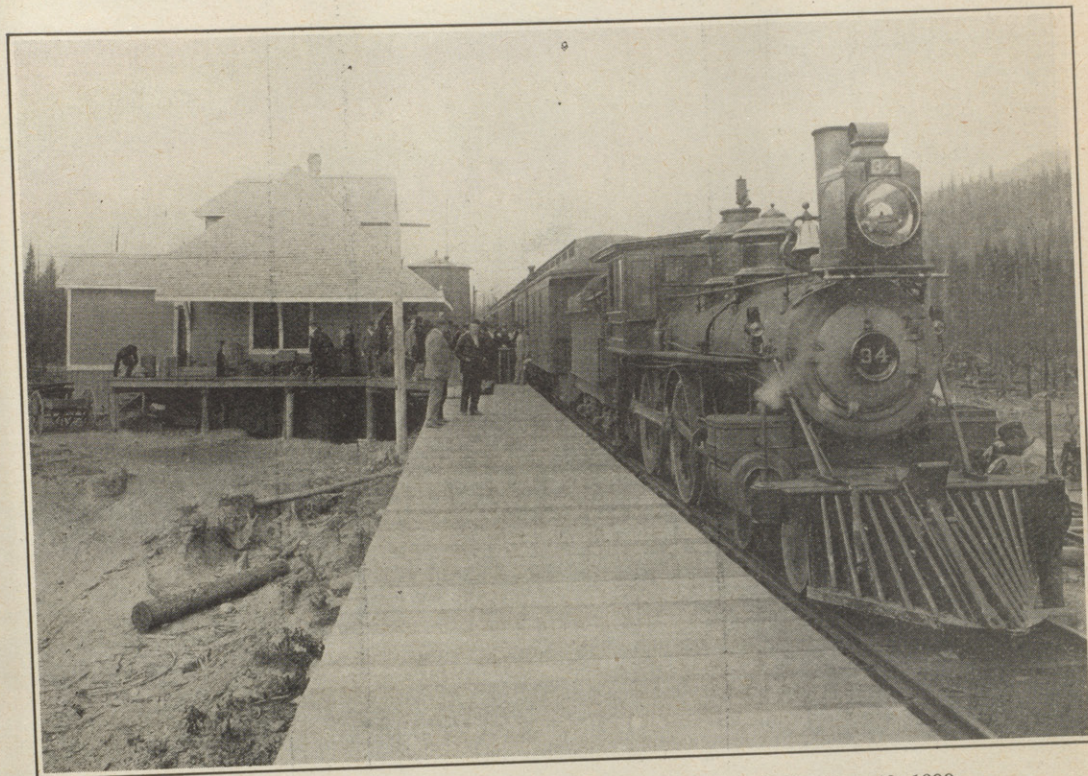
NO tale is more vibrant with the spirit of romance than that connected with the history of the railway. The accompanying photographs hark back to the good old pioneer days when men of brain and brawn pitted their strength against the forces of nature in a triumphant effort to carve a great dominion out of the untamed wilderness and when were laid the long thin bands of steel which were to span a continent and annihilate the thousands of miles between the world's two greatest oceans.



"The Toronto", the second locomotive in Ontario, was the first passenger engine on the Ontario, Simcoe and Huron Railroad Union Company. Built by James Good, Toronto, in 1852-3, it hauled the first passenger train from the shed station, south side of Front Street, a few hundred feet east of the Queen's Hotel, May 16, 1853, with the late William Hockett, master mechanic of the company, as engineer for the trip, and John Harvie, as conductor.



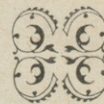
# RAILROADING IN CANADA ::



*The first daily passenger train from the east, C.P.R. depot, Fernie, B.C., June 19, 1899.*



*Old C.P.R. wood-burning engine, driven by Edward Clark, who died in Winnipeg, in 1923.*





## The Trials of the Children



THE SIX CHILDREN of a miner in the Cape Breton district. Note the improvised clothing, and the bare feet. There was no money to buy glass to replace broken windows. The children are the offspring of parents who are credited locally with being industrious, thrifty, decent citizens.



# Twelve Thousand on Rations

From "Canadian Congress Journal"

"THE Executive of the Trades and Labor Congress commissioned Kennedy Crone, Editor of the Canadian Railroader magazine and a well-known Montreal Journalist, to go to Nova Scotia to make a survey of conditions in the mining districts there and prepare a comprehensive report for the Canadian Congress Journal so that those in the Labor movement and others interested in the struggle might be correctly informed. Mr. Crone travelled over a large part of the districts affected and interviewed more than two hundred persons embracing a wide variety of outlooks and opinions. The article below is the first written by Mr. Crone on the subject. It deals mainly with the humanities of the crisis, which naturally take a leading place in the thoughts of most readers."

—April 14.

**T**WELVE thousand men, women and children in the mining districts of Nova Scotia, most of them within a radius of twenty miles, are dependent for their existence on the rations issued by the relief committees.

At that, the rations, in the words of Rev. Dr. McAvoy, Chairman of the Central Relief Committee at Glace Bay, are "just enough to hold body and soul together."

If the relief in money and kind that is being contributed from many parts of Canada were to slow up or stop, under present conditions, there would be wholesale starvation and God knows what else in the way of tragedy.

## Situation Becoming Worse

The Glace Bay Committee was two thousand dollars in the hole last Saturday; that is, the members of the Committee had felt obliged by the urgencies of the case to buy food costing that much, although they had no means to pay for it.

The situation is becoming worse every day, as more and more families reach the limit of their scanty resources. Heroic struggles to keep off "the relief" from a sense of pride and independence are numerous.

While I was with a relief worker yesterday a man came up to us, hesitatingly, and with evident dislike of his mission. "I have stood the gaff for five weeks," he said, "but I'm beaten at last. You know we said we'd be damned if we'd take anybody's charity. The Lord only knows what the missis and the four kids and myself have stood. The children are wondering why other children can get food through the relief stations and they get nothing to eat. The missus and myself can suffer, but it's hell to see the youngsters suffering. So I want you to put my family on the relief. Some day, maybe, we'll pay it back. We'll try, anyway."

## No Food For Sparrows

Even the sparrows have a hard time to live in the Sydney Mines and Glace Bay districts. Every accumulation of garbage has been picked over by human

beings who needed food. Women and children have been on the railway tracks gathering the seeds of grain that have fallen from the cars en route to the stables of the pit ponies. Roots of all sorts have been dug out of the ground and cooked into messes that had a resemblance to food.

Fortunately coal can be got by digging the outcrops on the hillsides. Groups of miners get together and make small shafts of their own, while women and children carry the coal away in bags or boxes. Much fuel is needed, one reason being that many of the houses are so damp that fires must be kept constantly going, and another is that the soft coal of the districts burns away quickly.

## Clothing and Bedding

Clothing and bedding—mostly second hand, of course—are beginning to arrive at the relief stations in fairly large quantities from different parts of the Dominion. Local resources in that line have long since been exhausted, and it will be some time before the outside relief begins to meet the local necessities.

It has to be remembered that the destitution is a matter of growth across three years of short-time work, that in the last four months thousands of the miners have been able to get only one to three shifts a week, and that the complete stoppage of the mines in the beginning of March was merely a culmination of a long siege. Practically no bedding or clothing has been bought for three years,—the people have been lucky if they had food and fuel alone—and the result is that a large proportion of the population is in dire straits for bed and personal covering. Many children have been all winter without shoes and stockings, many without even a stitch of underclothing. Bedding, where it exists—often it is non-existent—is frequently a mixture of rags. Some of the most unusual costumes, improvised out of any fabric handy, are worn by miners and their families. A rather extraordinary feature of this situation is that practically every house has clean white curtains, even if they are only of cheesecloth or have more patches than original material. It is not until one gets inside the houses that one has any



Miners digging "outcrop" coal on the hillsides to keep the home fires burning.





*Rows of company-owned houses at Glace Bay. Through no fault of the occupiers, some of the interiors of these homes are close on being wreckage, as no repairs are made.*

adequate idea of the misery behind the clean white curtains. It is a tribute to the natural decency of the people that most of them try to conceal their difficulties from the outside world.

#### Bad Housing Conditions

Housing conditions as a rule are third-rate. It is not expected that mining towns and villages will resemble the prosperous, or at least nice and comfortable, suburbs of large cities. One might expect them to be somewhat crude and frowsy. But one hardly expects the meanness, the bleakness, the wreckage and the insanitary conditions that are to be found in rather large and oppressive measure.

There is comparatively little sickness in the mining districts, much less than might be anticipated to go with the other conditions of life there. This is partly explained by the fact that the homes are on the edge of the Atlantic Ocean, that the people are obviously a hardy lot hereditarily, most of them descendants of Highland Scottish crofters who were immigrants a century and more ago, while the process, too, of the survival of the fittest has doubtless played its part in moulding the present generation.

#### A Deceptive Quietness

As in matters of physical hurt, where the noisiest are usually the least injured and the most dangerous cases are the silent ones, so is it with these mining localities. The streets are quiet, there is no excitement in the spoken word. It might almost seem, in a casual look around, as if the clear fresh winds of the sea were aiding in the telling of the tale that all is peace and tranquility. But the close examiner knows how utterly false and misleading are outward

appearances, and how grave a disorder lies behind apparent patience and contentment.

General business, and the ordinary activities of social and municipal life, are almost at a standstill, for nearly everyone and everything depends more or less directly on the mines, which, with the steel industry, are the basic industries of Cape Breton. Merchants have failed; others merely grub along. Most of the municipal taxes are unpaid and uncollectible. School teachers, and policemen and firemen, are a month behind in their wages, and thank their stars things are as good as that. The churches no longer take up collections for purely church purposes; practically

every sort of collection is for the immediate meeting of human necessity. At the close of a Salvation Army meeting on the main street of Glace Bay, after the band had played and the "testimonies" had been given, the officer in charge said to the crowd around: "There will be no collection, friends. We know you've got no money."

#### Daily Paper a Luxury

A daily paper is a luxury. A pipeful of tobacco or a cigarette is a gift of the gods. No one drinks strong drink because there is no money to pay for drink.

Nearly every soul in the communities is either "on relief" or voluntarily "working in relief"; many miners are both "on relief" and "in relief".

Clerics of all denominations, Y.M.C.A. workers, Salvation Army workers, bankers, miners, editors, aldermen, postmen, lawyers, shop-keepers—all sorts and conditions of men and their wives and grown-up children—are working together in the relief stations. Misfortune has developed a fine community spirit and very efficient organization of relief forces and methods.

The merits of the strike or lock-out itself do not matter. Human beings are in great need and all kinds of hearts have opened to think of human service.

#### Fear and Hopes

The local fear is that relief from outside might drop off while the tragedy deepened, and the local hope is that the conference between John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, President Roy Wolvin and Vice-President McClurg, of the British Empire



*A miner, his wife, and their five children. At left Rev. Dr. McAvoy, head of Glace Bay district relief forces, and Miss McLean, a woman co-worker. The family shown is on rations.*

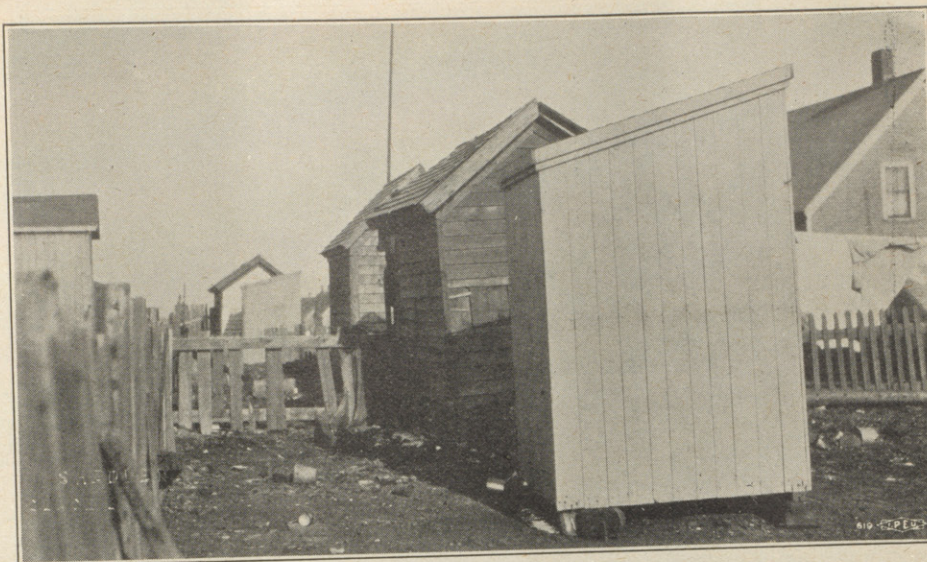


Steel Company, and Premier Armstrong of Nova Scotia, will result in a speedy and a permanent settlement.

Incidentally, John Lewis, in conversation with me, disposed of the contention that the U.M.W. had been taking into the United States large sums of Nova Scotia money in the form of miners' union dues, and should return some of it to the stricken membership. "If a balance were struck over the years, it would be found that there is not a dollar of Nova Scotia miners' money in the International's treasury," he said. For every dollar received from Nova Scotia the International had paid out more than a dollar in Nova Scotia in direct benefit of one sort and another.

### Emigrating by Hundreds

The young men and women who can get out of the mining districts are getting out by hundreds, and moving into the United States. There has always been a migration, particularly from Cape Breton, but it has never assumed such magnitude as at present. From one small town alone, New Waterford, 600 men have gone in three months, and the membership of the miners' union local has been cut in half. Rev. A. M. Macleod, joint secretary with Rev. Father McAdam, of the Glace Bay Central Relief Committee, said to me that the extensive emigration of the youngest and best blood of Cape Breton was to his mind one of the most melancholy aspects of the present state of affairs.



Rows and rows of these "privies" are to be seen in the mining towns. They are cleaned out twice a year at the expense of the miners themselves, who employ men for the purpose.

There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of others who would leave the mining communities if they could. They haven't the means. Even those in the small percentage owning their own homes cannot go, for their homes would bring no price at all. "No matter how good a bargain is offered," said a resident at Sydney Mines, "there are hardly any offers. See that fine, seven-roomed house over there? You can buy it today for less than a third of what it cost to build a few years ago, and all the furniture thrown in. The owner wants to get out to the States. But few can buy, and no one wants to buy."

Then there are many miners tied up

with debt to the company stores and other stores. They know that they can improve their conditions elsewhere. With millstones round their necks, they cannot go elsewhere.

### Communists Negligible

A much-advertised feature of the struggle, especially in Cape Breton, is the presence of the "Reds", the saboteurs, the Communists. I know plenty of persons who think Cape Breton is far "redder" than Clydeside. There is, undoubtedly, a good deal of red blood in Cape Breton, and there is a discoverable rebellion against social conditions which is rather to be expected of red-blooded men. So far as my own enquiry went, however, it did not reveal any large army of Communists. Miners met enquiries about Communism with statements concerning the remarkable numbers of Cape Bretoners who served in the Great War, with suggestions that Communist propaganda was good propaganda for Besco as it served to alienate general public sympathy from the miners, and that the influence of Communists on the miners was distinctly limited and weakening further as time passed. Observers outside the ranks of the miners said that the Communists were negligible in number and control in the local scheme of things. I am merely a recorder. If my own observations and the opinions of various types of miners and other citizens as expressed to me had shaped to a different analysis, I would not hesitate to say so.

### Sticking to the Facts

The various relief organizations are strict stickers to the facts in their appeals to the public. Statements for the press are compiled from well-kept records. I saw the duplicate of an official telegram for the Canadian Press



Relief workers at Glace Bay. Left to right: Rev. Dr. McAvoy, Baptist minister (with the glasses); Mrs. John Casey; Rev. Father McAdam, Parish Priest; Mrs. McK. Forbes (wife of ex-Mayor); Mayoress Mrs. D. W. Morrison; Mrs. Max Freid; Mrs. Norman MacLeod; Mrs. J. T. MacPherson (Salvation Army). Many miners are working in the relief stations.





*United Mine Workers' Executive, District 26, Nova Scotia, with headquarters at Glace Bay. Left to right:—A. A. McKay, Sec.-Treas.; Joseph Nearing, Vice-President; John McDonald, member International Board; John W. McLeod,*

service in which changes had been made, reducing figures regarding dependents which had been given in quite good faith by a relief officer, but which, on double-checking of the books, had been found to be slightly excessive. The twelve-thousand figure I give at the beginning of this article is no random guess. It is a compilation I made of official figures from three central relief bodies, which in turn compiled them from the records of a number of subsidiary relief stations. If anything,

it is underestimated, because further destitution is being taken care of in smaller districts from which I have not had official figures.

#### Contributions in Kind

Two districts of Cape Breton, the Glace Bay and Sydney Mines districts, probably contain within them four-fifths of the total number of distressed persons. Two other districts, the Springhill and Stellarton districts, have

a large share of the balance of the acute distress.

Contributions of clean, sanitary clothing for men, women and children, and footwear and bedding should be sent to:

The Relief Committee,  
Glace Bay, N.S., or

The Relief Committee,  
Sydney Mines, N.S., or

The Relief Committee,  
Springhill, N.S., or

The Relief Committee,  
Stellarton, N.S.

The Canadian National Railways carry relief goods free to the various central committees.

#### \$48,000 Contributed

Cash contributions are received by Hon. McCallum Grant, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, care of Messrs. Grant, Oxley and Company, Halifax, N.S. At this date the main relief fund stands at \$27,946. There is, in addition, the sum of \$20,000 granted by the Nova Scotia Government to the Red Cross for work amongst those in need of medical and nursing attention. Contributions are also being sent direct to the various relief committees, although this is a comparatively small amount.

Outside the province of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the greater part of the relief has come from the cities of Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton and Winnipeg, through funds opened by newspapers and through labor unions, and in other ways. Practically nothing has been contributed from Montreal, except from organized labor.

#### RHODES' FEAR OF GRATITUDE.

An interesting story of Cecil Rhodes is told in "The Life and Letters of George Wyndham." Rhodes wanted to thank Wyndham for his work on the South African Commission, and invited him to breakfast. "He suddenly walked in from his room in a shirt," wrote Wyndham, "his face lathered all over, a shaving brush in one hand and a razor in the other. With these precautions against any physical exhibition of gratitude, he said abruptly in his high voice, 'Wyndham, I can't embrace you, but you know what I mean.'"

The lacquer-tree, which sometimes rises to forty feet in height, supplies the beautiful enamel with which the Japanese fancy boxes are covered.

The lighting of the 2,223 miles of streets in London, England, costs about £331,000 (\$1,655,000) a year, or nearly £1,000 (\$5,000) a night.

#### COMING IN A WINNER

ROBERT BROWNING said: "I count life just a stuff to try the soul's strength on." What did he mean? He meant that life is not just something to play with, something to juggle with. It's a much bigger business than that. Life is a training ground, where a man makes himself fit to run Life's big race and come in a winner.

And what constitutes a winner in Life's race? Money? Fame? Honors? Pleasure? These have a place, but if they come in first, any one of them, Life's race is lost—for you. If the man himself does not pass the winning post first, with his head up, his heart light, his eye clear, Life's race has gone to a rank outsider. Many a man who has made money and position is only an Also Ran in the eyes of the Judge. The man who is not Captain of his Soul is only a crock in Life's handicap. That is what the poet meant, and he was right!

#### DRUG HABIT IN BOLIVIA.

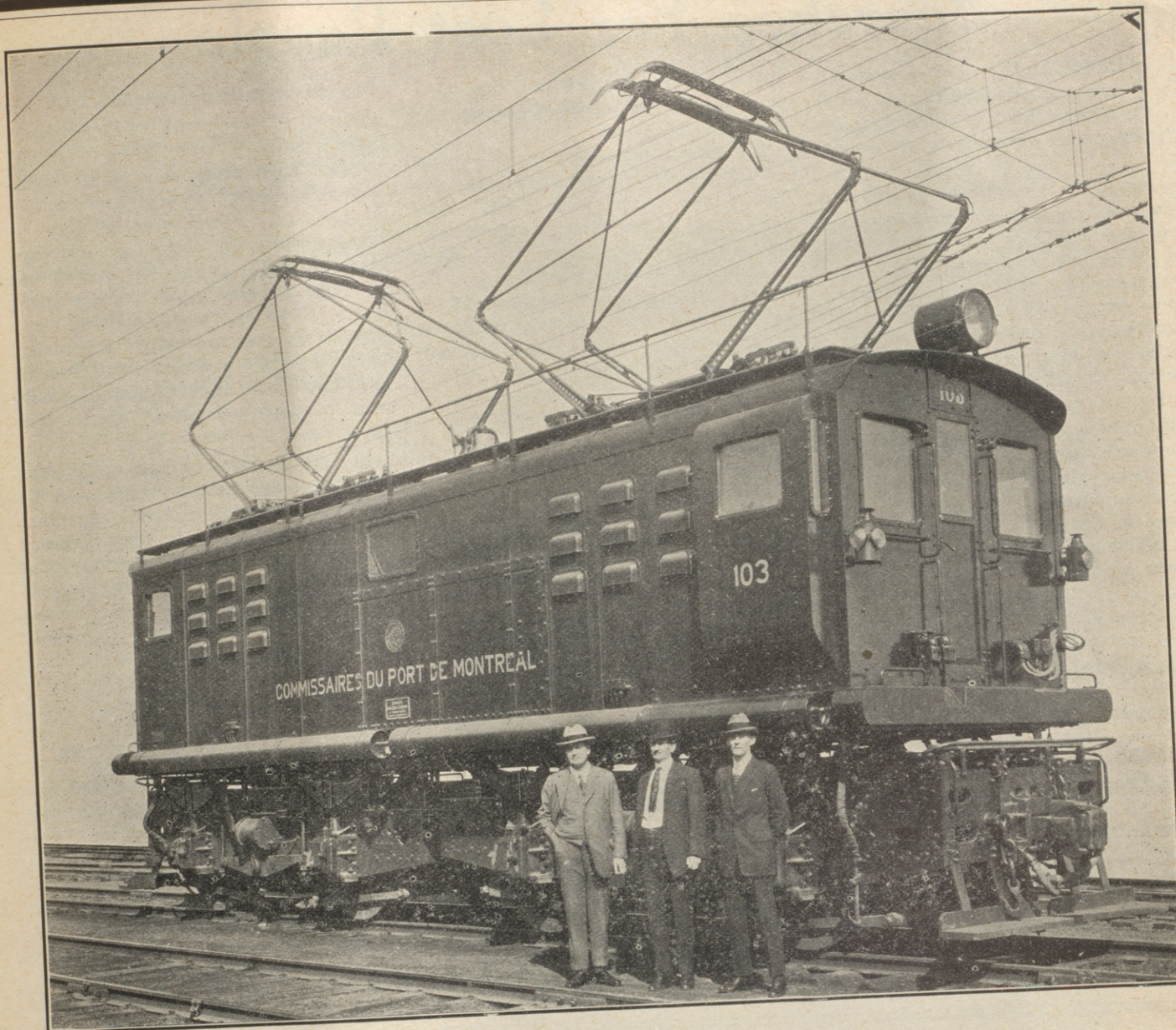
It is said that the chief vice of the Indians and half-breeds of Bolivia is chewing coca. A man who has the habit can always be detected by the immense lump in his cheek. The general effect of the drug is to dull the nerves and stiffen the resistance to fatigue. Under its influence natives can endure great hardships and physical strain. Many of them will work for days at a time on nothing except coca leaves, which they begin to chew at breakfast time and continue to chew throughout the day. As with all narcotics, the persistent use of coca wrecks the nervous system and dulls the intellect.

"You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you can prevent them from stopping to build their nests in your hair."

—Chinese Proverb.

One of Poland's most important exports is dried wild mushrooms.





## Easing the Burden of a Great Port

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# Searches For Lost People

**M**ISSING! The word suggests all sorts of possibilities, and hence a great hunt is often made for a person whose whereabouts are a mystery.

A search for a youth who disappeared a few years ago was continued for nearly two months and cost more than £1,000. His description was advertised in the newspapers and on hoardings, and inquiries were made at hospitals, hotels, boarding-houses, recruiting and shipping offices, and other places all over the country. Yet all the time he was in the Army.

Still more comprehensive was the search for a London woman doctor whose body was ultimately discovered by chance in Richmond Park. A special feature of the efforts was the circulation of thousands of handbills among cabmen, waiters, hotel servants, and the like.

On different lines was another remarkable hunt. A young farmer having disappeared from the parish of Craswell, near Hay, South Wales, search parties were organized on a large scale, and these scoured the neighboring mountains, even going so far afield as the Brecon Beacons and the Carmarthenshire hills. All efforts, however, were unavailing. Twelve years afterwards his relatives discovered him in Exmouth Asylum.

In a similar hunt eleven hundred miners spread themselves over the Aberdare Valley, and ultimately found the

object of their search—a little boy—in a railway van about a quarter of a mile from his home.

To find a boy missing from the Rhonda Valley an exploration committee was formed and a fund was raised. After the search, which ended in the discovery of the boy's body on the highest peak in the Glamorgan mountains, the balance in hand was disposed of by presenting gold medals bearing appropriate inscriptions to the more prominent of the explorers.

## Seventeen Hundred Searchers

In the Merthyr Vale some years ago took place one of the biggest hunts of this kind ever known. Six hundred colliers set out in search of a boy who had disappeared. As they were unsuccessful, three hundred others took up the quest on the following day, to be succeeded by a fresh batch of eight hundred on the morrow, the services of the whole of these men representing a loss in wages of about £425. But all measures were in vain.

A house-to-house collection was then made, and with the proceeds a diver was obtained from Cardiff to search the deep pools in the Taff. Again no trace of the child was found. Twenty-one days after his disappearance, however, his body was discovered in the river.

Perhaps the greatest of all searches for the missing is one that is still in progress. It is for Ambrose J. Small, a millionaire theatre owner, of Toronto,

who disappeared in December, 1919. One evening he left his office in the Grand Opera House and vanished.

Since then every clue to his whereabouts has been followed up regardless of expense. Eleven months after his disappearance, for instance, a caretaker reported to the police that he had seen two men carrying something apparently heavy from a motorcar to a refuse dump. This story, even if true, did not amount to much. But a steam navy was obtained, and with it every yard of ground near the place pointed out by the character was turned over.

In such attempts to clear up the mystery large sums have been spent. A Toronto detective has travelled more than thirty thousand miles in tracing rumors to their source in Canada and the United States, while a short time ago negotiations were opened with a man who professed to know definitely that Mr. Small had been kidnapped.

## LEWIS CARROLL'S SHYNESS

Mark Twain's recently published biography contains numerous extracts from the diary of his daughter Susy. One of these gives a long list of her father's English friends and acquaintances, including the author of "Rab and His Friends." Mark Twain adds: "We met a great many interesting people, among them Lewis Carroll, author of the immortal 'Alice'—but he was only interesting to look at, for he was the stillest and shyest full-grown man I have ever met except 'Uncle Remus.' Doctor Macdonald and several other lively talkers were present, and the talk went briskly on for a couple of hours, but Carroll sat still all the while except that now and then he answered a question. His answers were brief. I do not remember that he elaborated any of them."

## RING CURES

Until quite recently the belief that rings could cure disease was held by many. The "London Medical Journal" for 1815 reports that a silver ring worm constantly by the patient cured a case of epilepsy when ordinary medical means had failed. There was a superstition in Somerset that a gold ring rubbed on the eye was a certain cure for a sty. In the absence of a gold ring the mere rubbing of the ring-finger on the part would have the same effect.

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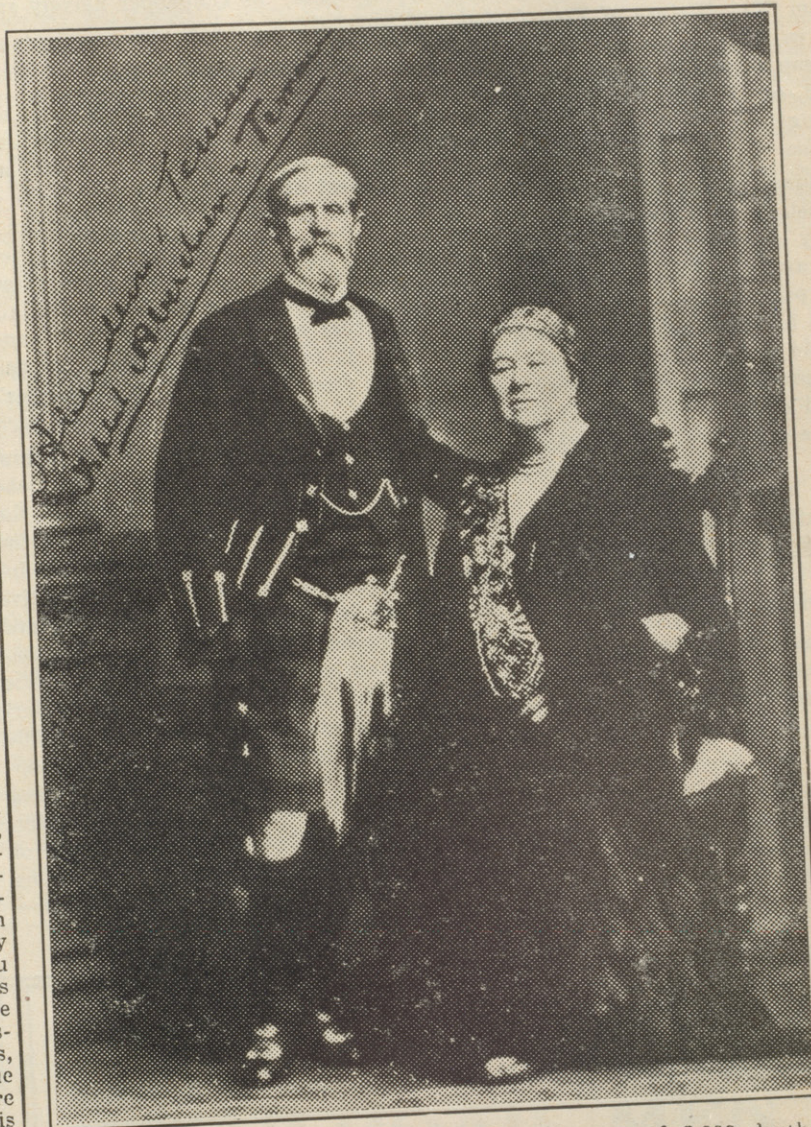


## FORMER GOVERNOR-GENERAL HERE

His Lordship the Earl of Aberdeen and Temair, and Ishbel, Countess of Aberdeen and Temair, after an absence of seven years have again visited the Dominion, of which His Lordship was Governor-General thirty years ago. They went with the British delegates to the seventh Quinquennial Conference of the International Council of Women, which met at Washington, May 4-14. The latter represents 35,000,000 women belonging to 38 National Councils, said the Countess of Aberdeen when interviewed recently, and their aim is "Peace through Arbitration." Her Ladyship organized the Victorian Order of Nurses during her régime as Vice-Reine at Ottawa and has since seen it grow into a nationwide movement. "It gave me great pleasure," said Her Ladyship, "when our ship put in at Halifax to meet representatives of the Order in uniform who came down to the dock to greet us."

"It is always a pleasure, to meet old friends," said Lord Aberdeen, "and none do I count dearer than the friendships made in Canada. Lady Aberdeen and I crossed your glorious country twice before I became Governor-General and we always count those visits and subsequent ones among our happiest time. I love your broad, open prairies, your great lakes and towering mountains. Mention of our first trip reminds me of the old man who, endeavoring to convey to a Scotchman the immensity of Canada, said, 'why we have lakes into which you could drop the entire British Isles and woods where Scotland would be lost except for the smell of whiskey.' I love Canada and Canadians, and after murky London, your blue skies and warm spring breezes are glorious and inspiring. And this is not taffy—you know what I mean—why, when we crossed the border on the train, I noticed the difference between the railroads. The train ran smoother and steadier, so much so that I asked an official what road we were running over and was not greatly surprised when he used those magic letters 'C. P. R.'"

Before coming to Montreal, Lord and Lady Aberdeen attended the International Conference on City Planning in New York at which many Canadians were present. Lord Aberdeen had offered a prize for



the best designs submitted for the reconstruction of the devastated areas of Dublin which was won by Prof. Abercrombie of Liverpool. "Now I want you to mention this," said His Lordship, "the papers are full of the murders and unpleasant happenings in Ireland, but little or nothing is said of the good things. The cleaning up of the slums of Dublin is a worthy thing. And do you know that since the establishment seven years ago of the Women's Health Association, there has

been a decrease of 2,000 deaths a year from consumption in Ireland? If that is not a good thing, what is?"

Since their last visit to Canada, His Majesty King George has elevated Lord Aberdeen to a marquessate, and in taking his title, he chose the Irish one, Temair, which has the same significance as Tara, the site from which one views a pleasant prospect, "as from your Windsor Station," said the Marquis in parting.



# The Cult of Memory

Of all the quaint ideas which our forefathers cherished, those relating to the cult of the memory and the quickening of the intellect are about the queerest. Here is a choice example of one prescription for forgetfulness, taken from "The History of Four-footed Beasts," written in the sixteenth century: "Some writers do prescribe the fat of a moul, or a deere, and of a beare mingled together to rub the head withall for increase of memory."

The volume is a combination of unnatural history and a collection of extraordinary accounts of the medicinal virtues of animals of all kinds. A perusal of its pages reveals other "memory helps" not less curious. The eating of the brain of a hare, it is solemnly declared, "is proved to have power for comforting and repairing the memory"; and, if this were not powerful enough, there is another recipe which entails first catching a hyena. Then, "if his left foot and nailes be bound up together in a linnen bagge, and so fasten'd unto the right arm of a man, he shall never forget whatever he hath heard or knoweth."

Get wisdom, no matter how, but get wisdom, seemed to be a strong point with our ancestors, and it is evident they did not stop at niceties in their manner of acquiring it!

Those who may have disliked to improve their mental powers by the use of animal matter had an alternative choice. Herbals that would "work the oracle" were plentiful, if any faith is to be put

in what old Culpepper tells us in his famous work on the virtues of flowers and herbs. The receipes he gives are of a more pleasant nature, but as to their efficacy—well, "there can be no harm in trying them," as Culpepper naively says of some of his suggestions.

## Signs of the Zodiac.

To appreciate fully his methods of application it is necessary to explain that he approaches his subject from the astronomical standpoint. Every herb or flower, he asserts, is under the dominion of some sign of the Zodiac, and their respective virtues are therefore effective only in the case of diseases of ailments that are governed by those same signs. It is easily made clear by this extract from the preface of Culpepper's book:

"Animal spirit resides in the brain, and is governed by Mercury and the Moon. The Moon rules the bulk of the brain and sensitive parts, Mercury the rational. The animal virtue is either intellectual or sensitive. The intellectual consists in imagination, judgment, and memory, and is under Mercury. The imagination is hot and dry, is seated in the forepart of the brain, and is under Mercury; judgment is seated in the middle of the brain and is hot and moist, approving of what is good, and rejecting that which is bad, and is under Jupiter. Memory is seated in the hinder part of the brain, and is cold and dry, recording things that are past, present, or to come, and is under Saturn."

Thus it may be gathered that if the memory is bad or the intellect requires rousing it is desirable to find some herbs that come under the dominion of Mercury, Saturn, Jupiter or the Moon, extract their goodness and apply "twice daily after taking food." How this idea works out is illustrated by the author's remarks on the plant known as "adder's tongue." This, he states, is "an herb under the dominion of the Moon and Cancer; and therefore if the weakness of the retentive faculty be caused by an evil influence of Saturn in any part of the body governed by the Moon, this herb cures it by sympathy."

"Sage," we are also told, "is of excellent use to help the memory, warming and quickening the senses," and the conserve made of the flowers is used to the same purpose; and mint "being smelled unto is comfortable for the head and memory."

Instances of these quaint prescriptions for mental improvement might be multiplied indefinitely. Even in the records of the Philosophic Society's Transactions there is an anecdote bearing on the subject. This tells of a Jew who affirmed that by wearing a cap of beaver's fur, anointing the head once a month with oil of castor, and taking two or three ounces of it in a year, "one's memory will be so strengthened as to remember everything one reads." It was conjectured by a member of the society that this notion might have at first brought the use of beaver's fur into request for hats.

## LETTERS OF A MODERN FATHER

My Dear Son:

Your proposal to drop out of college so that you can give more time to writing plays has the full approval of your mother and me.

We fear, however, that if you come home you may apply yourself too closely to your plays, especially to the three you hope to have ready for production in the summer. So I have spoken to the proprietor of the Apex Garage about you. He says he is willing to let you wash and polish cars and work up in the auto repair business while you are writing; and he will pay you eight dollars a week.

I know this arrangement will make you very happy. Just wire us when to expect you home.

Affectionately,  
FATHER.

Nearly one-third of New Mexico is covered with forests, with a gross stand of 15,000,000,000 board feet.

## HILLCREST COAL

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# Science and the Black Art

By PROFESSOR D. FRASER HARRIS

**W**HEN the properties of matter were less well understood than they are to-day, it was easy to be a magician. Indeed, if you were a learned man at all and able to understand something rather better than your neighbors, you were liable to be branded as in league with the devil. That is what happened to Napier of Merchiston, the inventor of (Napierian) logarithms.

The story goes that he was troubled about his neighbor's pigeons coming over into his garden and eating up the recently sown seeds, so he devised means by which he might catch them. It was before the days of shotguns, and possibly the law did not allow you to shoot even lower animals found trespassing.

Napier's device was to spread grain soaked in alcohol over the ground so that when the pigeons had eaten of it until they were intoxicated he would have no difficulty in arresting them for "being drunk and incapable."

Napier was regarded as a wizard not only because he could catch his neighbor's pigeons alive, but because his lamp was seen burning very late in the little high perched study in the turret in Merchiston Castle.

Napier's superiority consisted merely in the knowledge he had and they had not of the properties of alcohol in affecting a lower animal exactly as it would a man.

Take another example: a person who could endure degrees of pain quite intolerable to anyone else was unquestionably a magician. This particular kind of "black art" is the ability to take up a red-hot coal and feel no pain.

In pre-scientific days this sort of thing was inexplicable. The hot cinder certainly burned the flesh even to the bone, and yet no pain was experienced—this was diabolically uncanny. To-day we know all about it. There are certain nerves, which, arising in the skin and travelling by the spinal cord to the brain, make us aware of painful sensations in the skin. These nerves convey impulses from the skin to the brain where the impulses give rise to sensations of pain, the learned word for which is *algisia*.

Now if in the spinal cord the nerves which convey pain-arousing impulses are, for any reason, not conducting, then no impulses will reach the pain perceiving parts of the brain, and no injury to the fingers, however destructive, will be interpreted as painful; this sort of thing is called *analgesia*.

Cases of it were met with in the Great War. Injuries to the paths of the pain nerves in the spinal cord brought about this puzzling condition. Thus the wizardry of long ago is a neurological symptom of to-day: what was thought mysterious beyond comprehension has now been explained in every particular.

## Induced Quiescence

Another example: anyone who could make a restless, living animal remain quite still indefinitely was evidently gifted with supernatural power; it was a black art. Was it not magical to see a hen, for instance, lying perfectly still on the floor without its wings or legs being bound in any way whatsoever? Yet almost anyone, by taking a little trouble, can immobilize a hen in the following way—place your hands firmly over the wings and press the bird's neck towards the floor; when the beak is touching ground, draw a white chalk line slowly away from it taking care that the bird is looking at the line all the time. After a few seconds of staring at the mark, the hen becomes perfectly still and its muscles are relaxed.

This state of induced quiescence is comparable with the hypnotic trance in the case of human beings. It is nothing new; the German Jesuit, Father Athanasius Kircher, who was born in 1602 and died in 1680, discovered the method of immobilizing the fowl as just described; and he figured it in a work published in the year of his death.

The snake-charmers of the East undoubtedly practise what amounts to hypnotism when they contrive to immobilize snakes and other reptiles. Something of this sort is supposed to have been the method of the magicians of Egypt when their "rods became serpents" as recorded in Exodus. The implication is that the serpents, being first hypnotized, were in the rigid or cataleptic state when they were cast on to the ground, and so were mistaken or rods.

There is no doubt that animals can hypnotize each other, as when the snake rises and fascinates the bird or small mammal so that its prey is thus "rooted to the spot" with terror.

Dark and awful mysteries have been resolved into the working of ascertainable laws, and what in an earlier time was supremely difficult of comprehension is now the accepted teaching in the class of elementary science.

The mystery is plain, the miracle explained, and we take for granted what would have seemed to our forefathers impossible and inconceivable.

Tar-stains can be removed from the hands with fresh lemon peel. Rub them well, and the oil in the peel will soften the tar which can then be rubbed off. Wash the hands with oatmeal, not soap, afterwards.

Stains and marks can be removed from books by applying a solution of tartaric acid. When the margins of a book have been written upon, wipe with a cloth moistened in the solution, which will not damage the paper.

Stained floors should be washed as seldom as possible, as water makes the surface dull. Rub them with a little linseed oil when dusty, polish occasionally with a good floor polish, and rub briskly with a duster.

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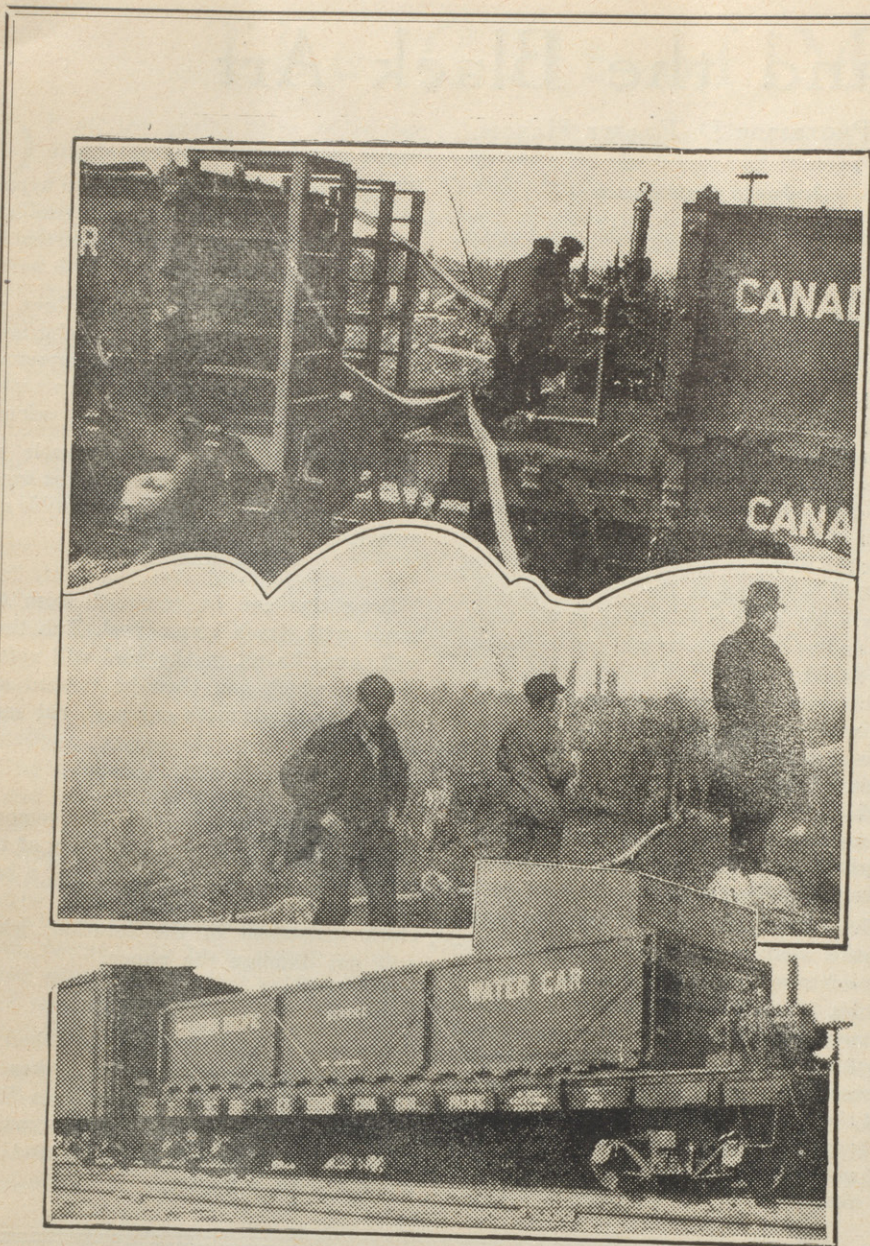
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## Fighting the Fire Fiend in Our Forests

Fire fighting has become one of the most important duties of the railway section man, and on its eastern lines, the Canadian Pacific Railway maintains 150 special Section Fire Patrolmen with beats ranging from five to eight miles. These men patrol their district on hand velocipedes equipped with two canvas buckets, an axe and a round-nosed shovel. In addition to this regular equipment each sectionman's shanty is supplied with four large fire-pails, three mat-tocks and a further supply of shovels, axes, etc., for use in emergency.

In the regions where forest fires are most likely to occur, where the right of way runs through heavily wooded areas, there are special fire fighting units equipped with tank cars maintained. These units, stationed at Brownville Jct., Maine; Fabre, Que.;

Gendreau, Que.; MacTier, Ont.; White River, Ont.; Chapleau, Ont., where power is easily accessible, do very effective work in assisting the patrolmen when fire cannot be controlled locally.

Great care is taken, particularly in the early spring and late fall to keep the right of way free from dry grass and rubbish and in more dangerous places, where conditions permit, the Right of Way is plowed as a precautionary measure.

Railway officials and employees co-operate with government officials in every way who in turn make use of the companies' equipment when necessity arises. In this way the railways efforts more than offset the unavoidable damage caused by sparks from engines.

## THE ROBERT MITCHELL COMPANY TAKES EMPLOYEES INTO PARTNERSHIP.

Another Canadian company has opened the way to take its employees into partnership and to give each and every executive and craftsman a financial interest in the company.

At a meeting of the directors of the Robert Mitchell Company, Limited, held on May 2nd, it was announced by Allan Mitchell, President of the Firm, that the directors decided to offer a block of the stock to the officials and employees of the company for purchase on the partial payment plan. This allotment was quickly taken up and further blocks are to be so appropriated at intervals in the future.

This action is but one of the manifestations of the democratic policy of this old firm. The employees have an elective body, known as the "Shop Committee" which represents their interests to the management. Group insurance has been adopted and a mutual benefit society within the plant looks to the welfare of all employees.

The original plant of the Robert Mitchell Company was for years a familiar land mark at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, but in order to meet the rapidly increasing requirements of the business, new quarters were built in Ste. Cunegonde and extended to the present location in St. Henry.

The business was incorporated in 1896 and this year a new company was formed in order to permit of a larger interest being taken by the employees in the company's affairs. At the recent shareholders' meeting, Messrs. G. A. Johnson, Factory Manager, H. M. Kennedy, Manager Building Equipment Department; A. J. Charleton, Secretary-Treasurer; and F. B. Common, of Brown, Montgomery, and McMichael, were added to the board of directors. The members of the old board remaining are Messrs. R. K. Stronach, S. C. Holland, Vice-President, and Allan M. Mitchell, President.

## DO YOU KNOW—

Why a dog always turns round a few times before lying down on his bed?

Because long ago, when the dog was a wild animal, he had to make his own bed and he did this by hollowing out a comfy place in the earth. And now, though he needn't do this any longer, he still feels that he ought to.

Holes made by nails and screws in wood can be filled successfully by mixing sawdust and glue to a thick paste. After filling the holes polish the wood.



## Do We Possess Six Senses?

IT will be some time before the Psychological Research Society's report upon the telepathic experiments made by Professor Gilbert Murray and the Earl of Balfour is available, but there can be little doubt that these experiments mark an important stage in the development of our knowledge of thought transference.

To those who have not made a study of the subject, the results obtained seem amazing, and even those who have experimented upon similar lines have been surprised by the professor's ability to read Lord Balfour's thoughts when they were directed upon financial and recondite matters. To enter a room where people have just previously mentioned an imaginary conversation in Latin between an eighteenth-century statesman and his sovereign or the coronation of Queen Victoria, and then to tell them the subjects of their remarks are feats beyond any that had been achieved before. But they are not so astonishing as they may appear to the uninitiated.

For thought reading, or at any rate what appears to be thought transference has long been practised. Indeed, anyone can make a few simple tests for himself.

In the reports of the experiences recently published it was stated that the attempts had no fatiguing effects upon any of the company. This is at variance with the writer's experience. A parlor game of this kind may have rather unpleasant results, and although concentration is necessary, the game should not be unduly prolonged.

### An Amateur's Experience.

I made my first trial at a party, at which, a professional having failed to arrive, it was suggested that two of us should see what we could do upon the lines he generally followed. A girl of twenty was shut up in an adjoining room while the company decided what she was to do. Then she was led back blindfolded, and I held her hand in what I, never having seen the game, supposed to be the usual way.

Her first task was to remove a small ornament from one part of the room to another. This, to my utter astonishment, she did after very few seconds' hesitation. The second feat was to take a cigarette-case from the top of a picture frame and put it in a coal scuttle. This was accomplished with little more difficulty. There was an elderly lady knitting in a corner of the room, and the third proposal was that the blindfold girl should take her knitting from her,

roll it up on a table and put it on the keys of the piano, which was at the other end of the room.

The knitting was taken and rolled up. Then the girl hesitated and said distressfully, "I don't know what I've got to do with it," and suddenly collapsed on the floor. She was completely dazed for some time, and that put a stop to the game.

Here is another simple experiment. Let two people sit facing each other across a table and one be dealt a hand of cards, face downwards, while the other keeps his eyes closed. If the one holds up the cards as he would if playing a hand, with their backs towards the other, and thinks for a while about a particular card, and then calls sharply to the other to take it, that card will generally be taken.

I have known a man take the named card seven times in succession, and it was quite usual for him to take it eight times out of ten. The result was not due to the holder of the cards unconsciously moving his hand—a third party held the hand to guard against that possibility. It was not due to the second player seeing the first one looking at a particular card, because the second player's eyes were closed until he actually reached across the table. What, then, is the explanation?

It should be remarked that not everyone is capable of performing these feats, and that those who can perform them seem to need partners with affinitive mentality. But the gift is not so uncommon as might be supposed, although personally I have never seen two women who were successful at that form of card play.

HARRY S. IVES

J. A. BECHTEL

# Crown Fish Market

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**DINING CAR SERVICE, MOUNTAIN HOTELS DEPT.**

Professor Gilbert Murray's thought-reading experiments have caused much speculation as to whether man does not possess some unknown sixth sense, a sort of mental wireless system. But even in simple parlor games we seem to come up against the spirit of the unknown.

### MOON MAGIC.

Would you like to find a fairy,  
 With a pair of gauzy wings,  
 And a dress of rainbow colors?  
 They are tiny, dainty things;  
 It's a secret no one guesses  
 Where they hide the livelong day,  
 When the moon is shining brightly,  
 Then they all come out and play.

There are magic spells for fairies  
 You must try to recollect,  
 Not a single word or action  
 Must you alter or neglect;  
 First a boy and girl together,  
 When the moon is shining bright,  
 Lock their little fingers closely  
 And then shut their eyes up tight.

They must both believe in fairies,  
 And be less than nine years old,  
 He must think her very pretty,  
 She must know him very bold.  
 Seven times they say together:  
 "Silver moon and meadows green."  
 Then he bows, she drops a curtsy,  
 And they see the Fairy Queen.

FEDDEN TINDALL.

Experience keeps a dear school, but  
 fools will learn in no other.

The world is upheld by the veracity of  
 good men; they make the earth whole-  
 some.



# .. IN LIGHTER VEIN ..



"A little pain' certainly makes a lot o' difference, don't it, mum?" Judge.

Budding Poet—Have you read my "Descent Into Hades?"

Worldly Person—No, but I should like to see it.

"Reggy seems to be very well bred."

"Yes, a perfect loafer."—Judge.

Walter M. Howlett (representing the Greater New York Federation of Churches)—"It must be made possible to suppress 'all books that have a bad moral, physical or social effect.'"

Does that include check books?

"Would you say Masie's face was her fortune?"

"I'd say it was her husband's by the stuff she puts on it!"

Point Proven.—"You say you come from Detroit," said the doctor to his fellow passenger; "that's where they make automobiles, isn't it?"

"Sure," replied the American with some resentment; "we make other things in Detroit, too."

"Yes, I know," retorted the doctor; "I've ridden in 'em."—Store Chat.

"I'm something of a mind reader. I can tell at a glance just what a person is thinking of me."

"But don't you find it embarrassing?"

Prospective Tenant: "If I pay the rent you are asking, I'm afraid I won't be able to keep the wolf from the door."

House Agent: "The janitor will attend to that, sir. No animals of any kind are allowed in this building."

The Parliamentary candidate was waiting for his train at a station in a remote corner of his constituency, and saw a stranger eyeing him askance. Fearing he might be cutting an elector, the candidate nodded to the man.

"Excuse me, mister," said the latter, "but I think I've seen your picture in the paper."

"Very probably," answered the other.

"Then, sir," continued the man, a little diffidently, "perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me—what was you cured of?"

During a smallpox scare in Glasgow, a certain doctor was so busy vaccinating people that he had to make an auxiliary room for such operations in the basement of his house.

One day a burly man called and said he wished to be vaccinated, and the maid told him he would have to be done in the basement.

"I'll be done in the arm," said the man, "or I'll no' be done at a'!"

Immigrants Wanted.—Mrs. Reilley—"What makes these sardines so high?"

Grocer—"They're imported mum."

Mrs. Reilley—"I'll take the domestic ones—they as had the brains to swim to this country."—Wallaces' Farmer.



## SALESMANSHIP

Assistant: I've sold hundreds of these ties this season.  
The Colonel: Really! That's remarkably clever of you.

Windsor Magazine



## A Documentary Sherlock

SOME of the exploits of E. O. Heinrich, expert in the identification of documents, the detection of forgeries, etc., are recounted by George C. Henderson in an article contributed to the Oakland (Cal.) "Tribune". In Mr. Henderson's first anecdote he begins by picturing a United States attorney handing a card of war-saving stamps to the expert. "I suspect these were stolen," he said, "but I have no proof of it. Can you get it for me? The microscope reveals nothing." Heinrich took the card of stamps, regarded them critically, and then held them up to his nose and sniffed. "Yes, these were stolen," he asserted. Mr. Henderson goes on:

"How the devil can you tell that by smelling?" asked the government official.

"Heinrich laughed. 'Very easily,' he replied. 'This card of stamps and all of those you have there have a slight sour smell. As I am a pharmacist and a chemist, I recognized it as an acid smell. That means that the stamps have been altered, which of course signifies that they have been stolen.'

"I want you to handle this case," said the United States attorney. 'A gang of yeggmen have been using a pawnshop broker named Silverman here for a fence for a long time. They've been dumping all their stolen war-saving stamps and Liberty Bonds on him. We suspected that he was in the business of erasing the registry marks on registered stamps and bonds. So we raided him.

"And those cards you just smelled so successfully came from his shop. I want you to prove that they have been altered.'

"Heinrich examined the cards under a high-powered microscope, but he found little to comfort him. If erasures had been made, they had been done so cleverly as to defy detection. He regarded the stamps from every angle. Something about them did not seem just right, and yet he could not put his finger on the exact detail.

"After some time he realized that he was bothered by the cross-hatching of the engraving. Presently he found a scratch as if the fine lines had been broken by a pen.

"Quickly he prepared a sulphur and ammonia bath, and he gassed that card in the vapors. When it was moist enough for the gas to work, up came the name of the owner, of the post-office and of the date of registration.

"The United States attorney was overjoyed. He soon had the real owner of the stamps on the line and was assured that these had been stolen from him.

"Heinrich treated a large stack of the cards, containing stamps worth many hundreds of dollars. The names of 18 or 19 owners appeared as if by magic, and the Government's case was complete.

"Silverman was sent to the penitentiary for three years on the strength of this work.

"How dead men's acts pursue them is demonstrated by one case solved by Heinrich.

"Boggs, the head bookkeeper of old Tom Magnate, was given signed bank checks of his employer to be used in paying bills.

## EVERY-PAY-DAY SAVING

An easy way to build up a substantial Bank Account is to deposit a portion of your earnings after every pay-day. Any sum from One Dollar upward will start an interest-bearing Savings Account in this Bank.

*Branches in all Important Centres in Canada  
Savings Departments in all Branches*

### Bank of Montreal

ESTABLISHED 1817

Total Assets in Excess of \$700,000,000

Apparently Boggs never took advantage of this trust, and he died an honored employee.

"Soon after Boggs's death a company to whom Magnate had owed \$2,000 sent in a bill. Magnate produced the cancelled check to show that the sum had been paid. The company denied receiving such a check and declared that the indorsement on the back was false.

"Heinrich was called in to solve the problem.

"The \$2,000 check apparently had gone through the bank all right, and to all appearances had been paid to the company in question. It looked to be all right, it smelled all right, none of the fibres were broken, and there was no sign of acid having been used.

"Examination of the document revealed something very peculiar, however. It was a dot, such as is usually placed over the letter 'i'. But there was no letter at that point.

"Heinrich gassed the check and not only did the missing letter appear, but new names and new figures showed up.

"The chemical work revealed Boggs' method. His scheme was to fill in a signed check with his own name, make the amount \$6,000 and cash this check. He then erased his own name, inserted that of some company to whom Magnate owed \$2,000, and changed the figures on the check to appear \$2,000 instead of \$6,000. He then filed this canceled check away to show that Magnate had paid the bill.

"He took \$2,000 of the \$6,000 he had received and actually paid the bill. Then he pocketed the remaining \$4,000.

"He had been doing this for a long time. On this last transaction he had not had time to actually pay the creditor before his death, and this had led to his discovery.

"An expert can restore pencil-writing the same as ink-writing and printing. It was this fact which led to the conviction of a couple of men who were putting over an industrial accident swindle.

"Gilbert, claim-agent for the industrial insurance commission, plotted with his friend Stone, a fisherman, to use the latter as a dummy claimant and thus secure large sums of money for themselves.

"Stone put in a claim for a lost foot. He got a judgment for \$3,000. Gilbert wrote the preliminary entries in his books in pencil to play safe, and then, after the deal had been all fixed up he erased these pencil marks and filled them in in ink.

"Their game was progressing nicely. Stone had lost enough of his anatomy to secure \$30,000 or \$40,000, which he divided with Gilbert. Then one day Stone made the mistake of signing an application with his right hand, when it was this hand that was supposed to be cut off.

"He was arrested, but he refused to confess or implicate Gilbert. Examination of Gilbert's books failed to reveal anything incriminating against him, and it looked as if the pair would have to be released for want of sufficient evidence when Heinrich was called into the case.

"Heinrich examined Gilbert's book and found that the latter had taken great pains to conceal his complicity. Like all criminals, he had slipped up. Just as Boggs forgot to erase the dot over the 'i', so Gilbert made the mistake of using an indelible pencil in making one entry.

"Now indelible pencil may be erased so that it seems to be invisible, but if one looks closely it will be seen that the outline remains. Under the microscope Heinrich soon discovered the erased lines.

"The expert sent outside for a tea-kettle and got it to boiling. Then he held the document over the steam and let it get just damp enough to bring out the purple of the indelible without causing it to run.

"The original entries came out clear and distinct, and the plotter stood convicted."



## FATTED CALVES FOR BRITISH BUTCHERS



- (1) A particularly fine collection of sheep awaiting a train.  
 (2) Western steers with J. H. Pierpont, manager of the Market, in the center background.  
 (3) Western steers en route for England, awaiting their train at the Canadian Pacific East End Cattle Market.  
 (4) These splendid hogs wouldn't feel so contented if they knew how close they are to an abattoir.

These four-footed emigrants are on their way to Europe. They belong to the Livestock Producers of Canada and have taken lodgings for the night at the Canadian Pacific East End Market, Montreal, before continuing their long journey from Winnipeg to Glasgow.

The extent and the variety of the activities of this Market, its value to the community and indeed the fact that it exists at all is not nearly as widely known as it should be, except among those farmers, drovers, butchers, buyers and exporters who make use of its manifold conveniences.

The market has been in operation on its present site for 12 years. It has accommodation for 3,000 head of cattle, 5,100 head of sheep, lambs and calves, 1,800 hogs and can provide sleeping quarters, board and valet service for a total of 14,000 animals at a time. Its export sheds (said to be the finest in Canada) have 30 modern, light, airy pens in which 1,000 transient guests may be housed without crowding or difficulty.

The establishment has facilities for handling, branding, exporting, killing and chilling cattle, sheep, lambs, calves, hogs, milch cows, bulls and horses. There is, in the market grounds, a modern and well equipped abattoir where local purchasers may have their stock killed quickly and efficiently. Incidentally, the stock coming from the western farms and ship-

ped to England or sold locally is, almost invariably of superb quality, being equal to the finest stock in the world.

Cattle is sold on the market four days a week, auction sales of horses are held once a week, roping and branding takes place weekly and slaughtering is a daily occurrence.

The market, in all its branches is owned and operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway and is government inspected.

J. H. Pierpont, the manager, says that the present consignment, of which only a few are shown above, is one of the finest that has ever passed through his hands. Some of them are show cattle, bound for Wembley, and the others, less fortunate, will probably be converted into the roast beef of Old England and grace the tables of London, Leeds and Manchester, etc.

The consignment consists of 283 western steers, all fine, fat fellows, of which J. P. Kennedy, president of the Livestock Producers of Canada, is justly proud. Owing to some slight damage being done by fire to the vessels on which they were to travel, their departure has been delayed a few days. In the meantime they are living on the fat of the land, philosophically enjoying the comforts of the present, without concerning themselves too much with the uncertainties of the future.



## Great Minds on Petty Problems

PERHAPS it is only natural that persons who habitually deal with weighty subjects occasionally find satisfaction in employing themselves with some of the minor problems of life.

It is related that one morning, at a country house where Gladstone was among the guests, talk at breakfast turned upon the difficulties of packing a sponge immediately after use. Various suggestions were made, but, presently, Gladstone, who had seemed absorbed in his correspondence, looked up and declared them to be all wrong. "The only proper method," he said, "is to wrap your sponge in your bath-towel and stamp upon it. Then put it in your sponge-bag. You will find it perfectly dry."

Then there is the case of Jeremy Bentham, famous in his day as a ponderous and voluminous writer upon metaphysics, politics and jurisprudence. Bentham's next-door neighbor was the historical painter Benjamin Robert Haydon.

"I used to see him," Haydon says in his memoirs, "bustling about the garden in his curious half-running walk—a white-haired philosopher, secluded in his leafy shelter, whose head was the finest and most venerable ever placed on human shoulders. But the awe in which Bentham's admirers stood of him make them think that everything he said or thought was a miracle."

Once, says Haydon, Bentham came to see Leigh Hunt, who was then incarcerated for debt in Surrey Gaol, and condescended to play battledore and shuttlecock with him. Hunt told Haydon afterwards of the prodigious power of Bentham's mind. "He proposed," said Hunt, "a reform in the handles of battledores." "Did he?" said Haydon, with awful respect. "He did," replied Hunt. "Taking in everything, you see, like the elephant's trunk, which lifts alike a pin or twelve hundredweight." "Extraordinary!" I cried," says Haydon.

Just what reform the eminent gentleman contemplated in the handles of battledores is not related; but another friend to whom he casually suggested the same idea did not think it was a needful one and sceptically suggested that a steerage apparatus for shuttlecocks would be more to the purpose—a suggestion that Bentham, who was an excessively vain man, did not take in good part.

He grew quite huffy and cried: "Not at all, sir, not at all! Such an appliance could but degrade the game—if indeed

It's a satisfying drink. There's nothing more refreshing than good, sweet, fresh Milk. If you wish to be convinced about how fit you can feel, just drink an extra pint every day.

*We serve more homes than any other Dairy  
in the British Empire*

*We have a yellow wagon on every street—every morning*

**City Dairy**  
TORONTO

TRINITY 2040

your suggestion is seriously intended—whereas the improvement I contemplate would be genuine and permissible, and certainly ought to be adopted."

Needless to say, it never was adopted; and battledores, fashioned as of old, still bat the elusive and unruddered shuttlecock.

## THE MOON

### I.

And, like a dying lady lean and pale,  
Who totters forth, wrapp'd in a gauzy  
veil,  
Out of her chamber, led by the insane  
And feeble wanderings of her fading  
brain,  
The moon arose up in the murky east  
A white and shapeless mass.

### II.

Art thou pale for weariness  
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the  
earth,  
Wandering companionless  
Among the stars that have a different  
birth,  
And ever changing like a joyless eye  
That finds no object worth its constancy!

Shelley.

Another philosopher, Herbert Spencer, turned his mind to a problem that was less light and frivolous than that of the battledores, but petty compared with the problems with which he usually dealt. He wanted to find the form of jug that was best adapted to pouring

conveniently; and he succeeded in demonstrating mathematically that it should be as nearly spherical as possible.

Doubtless he was right; but even the beloved little squatty cream jugs of our great-grandmothers were seldom round, and the jugs from which we usually pour to-day are as tall and unreformed as those from which Spencer once poured and spilled.

Napoleon could not pass through a street even at the head of his army without counting and adding up the rows of windows. Lord Randolph Churchill, who had a craze for studying mechanical models, devoted many of his leisure hours to taking watches to pieces and putting them together again.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the great American novelist, delighted in poring over old advertisements in the newspaper files. Dumas was enjoying his fifteenth after-breakfast cigar one morning when he caught sight of a newspaper statement that smoking was injurious. He straightway flung away cigar and paper—and never smoked again.

Carlyle stopped short of such drastic measures. He was convinced that tobacco and his dyspepsia were closely allied, and "swore off" tobacco for a month. Two days after his declaration he was seen puffing away again. "I was meeserable with it, and I was meeserable without it; I think I may as well be meeserable with it," he said. He needed no better claim to being ranked as a philosopher.

The dictionary is a comforting book. You can always find how to spell a word—if you know how to spell it so as to look it up.



# How It Feels to Fall 1,000 Feet

**T**HRILLS enough for eleven years, but compacted into eleven seconds of wild excitement, rewarded and considerably afflicted Staff Serg. Randle L. Bose, U.S.A., who deliberately dropped from an air-plane recently, fell a thousand feet before opening his parachute, and alighted unhurt. It was a dare-devil exploit, but with an object—to discover how much truth there is in the belief that a plunge of a thousand feet through the air makes a man unconscious. Major Hensley, commanding officer at Mitchel Field, had a theory that it would not. "Look here, Bose; what do you think about it?" he said. "You know the old story that if a man jumped off the Woolworth Building he would be unconscious before he hit the sidewalk?" Sergeant Bose replied, "I'll try it!" and in the New York World he tells us:

That meant that I would jump out of a plane and see how far I could fall without opening my parachute. Not the pleasantest little trick, but I have been a parachute jumper for a few years now and have got along comfortably in the Army by being ready to volunteer for any stunt.

"All right, Bose," replied the Major, "how about Sunday?"

"Sunday is fine," I said, and that was all there was to it—until Sunday.

However, I did a lot of thinking, and the more I thought the more interesting the problem became.

The experiment had a very instant military importance. It was common enough during the war for an air-plane to shoot fire shells into a cap-

tive balloon and set it aflame and then to take shots at the observers, who, having jumped, were descending slowly in parachutes.

Now, at the present time the parachute has developed so far that in most cases of trouble in the air the flyers can jump out to safety, and in air fighting hereafter it will be largely a matter of a plane being cracked up structurally or set aflame by hostile fire and of the aviators taking to their parachutes. If they have to descend slowly and helplessly, the easiest of targets, enemy planes will scout around and kill them as they hang. It is more trouble to train pilots and observers than to build planes. But, if the escaping flyer can fall several thousand feet and then open his parachute he will, when he is over his own lines, usually escape.

What practical experience there had been was that of an Army officer down in Texas who held the record for the longest fall then before made—a drop of 500 feet. He jumped from a flaming plane and fell that distance before he could get his parachute open. He reported that he was on the verge of unconsciousness when his fall was checked. His testimony, though, was minimized by his own statement that in his jump from the blazing plane and fall through the air he was so frightened that he could not remember the sensations he had during the drop, save that of fear—only he was certain that he could not have remained conscious any longer. Sergeant Bose himself "had no signi-

ficant experience." Though he had made more than a hundred parachute jumps, he "had always got his parachute open quite promptly." Nevertheless, he says:

I had a feeling that I should keep conscious in the longest kind of fall. But when I thought it over the thought came strongly that I didn't know. I had set out to prove a hypothesis, not with pencil and paper, but with my own bones. My orders were that the moment I felt my senses going I should pull the cord on my right shoulder that released the parachute. But suppose that consciousness snapped out suddenly? Well, that was a chance I should have to take.

The more immediate danger was the jerk that I would get when the parachute opened. I was determined to make a drop of more than a thousand feet, and my fall would suddenly be checked by the straps around my body. If the speed of the fall were great enough, that might kill a man or hurt him badly, or knock him out. If it were to jar me unconscious it would be serious. You have to control a parachute. By pulling it down at the sides you can guide it and keep from hitting a tree or a high building and getting a nasty fall, and you can keep it from oscillation, else you will come down swinging crazily and be dashed against the ground.

Sunday came, an ideal day. The warm spring sun was bright, and a light five-mile wind was blowing. Everybody was on the field to watch the performance. Lieutenant Whitley, who flew the plane, and I made our arrangements.

When we were up 3,000 feet he was to circle and pass twice over the headquarters building. That would be the signal. He would cut off the motor and glide. There were two reasons for this. First, it would cut down the speed of the plane from ninety to about fifty miles an hour. The motion of the plane forward hurls you and adds to the velocity of your start. Secondly, it is bad to jump with the motor going. The wash of the propeller, like a tremendous gale, will set you spinning. This is bad for even an ordinary parachute jump. There is something of a jar when the parachute opens, no matter how little a distance you fall, and it is best to take it falling feet downward, so that the jar is distributed between the straps around the legs and those around the shoulders. Ordinarily you can contrive to fall feet downward, although of course, you always tend to go over

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head first. You control your position in the air as a diver does, by using your head and shoulders as a rudder. If you get a bad initial somersaulting spin you may not be able to straighten up and will have to take the full jar on the shoulder straps, which will give you a severe shaking.

With motor thundering, the big bombing-plane dashed across the field and began its upward glide. Sergeant Bose continues:

I smoked a cigarette and wandered around a bit in the cabin. In an incredibly short space of time, it seemed, the earth was far below us. I fingered the straps of my parachute, the cord I would have to pull to open it, the strands of silk packed on my back. I certainly would need that old spread of canvas. I wondered whether she would really open when I pulled the string. If she didn't . . . but of course she would. She had always opened for me, with never a hitch. I wondered if the silk would stand the terrific strain when I opened her up, or whether it would shatter into ribbons and let me go shooting down. I hadn't worried about that at all until now. I had been so perfectly certain that the silk would stand the strain of a 5,000-foot drop. But now everything worried me.

But I hadn't much more time for thinking. The jump was at hand.

We had passed for the first time over the headquarters buildings. I got into position. I was to drop through the bomb chute in the middle of the cabin. I walked back and took a look down through the three-foot square hole. The earth was so far away through the opening! Across the hole along the length of the ship was a rod. I walked out onto it, holding myself on the bomb racks above. Then I lowered myself and sat on the rod.

There was the field below, with a lot of automobiles parked in a row. We were passing over the further buildings. Yes, there was the headquarters building.

It seemed like a blow as the roar of the motor stopped suddenly. Everything was very still.

The Lieutenant's voice came shouting, asking me whether I was all right. I shouted "Yes."

The plane was gliding. I wanted until I judged the headquarters building was directly below. That was the time for me to jump. I let myself down slowly. Now I was hanging by my hands.

I let go.

My fingers had scarcely loosened when there was a bang that seemed to me like a cannon, and instantly I was

hit as if by a violent blow. The pilot had miscalculated a little and glided too far. He hadn't been able to see me and, supposing that I had jumped a second or two before, he had given her the gun. The motor had abruptly swung the propeller into action and the sudden tremendous wind had caught me full.

Sergeant Bose "felt himself whirling like a pinwheel," He says:

Over and over I went at a tremendous rate, and all the while falling. It seemed like a long while I struggled desperately, but I had fallen only a few hundred feet before I managed to straighten out and get feet downward. How relieved I was! I didn't want to take that frightful jerk coming on my shoulders.

And now I had a few seconds in which to observe my sensations. The earth seemed rushing up to meet me at a crazy rate. There coming up at me was the crowd on the field, men in uniforms and civilians, all with their faces up. I was in an enormous wind, rushing straight from the ground, a most prodigious wind that seemed hard and vengefully unrelenting. In my ears there was a loud whistling, the whistling of that wind. I was careful to note that I felt perfectly well. I felt no distress at the pressure, and, while for safety I held my breath, as I had planned to do throughout the fall, I felt certain that I could have breathed all right.

A thrill of joy caught hold of me. A man could fall off three Woolworth Buildings piled end on end and be perfectly conscious when he hit the ground. I was knocking out one of the most prevalent of popular notions. I began to be contemptuous over the ease of this drop.

It "seemed like a terrific crash, and," Sergeant Bose tells us, "I had never received such a blow," though he had taken punishment of a pretty severe sort on many previous occasions. He says:

For a year or two I was a bantam-weight champion in the Navy, and I took many a righthander and lefthander. Then I was a professional boxer for a while, until I was knocked out by a little fellow down in Richmond, who had knocked out Kid Williams, the former bantamweight champion. It came in the fourth round. Five times he knocked me down with smashes to the short ribs, and the fifth time I stayed down after a punch the like of which I never expected to dream of, much less feel again.

But the wallop I got along about the fifth second of that drop exceeded all others.

I had hit an air-pocket, a layer of

wind probably blowing up at a slant. I had crashed into it with a shock that can be appreciated only by one who has felt an air-plane hit a wind-pocket.

I was spinning, spinning like a top. It had set me going like a flywheel, head over heels, at a most tremendous rate.

The thought came of taking the parachute jar while revolving thus and dropping at an astounding rate. I would never do that, and I struggled crazily. No use.

I tried to right myself but couldn't get my body under control. I continued to try. I would have to stop spinning some time. Before I hit the ground, I hoped. But I knew I could stop spinning long before I fell the 2,500 feet to the ground.

But now I realized, with a ghastly feeling, that my senses were beginning to go.

It wasn't the pressure. It was the spinning. I was very dizzy, and I was getting dizzier. My mind began to blur. I didn't want to take the jerk on my shoulders, but neither did I want to take a chance of going unconscious for the spinning.

For seconds that seemed an age I was poised between the two evils.

A decision had to come, and it came when I felt my mind rapidly getting blank. A pang of desperate fear shot through me. My hand went to my shoulder. I tried, and felt with a sickening sensation that I could not control my body the slightest.

My fingers were around the cord on my shoulder.

A convulsive pull.

A terrific crack as the cords tightened suddenly, and I felt as though my soul was being jerked out of me. The opening caught me in a position slanting somewhat from upright, and my shoulders were violently wrenched up.

I was out for some seconds, and then I came to and found myself floating gently downward. I felt my shoulders. They were wrenched enough to lay me up for a day or so, but otherwise I was all right, and my head was clear. I was swinging quite a bit, but I easily got the parachute under control and made a good landing.

Not satisfied with this exploit, Sergeant Bose went up again, shortly after, and tried a still longer drop. As he "knew exactly what he was up against and encountered no mishaps," it "was no thrill at all." Coolly he reports:

I fell 1,500 feet before my parachute opened, and then went to a motion-picture show to get a little excitement.



# Preparing For a Rainy Day

Bank Manager Inaugurates Official Plan to Encourage Thrift

By W. H. STEVENS, MANAGER BEAVER HALL BRANCH,  
ROYAL BANK OF CANADA, MONTREAL

**M**ANY of those of us who save money for a rainy day could save at least a dollar a week.

Some of us cannot be bothered going regularly to a bank with the dollar, some of us think a dollar is too small a sum to go with to a bank, and some of us think that saving a dollar a week is hardly worth doing, anyway.

Most of us freely admit that thrift is a good thing, generally speaking; good for the country and good for the individual citizen, but a lot of us are like the man who believes in the daily dozen before breakfast—and doesn't do them.

In the following article Mr. W. H. Stevens, Manager of the Beaver Hall Branch, Montreal, of the Royal Bank of Canada, who has successfully inaugurated a savings plan in which the process of saving is made simple and easy, tells of the method employed.

The plan is worked out between employers, employees and bank officials and so far has made great strides. Canadian Railroader, Limited, was the first organization in the Dominion to experiment with it.

**"D**ON'T talk to me about saving—I consider myself lucky keeping out of debt these days. How can you expect me to save, when living is so high?" Such an answer as this will be given you in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, if you put the question of saving to a man. Yet I say that he has the wrong idea. If that man is in steady employment, no matter how small his wage may be he can save a little from each pay. Even fifty cents or a dollar a week is better than nothing, for after a while such small amounts accumulate a respectable sum.

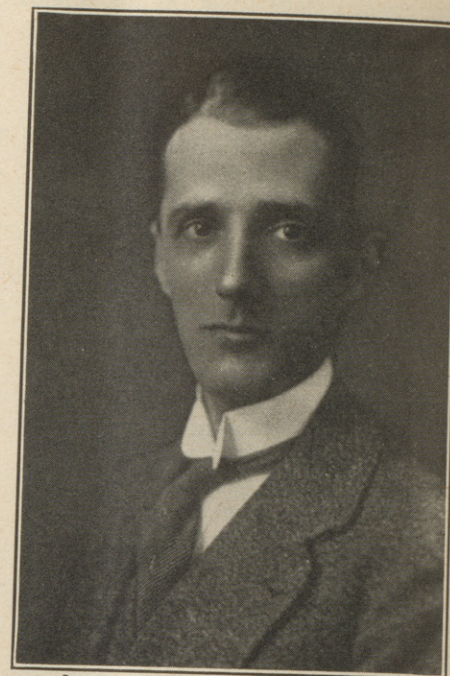
The present cost of living is high, of course. In the history of the world it is doubtful whether there has ever been such a trying period as that we are now passing through; where the wage earner has had a harder struggle to make ends meet. Fortunately we live in a country fundamentally sound. Canada's future prosperity is assured by its undeveloped wealth alone. Its vast resources in minerals, timber, farming produce and fisheries assure a healthy progress. Nevertheless, at the moment, on account of unsettled business conditions, most plants, factories and workshops are not working at full capacity. This state of things is but temporary. It is only a question of time before conditions in general will again be normal, although the individual al-

ways takes a certain risk even in the best of times. In the meanwhile it is imperative for him to protect himself against possible hardship in the future. What is he going to do in the event of his losing his job, or how is he going to get along if sickness lays him aside? If a life is at stake he asks that no money be spared to save it. In instances such as these a man's position is tragic if he has not a reserve to fall back on.

My message to you is to save while you have the opportunity—no matter how small the sum may be, regularly save it, and let it accumulate. If you are now earning \$20.00 a week, live on \$19.00 and save \$1.00. If your weekly wage is \$50.00 live on \$45.00 and save \$5.00. Then watch the sum grow, and note, after a while, how much more secure and contented you feel with your position.

Canadians are known throughout the world as a thrifty people, even more so than their fellow workers in Great Britain, but I do say that many workers of today have yet to acquire the habit of systematic savings, the regularly setting aside of a portion of earnings for the rainy day.

The Royal Bank of Canada has recently started a new plan, to encourage such thrift. They ask the employee to arrange with his employer to regularly deduct so much from his pay and to



W. H. STEVENS

credit the amount to a Savings Account. The employee does not have to go to the bank to make deposits. All he has to do is to get his passbook written up once in a while. The bank asks that the amount set aside be only what the employee will not find an undue strain. While he has the privilege of drawing the money out at any time, he is urged to treat the saving as a reserve to take care of such expenses as doctors bills, coal bills, insurance premiums and unemployment. The first company to adopt the idea in Canada was Canadian Railroader Limited, of Montreal. There the number on the pay roll is not large—about 70 I believe—but of these 52 are regularly saving an average of \$2.00 a week. Each man is playing the game and is determined not to touch his savings, unless in case of real necessity. The good that can be done by employers and employees working together on a plan such as this is inestimable. A contented worker, free from financial worries and fears as to what the future has in store, gives his employer better service than one who is not. Consequently he is of more value to his employer, and is more likely to receive any promotion going.

No matter how small the amount is, if it is being steadily accumulated the effort is well worth while and one day will prove a real blessing.



## Birds that Tell the Time

**T**HERE is a story of a dog—told of a hundred dogs—who knew when Sunday came round. He would then be incarcerated, while the family went to church; but formed a Sunday-morning habit of avoiding capture, so that he could secretly run ahead to church, where he would try to ensconce himself in the family pew.

Some birds appear to know the time of day, and the day of the week, as well as a clever dog. Anyone who feeds birds in gardens at a regular time knows how punctually they assemble, and how the garden robin will tap at the breakfast-room window if breakfast is late.

Edward Jesse is the name of a naturalist much respected, and though his "Gleanings in Natural History" is more than eighty years old, it has an ever-green charm. He tells a story of some magpies which knew when Sunday came round. As a boy—a bad boy he must have been—he would shoot the magpies which came to his home garden. Only on Sundays would they hop fearlessly about the lawns, as if knowing there was a truce and no gun would be fired.

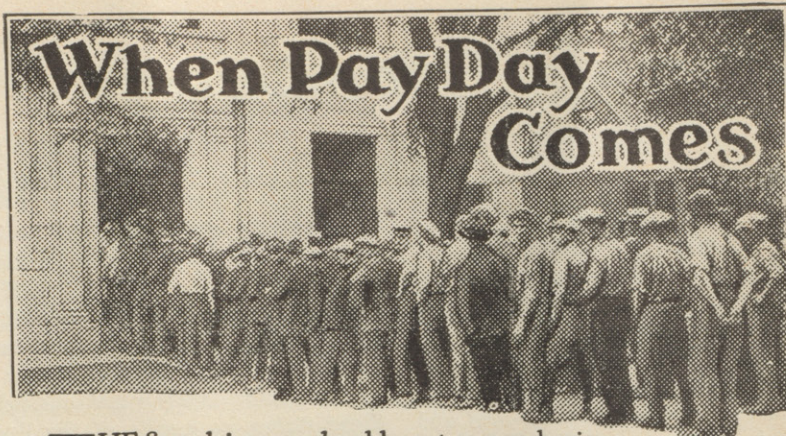
### Rooks On Sunday

The same story is told of rooks, game-keepers having observed that they fearlessly haunt places on Sundays which they shun on weekdays, for fear of gun-fire; hence the old Kentish saying, "As happy as a rook on a Sunday."

Jesse also relates a circumstantial story about a time-keeping gull. Someone threw this gull a piece of bread one morning, from a window at Harlyn, Cornwall; the next day, at the same hour, the gull appeared at the window, and was fed, and from that time, for a period of eighteen years, he came for his breakfast every morning at the same hour, except when called away from home for pilchard-fishing.

The cleverest bird time-keepers with which the writer is acquainted are some Sussex rooks, which apparently not only know when noon comes, but know Saturdays as well as Sundays from other days, and distinguish between school-holidays and school-terms. These rooks much haunt the trees of a rural school, where at midday many of the children are about the playground, eating their dinners. The rooks know the children will leave them some scraps, and regularly assemble in the trees, just before noon, on schooldays, for the crumbs which fall from the children's satchels. Usually they keep away when the school is closed.

The children will tell you the rooks come and go by the calendar and the clock.



**T**HE first claim you should meet on pay day is your savings. Your money will prove your best friend in time of sickness or unemployment—if you have saved it.

There comes a time for all of us when earnings decline and ability to earn must weaken. Only one thing can take the place then of your present earning power—that is, the capital acquired through your present savings.

Ask for our booklet, "The Measure of Your Income."  
You will find it helpful.

## The Royal Bank of Canada

5439

### THE GARDEN

**T**HE Lord God planted a garden  
In the first white days of the world,

And He set an angel warden  
In a garment of light enfurled.

So near to the peace of Heaven,  
That the hawk might nest with the wren,

For there in the cool of the even  
God walked with the first of men.

And I dream that these garden closes  
With their shade and their sunflecked sod

And their lilies and bowers of roses  
Were laid by the hand of God.

The kiss of the sun for pardon,  
The song of the birds for mirth—  
One is nearer God's heart in a garden  
Than anywhere else on earth.

—Dorothy Frances Gurney.

It was an old theory that acts of parliament should consist of a single sentence. It required the authority of a special statute in 1850 to allow from that date forward parliamentary draughtsmen to insert full stops in acts of parliament.

Love is the summary, the life, the inspiration of everything good, the source and substance of eternal joy.

### TALE OF A LIGHTHOUSE

Bishop's Light rises near the Scilly Islands, and gives a grim warning of the dangers of the coast. It is one of the most exposed lighthouses in the world, and the three tenders have a lonesome time. During a recent spring storm the beams from Bishop's Rock came near to failing. The light weighs several tons, and revolves on supports resting in a circular trough of mercury. It is balanced so delicately a child may turn it by a touch of the finger. On this night the tower was so shaken by the heavy seas that much of the mercury was spilled out over the concrete floor of the light chamber. The three guards fell on their knees, scooped up the mercury in their hands, and poured it back into the trough.

### ELIZABETHAN BOOTS

Elizabethan boots were most ornate. Worked in gold and silver, they cost at least \$50 a pair. In 1633 the present type of shoe was evolved, and in 1668 buckles came into fashion; but it was not until the nineteenth century that they were made specially to fit the right and left foot.

For some reasons which no one understands, whooping cough is always more dangerous to girls than to boys. It is the only disease of which this can be said.



# Immigration, Selected and Directed

*Address Delivered Before Montreal Kiwanis Club by E. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
Past President of Lethbridge Board of Trade*

"SO much confusion exists on the relation of immigration to employment, that I welcome the opportunity to outline what I know to be the true condition in this regard. The fact that Kiwanis stepped out ahead of the whole country and sounded the clarion call of immigration, selected and directed, is well-known. When I asked our chairman's committee to allow me to name a committee on this question, not a single press line had been published nor a word uttered from Ottawa that immigration was the solution of our economic difficulties, and it has been maintained ever since, ungrudgingly, that Kiwanis is largely responsible for what has been done on this great question.

"Permit me to say a few words upon my qualifications to speak tonight on this issue. I went to Southern Alberta in 1900, before there was a road, plow or farm fence in the country. My first purchase was a horse and saddle, which constituted the means of transport, and, as intimated, we could ride for miles in any direction without bothering about roads or fences. The main highway was the Benton Trail, which ran from Fort Benton, at the head of the Missouri River in Montana, through Southern Alberta to Calgary, the divisional headquarters of the Royal North West Mounted Police, and that trail meandered, though it was the shortest way to a given point, avoiding the coulees and leading to the river crossings at fords and bridges.

"I took an immediate interest in the activities of the Board of Trade, a body in a western community which is unique in its activities, the nearest approach being the Kiwanis Club with trade sections, and continued active work on the executive committee. I was vice-president in 1911 and elected president in 1912. I was also vice-president, Merchants' Association; chairman, Lumbermen's Association; two years on city council, and have been publicly credited with being father of commission form of municipal government for Western Canada. We were in constant touch with municipal and federal governments. We worked very closely together and we consequently knew the actual conditions. Service to the community became an absorbing part of our lives. We were at that time in the Northwest Territories and administered by a Territorial Government, of which Colonel Dennis was a Deputy Minister.

"Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan were created on September 1st, 1905. In 1907, or maybe 1906, Clifford Sifton declared his admirable immigration campaign. A special train was started from each of several different farmer states in the Union, with rural editors from those states, as guests of the Dominion Government. There were the Ohio editors, the Iowa editors, the Pennsylvania editors, and so on. The Federal Government flashed the news across to the boards of trade of Western Canada with the itinerary and the request to 'show the goods.' On the day named, the whole community turned out to give the visitors a royal welcome. Our particular form of entertainment consisted of a drive on buckboards and wagons and a few motors to the Experimental Farm, or to the exhibition buildings, where lunch was served consisting of everything of local production, including sugar, flour, milk, fruits, vegetables, meats, etc.

"The respective communities were delighted and felt amply compensated for their time and effort if, later on, a newspaper or two arrived making mention of the stop-over at that town. People flowed in following this means of advertising in increasing numbers, as will be seen below.

"It was about 1906 that the first carload of turkey red Kansas hard fall wheat seed arrived for sowing at Spring Coulee in Southern Alberta—and Alberta began to produce in volume the famous red hard wheat about the same time, and it was in 1915, or within ten years of the beginning of Clifford Sifton's campaign, that Lethbridge, which had grown to a beautiful city of 14,000, handled 50,000,000 bushels of wheat through its yards. This accomplishment, to my knowledge, within fifteen years of the time when there was not a plow on the land anywhere, was the result of immigration alone.

"Now, how did that benefit industry? Let me illustrate. Let us take lumber—with which I was connected for several years—and I speak of what I know.

"The first purchase a settler makes is lumber for his shack or house. This is ordered from the retail lumber yard, which places the order to replenish stock with the saw-mill, which, in turn, hires men to go into the bush to cut trees for logs, which are afterwards cut at the mill. The mill man hires railroad cars and crews to transfer the sawn lumber to the prairie yards in fulfilment

of the orders—immediately you have started employment of labor. Now, the mill wants machinery renewals, chain, cant dogs, peavies, pulleys, belting and a lot of other things, all of which are manufactured in Eastern factories. The mill wants, in addition to hay and oats for horses, subsistence of all kinds for the crews, canned goods galore, clothing, underwear, shoes and stockings, overalls, caps, etc., which were not then manufactured west of the Great Lakes. Orders for these had to go to wholesale houses in Calgary, Winnipeg and Vancouver, which replenished from eastern mills. It must be perfectly clear to you that if heavy orders are sent to the eastern mills that they must hire men to fill those orders. The railroad must repair and maintain freight cars and locomotives to take care of this business; and what happens when the lumber arrives at the retail yard? The farmer hauls it out to his farm—he must have wagons and harness, nails and hardware, building paper, glass, etc., all of which comes from the eastern factory. He also uses groceries and household supplies, and later, houses are extended, and enlargement makes further demands. Who can then say that immigration is not the cure for unemployment?

"You may think that as the subject is so direct and simple that I have perhaps missed some essential point, for the want of which the whole structure will tumble. I have missed nothing. It may be thought that perhaps I have exaggerated the amount of goods required. Let me give you official figures on immigration:—

Year	
1909	146,908
1910	208,794
1911	311,084
1912	354,237
1913	402,432
1914	384,878

"What goods do you suppose would be required by 350,000 new arrivals per year? What employment would the cities receive? What about employment in the implement industry?

"Now, then, let me draw attention to my earlier remarks that in 1915, 50,000,000 bushels of wheat were handled where fifteen years previously not a blade of cultivated grass was grown. The new arrival does not come empty-handed. It was in 1912 that President Permell, of the Northern Development



League, headquarters at Seattle, started a campaign to head off the movement of American farmers to Canada. He made the statement, through the press of the country, that Canada attracted 130,000 American settlers in 1912, who took with them \$125,000,000. Think it over, men.

"It has been shown that the population of Canada is divided 50% rural and 50% urban.

"It is shown in Government records that every family settled on the prairie gives to industry \$1,586 net per annum for the purchase of manufactured goods, and \$177.00 net per annum to the railways.

"There are at present within 15 miles of the railways, 25,000,000 acres of land which on the basis of 320 acres per family will accommodate 78,000 families, which will give to industry \$122,000,000 per year and \$13,000,000 to railways per year.

"Now where are we? Are we not pointing a way to the solution of the Canadian railroad problem as well as creating employment. We are, gentlemen, and the only way is by the creation of new business in Canada. You can have a share in that creation.

"Let us cast our minds back to the war days when Sir Robert Borden invited Canadians to take up War Loans (\$600,000,000 if I remember), did he not tell you that the security was ample; that Canada was the richest country in the world in natural resources. You know he did. Of what value is a gold mine that isn't worked? A lot of you know that, perhaps to your cost. Why talk about natural resources, if we don't develop them? and how can they be developed, without population?

"Canada has no parallel on earth in its manner of development or its opportunity for development. When the U.S. had 9,000,000 people there were but few people west of the Alleghany Mountains and the development came from the Atlantic Coast westward. Canada had to link up British Columbia with Eastern

Canada and the problem is entirely different. The Canadian Pacific Railway took over the burden of the Dominion Government and built the connecting link between British Columbia and Eastern Canada and has been engaged in the development of this great Empire ever since—a territory more vast than the U.S., including Alaska. Alberta alone can accommodate in area the British

### Modern Micawbers

Have you ever known a man who was full of plans and schemes and theories, and yet never got anything done? They are the Mister Macawbers of the world. They are wonderful talkers and very poor actors. A man may be full of great thoughts, but if he never translates any of them into life, they are of little use to him or anyone else.

"Let us then be up and doing." Just as the hand obeys the impulse of the brain, so should life obey the inner impulse of thought. That is why the man in whom thought and action combine well goes farther and attains more than the mere dreamer.

The hare knew he could win the race if he tried. The trouble was that he had the speed but not the will to use it. So the plodding tortoise won!

Isles with Belgium, Denmark, Netherlands, Switzerland and Czecho-Slovakia and there is still room for more, add the populations and you have 80,290,333 compared with Alberta's present population of 588,454.

"Other trans-continental roads were supported by provincial and federal government guarantees in anticipation of continued development which was ar-

rested by the war. Immigration, selected and directed, is the solution. Let us get it started again.

"Is not Kiwanis engaged in a big job? It has done splendid work. It is assisting in the creation of new homes for a lot of good people who need them, and it is for Canadians to see that they are made happy and prosperous. As an indication of the possibilities:—

Farm products in 1923....\$899,226,200  
Farm products in 1924.... 995,235,900

"We needn't worry about Canada's debt if we have 'Immigration, Selected and Directed'; at least action will be taken to meet it. It will therefore—

1. Create new business, thus giving employment.
2. Help to solve our railroad problem.
3. Increase in employment will arrest emigration of Canadians.

"Our activities have been directed to create a public opinion in support of any action on the part of Dominion Government, which will open the doors wider. Kiwanis has not approached the question in an antagonistic spirit, but rather to support a government policy to the end—that new business may be caused to flow into Canada."

### SAMOAN SOLDIERS' KILTS

The Fita-Fitas, as the native soldiers of Samoa are called, are the only American troops who wear kilts. Their fatigue uniform consists of a bright-red turban and a sort of black kilt, with a bright-red stripe round the border; a leather belt that carries a dagger on the side holds the garment in place. When the Fita-Fitas were first taken into the service of the United States they were provided with more conventional dress, but, being unused to much clothing, many of them caught cold. The present uniform seems to be just right; it is light and cool, and sufficiently gaudy.

A fox can scent a man a quarter of a mile away.

## Why Railroads Specify "Ramapo"

THAT so many railroad officials are specifying Ramapo patented appliances is strong evidence of their efficiency in actual operation.

The Ramapo Automatic Safety Switch Stand may cost more at the start; but when you consider the accidents and losses avoided by its use, and its long life of uninterrupted service, *economy* becomes its most outstanding characteristic.

The same is true throughout the entire list of Ramapo products—practical in design with exclusive Ramapo features, material and workmanship the highest degree of excellence, and our co-operation with the railroads by actual demonstration in service as to fitness and proper installation.

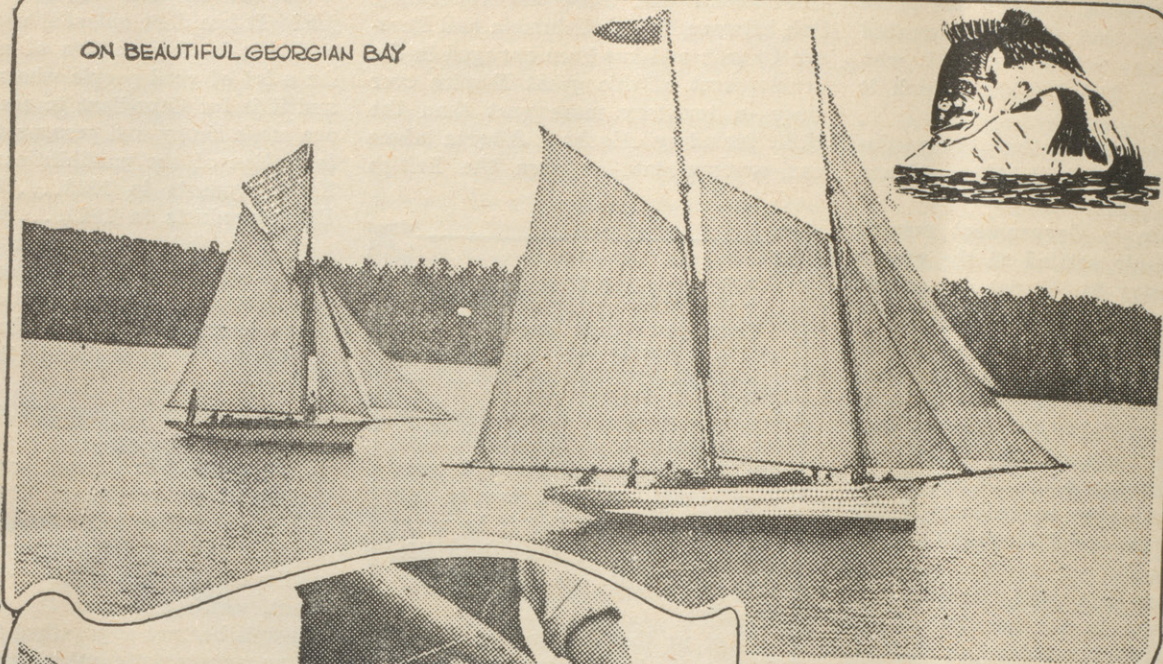
Let our engineers help solve your problems. Send for illustrated catalogue describing Ramapo products.

**CANADIAN RAMAPO IRON WORKS, LIMITED**  
NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO, CANADA



## Ontario's Many Summer Resorts Afford Varied Pleasures

ON BEAUTIFUL GEORGIAN BAY



A QUARTET OF BIG BASS



COZY FRENCH RIVER BUNGALOW

Every summer tens of thousands of visitors seek rest and recreation, health and happiness in the fascinating hinterland of Ontario, where woods and waters abound on every hand, each with its especial charm.

A fascinating retreat for fishermen in this part of Ontario, is the French River district. Since the erection of a comfortable, commodious bungalow camp which opened in 1923, visitors have flocked there in numbers that have taxed its capacity. Fighting bass, grown strong in the swift waters of the river, and huge muskellunge are caught in large numbers. Other species are plentiful too.

Most of the Ontario places are easily reached from Toronto. The Muskoka and Kawartha chains of lakes are the annual haven of many visiting families who occupy cottages, camps and hotels of varying degrees of comfort and luxury. All enjoy the dry, pine-scented air that is a sure remedy for hay fever. Many vacationists are ardent fish-

men; others delight in sailing and paddling canoes. The summers are all too brief to satisfy these lovers of Ontario's out-of-doors.

Camps hidden miles deep, away from the railway lines, yield exceptionally good fishing and wholesome food. Such a one is Billy Burke's log camp on Trout Lake, reached by an 8-mile launch ride from Paget station. Ka-Wig-A-Mog Lodge, hidden away from civilization, is about 8 miles from Pakesley, and transportation is via the Key Valley Railway, owned by a Milwaukee lumber concern, which operates a railway bus, mounted on railway car trucks, and fitted with a Ford motor for power. At the sawmill town, this mode of locomotion is exchanged for a motor launch that carries guests to Ka-Wig-A-Mog Lodge, an attractive structure devoted to dining and social affairs. In addition to the Lodge, there are a number of cottages built about an eighth of a mile apart, on both sides of the long, narrow lake, thus insuring privacy. Mixed fishing is good here and in

nearby waters, while Trout Lake affords plenty of small-mouth bass.

Bon Echo, an out-of-the-way resort, is reached from Kaledar, Ontario, by automobile which passes along hillside carpeted with blue flowers and seeming to emanate a blue haze. The Inn is located on a spit of land that separates the Mazinaw Lakes, two lovely sheets of water. They are of great depth and from them rises a sheer rock to over 200 feet, possessed of a three-fold echo. It bears on one face a bas-relief of Walt Whitman, to whom the rock is dedicated. Bass fishing is good. There are two fine beaches; one of deep water that delights divers, and the other has a vast, silver sandy floor with shallow water, and makes a safe, ideal beach for women and children.

Port au Baril on Georgian Bay, is unique in that its capacious rustic hotel is located on an island. Fishing, bathing and boating are its chief attractions. Georgian Bay with its thousands of islands and indented shore-line, is a paradise of beauty and sport, and is sought by many visitors from the States with summer homes on the islands. Those who prefer the mainland, will find a string of summer resorts dotting the shore-line for 100 miles.



# Fantastic Versions of Holy Writ

WE have heard lately a good deal about new translations of the Bible. Whatever the merits of these efforts, they certainly did not contain the queer features of certain translations of the past. There were many curious misprints in the early versions of the Bible, and a large price may easily be realized for the most scarce of the editions which have been nicknamed from the errors that have made them famous.

In 1560 there appeared the Breeches Bible, also known as the Geneva Version, which contained a preface by that eminent reformer John Calvin. It derives its quaint title from the fact that the word "breeches" is substituted for "aprons" in the seventh verse of the third chapter of Genesis.

A few years later the Bishop's or Treacle Bible was issued, of which Mr. Gladstone possessed a copy in his library at Hawarden. It was printed by one Richard Juggee, who in Jeremiah viii. 22, cheerily inquires, "Is there not treacle at Gilead: is there no physician there?" This edition also has a humorous rendering of Judges ix. 53, for instead of reading, "all to break his head," one is greeted with "all to break his brayne panne!"

Lord Haddington has a copy of the Treacle Bible in his pew at Tynninghame Church, North Berwick. It rests beside the Breeches and the Bud editions. This last was issued in 1551, and gives Psalm xci. 5 as "need to be affrated for any bugges by night," but in the edition which appeared nine years later "afraid" is substituted for "affrated," just as "terror" was eventually written as "feare'."

The Rosin Bible was printed in 1608, and received its nickname from the word "rosin," which was used instead of "balm"; while the Whig or Placemakers Bible spoke of placemakers instead of peacemakers in St. Matthew v. 9.

One of the Wicked Bibles, issued in 1631, forgot to insert the word "not" in the seventh commandment; while another version similarly omitted the negative from i. Cor. vi. 9, thus assuring the unrighteous that they should inherit the Kingdom of God!

There is a He Bible in St. Helen's Church at Abingdon, one of the editions issued in 1611 and 1612, and known respectively as the He and She Bibles on account of the error made in the translation of Ruth iii. 15.

The Murderers Bible substituted this unpleasant designation for the murderers mentioned in the sixteenth verse of Jude, just as the Camels Bible of 1823 talked of Rebekah arising with her camels instead of with her damsels!

The Vinegar Bible derived its humble appellation from the misprinting of the word "vineyard"—it being given as "vinegar," and the Wife-hater's Bible used "wife" as a substitute for "life" in Luke xiv. 26.

The Standing Fishes Version of 1806 tells how "the fishes shall stand upon it from Engedi even unto En-eglaim," instead of pointing out that it was the fishers who should stand in order to spread forth their nets.

Lost Produce.—A farmer in Iowa sent the following letter to the Navy Department:

"My youngest son has gone away and enlisted in the Navy. I can't get him out. Won't you help me? He is a good boy and I was raising him for my own use."—Our Navy.

## A Genuine Love Story

*"To the Assured's wife Martha Roe or in the event of her death, then to the executors, administrators or assigns of the Assured."*

Here is a "love-letter" that every woman will recognize as sincere. It has more of true affection in its stereotyped phraseology than the most ardent protestations and promises.

Does your life assurance protection for your wife measure up to the letters you wrote to your sweetheart?

The promise to pay, as shown above, in a Sun Life of Canada policy means that there are assets of two hundred and seventy-five millions behind it.

**You can rest assured**

**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA**

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL



## Are Books Luxuries?

**O**f course books are luxuries! Well, they may or may not be. You may call soap a luxury if you choose. But if books are luxuries, they are the cheapest luxuries in the world. For the price of as much soap as will keep your body clean for a year you could buy as much literature as would cleanse your soul for half a lifetime. For the price of a first-rate nailbrush you can buy, fully illustrated and well bound, a history of the earth since it was a molten ball down to the apotheosis of Mdle. Lenglen. As for the price of an elegant evening frock, it is more than the equivalent of the cost in encyclopaedic form of the whole recorded sum of human knowledge.

Such extraordinary facts should give rise to some hard thinking in the minds of those who like to read and who feel that life is not as interesting as it might be. Why not deliberately set about the formation of a library? People collect cups and saucers, tankards, snuff-boxes, fans, models of ships, gramophone records, swords, breastplates, pictures, prints, postage stamps. Why not collect books? With real respect for the august collectors of postage stamps, I would say that books are almost, if not quite, as interesting as postage stamps. True, they occupy more space and are less easily moved from one house to another; but, to compensate, they are not so easily lost, and fraudulent imitations are less frequent in the book world than in the postage stamp world; also the range and choice and scope of the book collector are immensely greater than those of the postage stamp collector. Again books can be read and postage stamps generally can't.

The majority of households have a few books, though I question if one household in a hundred possesses five hundred volumes, and the exclamation of visitors at the spectacle of even one well-filled bookcase is:—"Oh! What a lot of books you've got!" As a rule, people don't collect books; they let books collect themselves, at haphazard, and after a time they are entirely at a loss to explain how such-and-such a book found its way on to their shelves. This is not the right method of book collecting.—Arnold Bennett, in the "Royal Magazine."

## LIFE'S LITTLE SERMONS

Behold the commuter! He ariseth with the sun and annoyeth the entire household while he maketh ready his departure. He crieth unto his good wife for his breakfast and departeth in great

## Bell Telephone Instruction Plan

There has been no more hopeful development of modern industry than the policy of so many big companies in encouraging employees along the lines of self improvement. To make it easy, particularly for those whose early opportunities of acquiring an education were scant, to pursue courses of useful spare-time study, and thus to develop from within the organization a sure supply of qualified executives for the leading positions would seem to be the highest wisdom. The insistent demand for competent and experienced administrators which the rapid development in so many lines creates could be met in no better way than through the modern method of encouraging and aiding the rank and file to qualify for the job ahead.

For example, the Bell Telephone Company which is expanding much more rapidly than the population in the territory it serves, has always adopted the policy of recruiting the supervisory officials from the rank and file of the staff. Considerable attention has been given to the training of telephone workers, both male and female, and this educational work has progressed to the stage when regular training staffs have been established in several of the departments. The employees on these training staffs devote their whole time to the instruction of the junior employees.

In the traffic department whose task it is to actually provide the service, regular schools have been established in the larger centres, to train the operators in the proper method of completing telephone calls. These schools are divided into two main branches, those teaching the method of operation on local calls, and those teaching the various operations in connection with long distance. Operators are required to spend from two to four weeks in the school, while male employees of the traffic department must also spend part of their training period in the school.

The plant department also have regular schools where instruction is provided for the men engaged in the installation and maintenance of telephone equipment.

haste filled with nothing but the fear that he loseth the 8:08.

He playeth at cards while he rideth cityward and he complaineth bitterly of the railroad management. He toileth all the day long and returneth far into the night, and reclineth shoeless before his hearth and curseth his mode of life.

And yet he sayeth, "This is the life!" For the truth is not in him.

Stuart Little, in "Life."

These schools teach the proper method of installing telephones in subscribers' premises, the construction of telephone lines and the maintenance of the switchboards. Cable-splicing, line construction, telephone circuits, repair and maintenance of apparatus are among the subjects taught in these schools.

In addition, correspondence courses are carried on in these schools. These correspondence courses are free to all employees and teach the theory of electricity, mathematics, etc. Hundreds of employees each year are engaged on these courses in their spare time, and the result in the quickened interest and increased efficiency of the men has been marked. Men completing such courses are building on a sound foundation for advancement in the organization.

The traffic, plant and correspondence courses cover most branches of telephone work, including the manual and the automatic methods of operating. They do not, however, cover all the requirements of this large corporation.

A certain number of men are required each year with special training. Such positions as Power Engineer, Transmission Expert, Accountant, Legal Counsel, etc., are filled from those having adequate preliminary education and experience. A majority of such men are drafted from colleges and universities, and are given special facilities for learning how to apply their knowledge to the telephone business. The number of such men engaged is, of course, a small percentage of the total employed each year by this company, but is steadily increasing, as the problem of giving satisfactory service, especially in the larger centres, becomes more complex. Last year about fifty technical men were absorbed while this year the number will be somewhat higher.

In addition to the regular facilities provided for training the employees, it is considered to be the duty of every supervisory official to teach and train his own immediate staff in the work of his department. It is recognized that only by constant training in this way can satisfactory officials be developed to carry on the work of the company and ensure a high standard in this vital service to the community.

Beryl: "You kiss as though you have had experience."

Basil (coldly): "How do you know?"

Father: "Is there anything worse than to be old and bent?"

His Son: "Yes; to be young and broke."



## "My Greatest Thrill In Sport"

Being an Account of an Adventure Which Overtook Ozark Ripley On the Nipigon.



OZARK RIPLEY

to me this summer in July on the Nipigon River in the rapids just below the Canadian Pacific bridge at Nipigon, Ont.

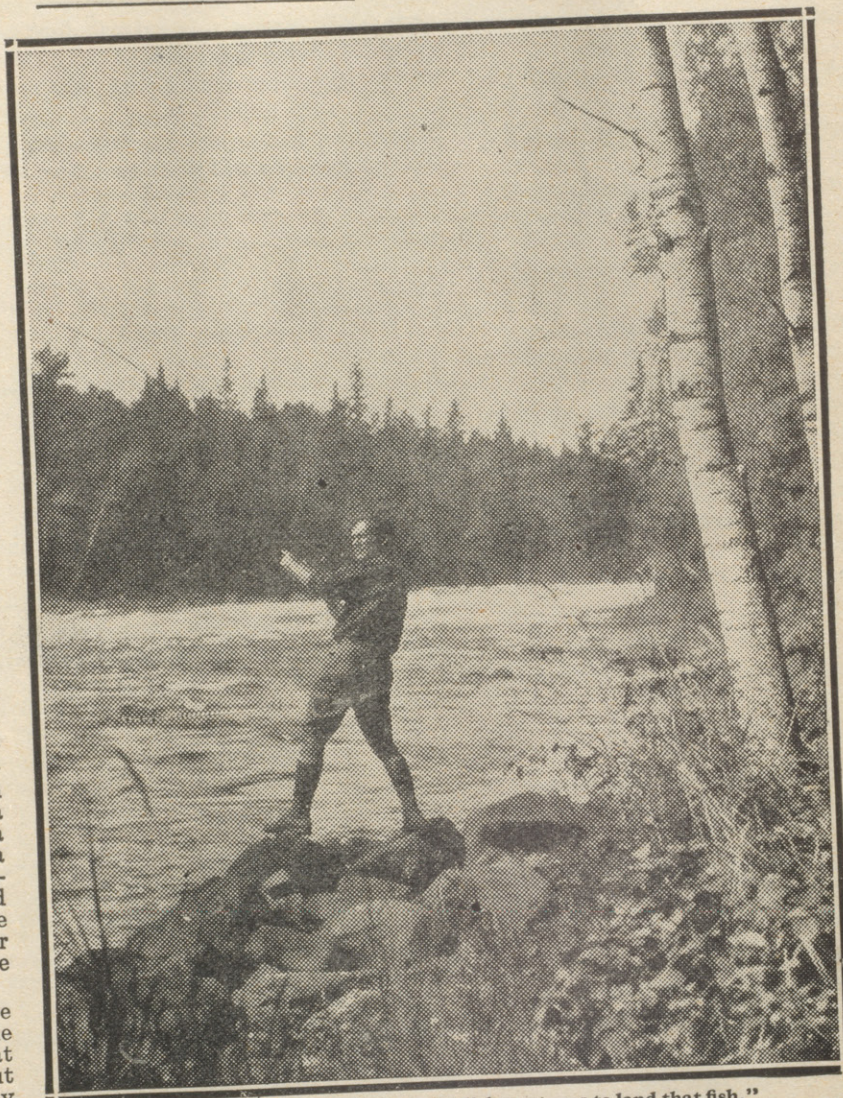
It all happened late in the evening. The trout at this point are the most famed and largest brook trout in the world. But just at that time they were not striking as usual on account of the exceedingly cold night. However, I decided to go to the river to try out a little split bamboo bait casting rod,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  ounces, that I had made for casting very light lures. It would be a revelation to myself and other anglers to take trout in this manner, when fly casting is the vogue.

The water under the Canadian Pacific bridge, and below for a quarter of a mile at least, flows like a millrace. I attached to my line a small weighted feather casting minnow, just to see if the little rod would shoot it. At the first try I shot the lure at least 125 feet across the water toward the west bank and in the opposite edge of fast water.

The very instant that the tiny lure struck the water the second of the only two large rainbow trout that up to then had ever been taken out of the Nipigon rose and seized my lure. He was a monster. It seemed an impossible accomplishment ever to land that fish with the little rod and the fine nine-pound test casting line. The thrill that came in that approaching darkness was incredible. The killing of moose and grizzly bear was tame in comparison.

I worked in a bad light nearly an hour, and in danger of falling into that deep, swift reach, trying hard to lead that fish out of the fast water where the current would not aid it into the long upstream swirl on my side. The only thing that helped me in that fight was the generous supply of filled line I had in store on my reel to help perfect thumbing of it.

I worked up and down those rapids in despair and hope, and as the whims of the strong leaping fish



"It seemed an impossible accomplishment ever to land that fish."

directed. Yet the thrill of trying to land that whopper leaping rainbow with that tiny rod was something I had never conceived possible.

It began to grow darker. Suddenly on the left bank I saw a big black bear take to the water and swim deliberately toward my fish, despite that terrible current. Evidently he took it for a cripple. Right off, that rainbow sensed his presence and darted for the east bank as fast as I could reel in slack, and the bear kept his course direct for him.

The rainbow heading straight for the upstream water, with occasional leaps from it, finally gained the stretch of upstream current, with the bear only a few yards behind him.

That bear did not become apprised of my presence until he made a lunge for the fish, missed it as it leaped out of the water, and then scrambled for the bank to get a better survey of his expected prey. That very moment he got a whiff of the man scent, wheeled and scrambled as fast as he could for the thicket of spruce along the sheer hillside.

And then the thrill of thrills occurred in the darkness as I roughed that spent rainbow, and brought him along the coarse, narrow sand bank where, as he was far too large for my landing net, I fell on top of him and held him captive with my hands and knees until his strength was entirely exhausted.—New York World.



# A Page of Poetrie

## The Barter

I have sold the farm where my youth  
was spent,  
And my days of wisdom and glad  
content.  
And my friends have come to rejoice  
with me,  
For at last, they say, I am truly free.  
But I know full well, though I may not  
tell,  
I have sold the beauty that fed my heart.  
  
I have sold the spaces of azure sky  
Where the winged clouds went in cohorts  
by.  
I have sold the fields that the sunshine  
blest,  
Where the wild wind played with the  
grasses' crest,  
I have sold the groves, and the fairy  
coves,  
And the placid pond where the lilies  
grew.  
  
I have sold the flowers of a thousand  
hues  
That have welcomed me in the morning  
dews,  
And the tender music of bygone days  
When the sweet birds sang me their  
roundelays.  
I have sold the oak that memories woke  
And the trustful love of my creatures  
dumb.  
  
I have sold the tints of the coming spring  
With the perfumed air that the summers  
bring;  
And for cash have bartered the living  
gold  
That the treasure-troves of the autumn  
hold  
I have lost the gleam on my ice-bound  
stream,  
And the wonderland of the drifting  
snow.  
  
I have purchased ease for my weary  
hands,  
And the way before me hath no quick-  
sands,  
But my eyes are seeking the scenes they  
know,  
And my heart is sick for the long ago  
When across the sheen of my acres green  
Were inscribed in beauty the thoughts  
of God.  
  
—Elma C. Wildman.

## Windows

SOME people's windows look on  
tumbling seas,  
On meadowland and misty vio-  
let hills;  
  
Some open to the kiss of jessamine,  
To fluting birds and little tumbling rills.  
  
My windows look on grimy city walls,  
Unlovely roofs—and yet beneath them  
dwell  
Things beautiful as any Nature forms  
To bring us mortals 'neath her magic  
spell.  
  
A bowl of tulips, golden as the dawn,  
A little child, flushed rosily, in bed,  
A cushion, silver-tasseled, satin-soft,  
Fit resting place for beauty's shingled  
head.  
  
A lacquered screen, bedragoned red and  
gold,  
A Persian rug, tints marvellously blent—  
These gratify my jaded city eyes  
And help to make me perfectly content.  
  
Dorothy Rose.

## Jean

THE sun is blinkin' bonnie on the  
scaur o' Avich Mohr,  
And the wind is sougin' saftly  
owre the lea;  
The burn is purlin' briskly as it bickers  
doun the glen,  
And the yorlin's singin' blithely on the  
auld rodden tree.  
But tho' the world's sae bonnie, and it's  
braw wi' simmer's pride,  
I canna bide its beauty, for ma hert fair  
stounds wi' pain;  
I canna thole the thrillin' o' the lav-  
rock's triumph sang,  
For ma ain dear Jean's been ta'en  
awa', and now I'm a' ma lane.  
  
O mony and mony a year has gane since  
first she gripped ma hert,  
But I've ne'er forgot the love-glint o'  
that day,  
Sin syne for me her lovin' care has  
lichtened mony a load;  
Sin syne for me her cheery sang has  
shortened mony a brae.  
And noo I'll need to trauchle doun the  
dark, dreich road masel',  
Nae mair on earth I'll see her face—  
tho' see it I wad fain;

## A June Love-Song

DEAR heart, 'tis such a morning as  
might charm  
Persephone from her abode of  
Shades,  
To wander, as of old, amid the calm  
Of fair Sicilian meads. The June-tide  
glades  
Are rich in leaf, and all the cloistered  
bowers  
Are hung with blossomy and tasselled  
flowers.  
  
The green and lilled woods allure my  
feet,  
And shaded mossy nooks invite repose,  
Where climbing vines of honeysuckle  
sweet  
And tangled boughs of shell-pink  
briar-rose  
Mingle their loveliness and perfume rare,  
In vales my very dreams of you make  
fair.  
  
Oft, walking here in dancing sunbeams  
bright  
As quicksilver, Love, I have culled for  
you  
Sweet sheaves of golden lilies for de-  
light,  
And filled your little hands with vio-  
lets blue;  
And from red-glowing roses, emblems  
meet  
Of love, have stripped the hurtful thorns,  
my sweet.  
  
Oh, June, glad June, has come to earth  
again!  
Tomorrow I shall meet you in this  
place  
Beneath the rich laburnum's golden  
rain,  
And see once more the wonder of your  
face.  
Oh, heart of mine! Tomorrow we shall  
be  
One with the summer's radiant ecstasy!  
  
Editha Jenkinson.  
  
But I'll lippen to His guidness Wha  
gied me sic a boon,  
That He'll tak me hame to see her,  
and I'll walk nae mair ma lane.  
  
—D. C. T. Mekie, in Chambers' Journal.



# The Fatigue of Metals

IT seems axiomatic to say that implements made of different materials have varying powers of resistance to stress and strain. It is familiar knowledge that engineers have studied the "strength of materials," and devised formulas that enable them to predetermine the requisite size of, for example, each bolt and bar to be used in the construction of an automobile or other mechanism. It appears, however, that such formulas are based on the assumption of a much simpler and more homogeneous condition of the substance of metals and other materials of construction than actually exists. Hence the calculations may be faulty when the materials in question are subjected to long-continued stress, an unpredictable weakness being developed to which the engineer has applied the suggestive word "fatigue." The "fatigued" metal suddenly breaks, though subjected to no greater strain than it has hitherto resisted perfectly, and well within its calculated original "breaking strain." Here, obviously, is a source of danger applying to many kinds of machinery, including various parts of automobiles and airplanes.

How the engineers are endeavoring to meet the danger is told in a technical article in the "American Machinist" (New York) by Prof. H. F. Moore, of the Illinois Engineering Experiment Station, where a remarkable series of tests is being conducted. The experiments have proved that "fatigue" of metals is really a progressive fracture, beginning with a minute (probably sub-microscopic) crack, which spreads until there is not enough sound metal left in the cross-section of the piece to withstand the load applied, when rupture occurs suddenly. Such progressive fracture, however, does not occur in case of wrought iron metals, unless the strain is carried above a certain limit; and to this limiting stress the

term "endurance limit," or "fatigue limit," has been applied. Overlooking other conclusions that are too technical for the general reader, we may quote Professor Moore's account of the inception of the investigation and of the arduousness of the task undertaken in the interests of public safety:

In 1918, there was organized under the joint auspices of the National Research Council, Engineering Foundation, and the Engineering Experiment Station of the University of Illinois an investigation of the phenomena connected with "fatigue" of metals under repeated stress. The necessity for such an investigation was emphasized by various problems arising in connection with the war. Since the early part of 1919, this investigation has been in active progress at the University of Illinois, and the co-operative group supporting it now includes, in addition to the three parties named above, the General Electric Company, the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company, the Western Electric Company, and the Copper and Brass Research Association.

The University of Illinois has provided for the laboratory of the investigation, 2,500 square feet of floor space originally planned as a testing floor for airplane engines. The regular equipment of the materials-testing laboratory of the University of Illinois is available for ordinary physical tests of the metals studied, the metallographic equipment of the division of Applied Chemistry of the University and the machine shop of the department of Theoretical and Applied Mechanics are available for auxiliary work.

During the first three years of its work, the investigation has been concerned practically entirely with the

fatigue of wrought ferrous metals. It has now included in its programme a study of the fatigue of certain non-ferrous metals, and already it has been found that the behavior of such metals under repeated stress differs markedly from that of the ferrous metals. It is very much hoped that a study of the fatigue strength of steel castings can be undertaken, although at present there are no funds for this special feature. The available knowledge of the fatigue properties of steel castings is very slight indeed.

In the course of the investigation, some hundreds of tests have been run to one hundred million cycles of stress, a score or more of tests have been run through several hundred million cycles of stress and one test has been run through one billion cycles of stress. This last-named test required the continuous running of a rotating-beam testing machine for four hundred and twenty-four-hour days."

## THE LAST STRAW

With a jolt the car came to a sudden stop in the middle of a busy street. The self-starter refused to act, and the driver was forced to dismount and endeavor to crank up the engine with the aid of the starting handle.

For five minutes he twirled the handle furiously, while a small crowd collected. At length a short-sighted old lady stepped forward and pressed a penny into the hand of the perspiring motorist.

"My good man," she said, gently, "I wish all barrel organs were as quiet as yours."

"Harold, I dreamed about you last night."

"You did, you dear girl?"

"But I'm not blaming you. Something I ate disagreed with me."

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## Talking With a Rubber Larynx

"ANOTHER humanitarian use for rubber," is what "The India Rubber World" (New York) calls the artificial vocal organ, invented by a New York physician and constructed recently by two engineers in one of the great electrical works. Applications of rubber in the service of humanity for the relief of disease and deformities and the preservation of health have been made and developed continually, we are told, since the early days of vulcanization. To the long list of rubber articles designed for humanitarian needs there has now been added this noteworthy and interesting development. We read:

Any unfortunate person who is mute by reason of the removal of his larynx can be supplied now with a new means of talking by the use of an artificial larynx of rubber. This apparatus has recently been developed by Dr. Harvey Fletcher and Messrs. Wegel and Lane, Western Electric Company engineers, on a plan suggested by Dr. John E. Mackenty, of New York.

"Not only will the artificial larynx add happiness and earning power to its users, but it will remove one barrier to the proper treatment of cancer of the throat. In the early stages of the disease, when a radical operation offers a practical certainty of cure, sufferers have often hesitated because they dreaded the loss of their voices. Delay, even while trying other treatments, has usually allowed the disease to progress to a point where cure is impossible. With the fear of future silence removed, Dr. Mackenty believes that sufferers no longer will risk their lives, but will have the cancerous tissues removed and do their talking with an artificial larynx.

In the construction of the artificial larynx rubber is the principal material used. The apparatus could be made entirely of rubber if desired, by substituting hard rubber for the few parts now made of metal. The apparatus comprises a hard rubber shell or air chamber containing a pure rubber vibrating membrane; a hard rubber mouthpiece, and a soft rubber tube connection, with the

trachea connection supplied with a sponge rubber pad.

The body of the larynx is in two parts, in the upper part of which a narrow strip of pure rubber dental dam stock is adjustably stretched across the flaring outlet within the larynx. Suitable tension of the vibrating rubber band or membrane, which functions as a vocal cord, is secured by the movement of a metal yoke, to the branches of which the ends of the rubber band are attached. The tension is adjusted by a nut on the threaded yoke stem below the larynx.

Referring to the removal of a person's larynx, the operation is a very delicate one, involving the removal of the familiar 'Adam's Apple' and adjacent parts of the throat. Ultimately the upper end of the windpipe is brought forward into the wound. This is sewed up in such a way that the windpipe communicates directly with the outer air. After the wound has healed, the patient may wear the talking apparatus all day, with a layer of gauze underneath to keep dust out of his lungs.

The artificial larynx is connected to the user by attaching the sponge rubber pad of the inlet over the windpipe opening, using tapes around the neck and chest. The air, in breathing, finds inlet and outlet to the lungs through a side opening in the rubber larynx and the connecting flexible tubing.

In use the side opening of the larynx is closed by the thumb. Air forced from the lungs is set into vibration by the tensioned band, and these vibrations are carried through a short tube like a pipe-stem into the speaker's mouth. Here the vibrations are modulated in much the same manner as though they were naturally produced in the throat. The result is speech which can easily be understood. It differs from natural speech chiefly in being a low-pitched monotone, not loud, but perfectly intelligible.

The method employed in the artificial larynx to cause vibrations of the air is precisely the same as that used in the toy balloon squawker, scientifically developed and applied to a laudable humanitarian end.

"Father, teacher says we are here to help others!"

"That's right, sonny!"

"Then what are the others here for?"

—Klods Hans, Copenhagen.

A porter at a London club had been very persistent in his attentions to a

rich member, but his services never gained the usual tip. The porter was hopeful, however, and assisted him into the taxi that was to bear him away.

"Cloudy day, sir," he ventured to remark, with an expectant smile.

"Yes," growled the mean member, "and no change coming, either."

## "The Corner Grocery" (East Side)

AT 6 o'clock (and, oh, how dark it is,  
These days at 6 o'clock!) the gulls  
fly low  
Over East River for their daily food;  
But not the gulls alone are stirring now,  
Feeling the need of breakfast: one by  
one  
Come forth the dwellers in the tenements,  
Each with her little can to hold the milk,  
And make for where a welcome light  
shines forth—

"The Corner Grocery."

I wonder when  
The Grocer gets his sleep? For late and  
soon  
He stands behind the counter dealing  
out  
Rolls, butter, eggs—and just enough of  
each  
For the next meal; we live from hand  
to mouth,  
We and the gulls; we have no storage  
room;  
No cellar where we keep a month's supply.  
Perhaps that's why it seems as though  
we take  
Our daily bread straight from the hand  
of God,  
Who feeds the gulls and us.

But in one thing  
The gulls are happier than we; I mean  
They have no clock to watch; they take  
their time;  
While we who stand in line and wait our  
turn  
Are almost savage at enforced delay.  
The Grocer's voice is tense; he feels our  
mood;  
We breathe suppressed excitement as  
we wait.  
"I'm next!" says one, and pushes to the  
front,  
While all the others listen: will it be  
Much of an order? For some women  
stand  
And name a dozen items, while the next  
In line, who merely wants a quart of  
milk,  
Looks at the clock, and fumes, and taps  
her foot.  
And everything we buy is quickly cooked—  
"Three-Minute Oats," and "Instant"  
This or That;  
We snatch our breakfast like the eager  
gulls,  
And then are gone—before the Hour  
strikes,  
The great, compelling Hour of 9 o'clock.  
FLORENCE VAN CLEVE.  
Courtesy of New York Times.

Baldness is stated to be increasing among civilized people who live in cities.



# Smokehouse Correspondence

By HARRY E. FLANAGAN

Letter from Pete Broadback, Fireman,  
to Lester Ledger, Timekeeper.

Dear Sir:

Who was that little filly I saw you with last night? And now allow me to make a confession. A great number of times, particularly after scanning my pay check, I have publicly announced that you had no head for figures. In fact, I may have intimated that you had no head at all. But when I observed how you pick them, I am not at all surprised that you should boot the more prosaic figures which find their way into your time books.

I realize, of course, that under such circumstances, you should not be condemned too severely for the persistent shortages which occur in my pay, but nevertheless, I must insist that you send me a time check for \$11.61—the baby needs a pair of new shoes.

Very truly yours,

PETE BROADBACK.

Letter from Lester Ledger, Timekeeper, to Pete Broadback, Fireman.

Dear Sir:

The way you tallowpots yell for back pay would lead one to believe that you were chiropractors.

Before complaining to me of your alleged shortages, it would be well, I believe, to have the engineers turn in your slips; otherwise the shortages are very likely to continue.

I resent your statement about my lady friend, the one you refer to as a "filly." She, as anyone of discernment would know, comes under the heading of "squab."

The fact that your baby needs a new pair of shoes is not a surprising matter to me. As a matter of fact, she needs a lot of new things, including a daddy. You imply that 11.61 will be sufficient to provide this "baby" with the necessary new foot coverings. If this is the same "baby" who attended the stingers' ball with you, you underestimate the of shoe leather. You couldn't cover one of her feet for that amount.

Very truly yours,

LESTER LEDGER.

Letter from Carlo Tozzi, Coal Dock Foreman, to Mike Pontrelli, Coal Superintendent.

MIKE:

Whatsa mat? Can't get the spot for the coal; can't get the spot for the cinder pit. Whatsa mat?

CARLO.

Letter from Mike Pontrelli, Coal Dock Superintendent, to Ed. Swenson, Yardmaster.

Dear Sir:

Carlo Tozzi, coal dock foreman at your division point, advises me that he is unable to get cars spotted at either the coal dock or the cinder pit. Perhaps you are aware of the fact that an excess of cinders and a lack of coal is not exactly conducive to good railroading. Mr. Tozzi does not desire these cars to be spotted merely for his own amusement. He has a very definite purpose in view. He also suggests in his letter to me, that you are trying to prove the Nordic theory at his expense. If I were you Mr. Swenson, I would try to get along with Mr. Tozzi. He, as you know, comes from southern Italy—and would not be adverse to cutting you off from your herring.

Very truly yours,

MIKE PONTRELLI.

Letter from Ed. Swenson, Yardmaster, to Mike Pontrelli, Coal Dock Superintendent.

Dear Sir:

If you are one of these guys who can either take suggestions or leave them alone, I want to give you a tip on how to write a ticket on this one.

Tell your Mr. Tozzi not to let his hot southern blood get out of control, when he is around me. We Nordics are slow

to anger, but when we do, we generally stock home with the spaghetti.

So you know what is not conducive to good railroading. This is indeed surprising, since I know you are from Venice, where, I understand, you called boats at the Canal street station.

By the way, does your Mr. Tozzi realize that there is such a thing as gravitation? By applying its laws to some of the cars on the coal dock, he could very easily get his "spots" without bothering our switchmen. As for the cinder pit, he could switch that very easily, all by himself. Let him pull the pin on the loads, blow a blast of garlic laden breath on the rear drawbar, and the car will be on its way.

Very truly yours,

ED. SWENSON.

Letter from Joe Stallings, Roundhouse Foreman, to Lewis Closefist, Storekeeper.

Dear Sir:

The master Mechanic has requested me to give him a detailed report why it is necessary for me to take so many engines out of service at this point. Perhaps you have an inkling why. If not, I shall tell you. For a locomotive to run, and run properly, it must have the necessary parts. For some reason or other, we do not have them in stock here. Today it was necessary to take the 2179 out of service because we didn't have

(Continued on page 85)

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# MacIntyre Breaks His Word

By W. HAROLD THOMSON, in *John O' London's Weekly*

THESE had been a time in what he regarded now as the long ago when Andrew MacIntyre had played the pipes, and had played them well.

That had been up in Glencruach, where he had been born, and where he had lived till he was twenty-five.

On this chill night, tantalizingly pricked every now and then by thin rain, he played Highland tunes on a tin whistle which he had bought for fourpence a week or two previously, and with which he had contrived to pay his wretchedly uncomfortable way.

Pausing every few minutes to rest his lungs, he whistled from Camden Town, up Roslyn Hill and Haverstock Hill, to Hampstead. He did not beg from anyone, but certain good-hearted folk halted for a second to slip a coin or two into his hand. The music broke at such moments, and he gave a not undignified "Thank ye kindly."

By the time the church clocks were striking the hour of nine, he had collected sufficient money to ensure shelter for the night and a meal. In Camden Town there was a house known to him whose landlord provided his clients with a bed of sorts and a breakfast of sorts for the sum of one shilling per head.

Now, there are many Scottish householders in Hampstead, and though in these days some of them are merely struggling along, some of them are, on the other hand, as prosperous as the legendary London Scot is supposed to be.

One of those prosperous Scots was a Mr. James Henderson. He was a bachelor, a self-confessed cynic, a successful architect, and — this has a bearing on what follows—a member of a Bohemian Club where poker was played night by night. Henderson loved the game and played it well, but he was unlucky at cards, just as, presumably, he had been unlucky in love.

In any case, he was prepared to pay a substantial sum in return for the thrill of the game.

On this particular night, when Andrew MacIntyre, shivering and despondent, was playing a tin whistle to earn pennies, James Henderson, who was suffering from one of his periodic bouts of gout, had remained at home in his snug villa in Benfoots Avenue.

While entering this highly respectable road it had been MacIntyre's fate to meet with a tall, powerfully-built young man with whom he had talked in the Camden Town doss-house on the pre-

vious night, and this young man—who had been singing unsuccessfully—attached himself to the fifty-four-year-old Scot and stood beside him while the latter played "The Barren Rocks of Aden" near to Mr. James Henderson's garden-gate.

MacIntyre, who, to change a familiar phrase, was old for his years, paused in his music-making, wiped his lips, ran a creased palm over a rain-wetted face, hitched up the collar of a thin and sodden jacket, and was starting to play again when his unwanted companion nudged at his side.

"No use sticking round here, mate," he said. "We might as well move on. When we come to the cross-roads, I'll sing something. Maybe that'll help things."

But into MacIntyre's mind there had jumped, all lively and glowing, the lilt of a marching-air which he particularly liked.

He began to play it just as James Henderson, disturbed, yet curiously stirred by the music of his homeland, hobbled to the window of his comfortable smoke-room and, drawing the blinds apart, looked out uselessly into the gloom.

It would have been a simple thing to ring for one of his servants, but he did not do that. Instead, and forgetting to pull the window blinds of the room, which adjoined the little hall, he returned to his chair.

When MacIntyre had finished the march and flicked away globules of saliva from the whistle he heard the young man beside him say:—

"Chance your arm, mate. Go and ring the blinkin' bell. You might touch that bloke who came to the window for something."

MacIntyre nodded—rather curtly. He did not like the young man by his side. "I'll do it," he said, "but you needn't be waiting, m'lud. I'll be wishing you a good night."

"Blimey! I don't mind waiting," the other answered. "We might do a turn together, you an' me."

"Don't wait," the Scot said. "Don't you wait. I'm workin' on my own."

In the belief that the muscular youth had gone, he walked, with something of hot revulsion at the job in hand, up the short path and to the house door.

It was opened, not by a servant as he had expected, but by Mr. James Henderson himself, a man a few years his junior; a tall, comfortably-bodied, and as

we know, prosperous man, who was prepared to be violent of speech.

Henderson was half bald, and wore strongly-lensed glasses through which his blue eyes glanced keenly. MacIntyre, on the other hand, was short, and had hair in plenty, though, to be sure, it was grey. His eyes were grey, too. There was something mystical about them, and his face, which had once been brown, was pale and deeply-lined.

"Well?" Henderson asked. "What the devil do you want? Begging, are you?"

MacIntyre's fingers tightened about the whistle.

"No," he said. "I'll no' be beggin'. Folk as play in bands and orchestras and them kind o' things are paid, and don't call themselves beggars. I've been playin', too, and I've just come to ask you if you'd be caring to give me a wee bit o' a kind o' fee. But—och! it doesn't matter. I've never begged in my life."

"Rubbish!" said Henderson. "It comes to the same thing. A Scot, are you?"

"Aye. You are, too, mister."

"Yes, I am—though I don't know how you know it. . . . What's your part?"

"Mebbe you wouldn't be knowin' it," the older man said. "I was born an' bred in Glencruach, in West Perthshire. . . . But never mind that. I'll be taking to the road again, an'—"

"Don't be so infernally snappy. Glencruach, eh? Queer, that! I was born in Strathbeg. That's just over the shoulder of Ben Vrack. Here, come inside for a second and shut that dam' door. It's a foul night, and the rain's blowing in."

Once the door had been closed and the men were looking at each other, Henderson regretted his impulsiveness.

True, this countryman of his looked harmless enough, and had kindly eyes. As against that, he was an undoubted vagrant, and the tiny wisps of steam which rose from his clothes in the warm hall annoyed Henderson subtly.

But the younger Scot had a long-suppressed streak of sentiment in him. Perhaps that was why he said:—

"Come into this room, here. I've got to give you something, of course, but I'd like to hear about Glencruach—if your story's true."

Or perhaps he said that because his foot was twinging again, and he wished to rest it.

Once in the smoke-room, he studied MacIntyre.



"Well?" he asked. "This is infernal nonsense, of course, but — what about Glencruach?"

Andrew MacIntyre shook his head.

"I wish I could be givin' you news of the glen," he answered, "but I haven't set foot in Scotland for near thirty years. . . . I wish t'God I could see myself gettin' back there."

It was the cynical Henderson who answered that.

"Fond of it, are you?" he remarked. "I suppose that's why you've spent thirty years in London?"

"No," the other said, with a shake of the grey head. "London's right enough in its way, and for folk like you, sir, it may mean everything. But not for me. For more than half my life I've been planning to get away from it. I don't dare let myself think too much about the glen, or I'd go daft. I ache for it."

There was no doubt as to the truth of that. The faded eyes grew wistful while he spoke, and his hands closed tightly.

"Sit down," said Henderson. "You'd better have a drink, and it won't take a moment to get some food for you. You needn't talk till you've had it."

"I don't like—" MacIntyre was starting, when the other stopped him with insincere irritability.

"Oh, don't be so infernally proud," he said. "After all, we're fellow-countrymen, and—well, I know Glencruach."

Ten minutes or so later MacIntyre told his story, briefly and frankly.

He had been a joiner in the little village where he had been born. At twenty-three he had married a girl from far up the glen, and she had died eighteen months later. Almost immediately after that, and answering some wildly-tugging impulse, the young widower had set his face towards the South, and had walked every yard of the way to London.

At first he had been miserable there, and though the misery faded in time, he found his only real happiness in scheming to get, as he put it, back home.

The years passed and all of them were lean. There was no one from whom he could borrow, and when he did have any spare money—well, there was an ailing sister in the North, who had been good to him and who was even poorer than himself.

At last, however, and when this one relative was dead, he had saved nearly ten pounds and was on the eve of leaving London when a crazily-driven car knocked him—and his schemes—sideways.

By the time his illness was over the money was gone, and he had started on a futile search for work.

"It's no good," he ended. "I can't get up now, unless I walk there—and I can't do that. I'm a bit weak-like, an'

my feet are bad. They wouldn't take me."

After that he spoke about the glen.

"Can't you see it?" he asked, looking, not at his host, but at the core of the fire by which they sat. "I can! I can see the hill wi' the cloud-shadows creepin' on them, an' the birch trees aside the burn, an' the heather an' the ferns, an' the great boulders in the corries, an' Loch Gorm an' Loch Ashig, an' even the blue reek from the crofters' cottages. An' I can hear yon kind o' jingle-jangle o' the Varroch water over the chuckies, an' whaups cryin' at night—an' the sheep far up on Ben Vrack."

"Dammit all, man!" said Henderson. "That'll do! . . . And, so you'd like to go back, eh?"

He was looking shrewdly at MacIntyre now.

"If you gave your word, would you keep it?" he asked.

"Aye," said MacIntyre. "What would you be meanin' by that?"

"Wait a minute," said Henderson.

MacIntyre was perhaps some fifty paces away from the house when he heard himself hailed softly and, a second or two later, felt a big hand on his shoulder.

"Good for you!" the youth, who had waited for him, exclaimed. "You touched all right, matey. I seen you through the window. That bloke forgot to pull the blind. I seen him give you five quid in notes. Well, it's share and share alike with you and me."

Fearfully, MacIntyre glanced up and down the long quiet road. He could see no one; could hear nothing save the distant rumble of a motor-bus.

Sweat oozed out on his brow and ran ticklingly into his eyes and down his nose.

"I thought you'd gone," he said. "You've no claim to the money. It's not yours. It's not mine either, for that matter. It's a loan. That gentleman came from my part, y'see, an' he gave me five pounds to take me home. I gave him my solemn word that I'd leave from Euston to-morrow morning. The fare's three quid, but thank God it's a single ticket I'm takin'. I've promised to let the gentleman have a line from me the day after to-morrow. You'll be understandin' I promised! The two pounds is to buy food, and see me started. I'm going to try to get work, but I'd rather be a tramp among my own hills than in these streets. You can't have it."

"Can't I?" said the other. "We'll see about that."

"I've near five bob in my pocket," MacIntyre offered, eagerly. "You can have that, an' gladly."

He did not say anything else, for a fist struck hard at his jaw and he slid, as it were, into darkness.

When consciousness returned—and it did so very gradually—Andrew MacIntyre put a hand to his pocket where the notes had lain. They were gone, as he had known that they would be. The only thing that remained there was the slip of paper on which had been written down Henderson's name and address.

The pain in the Scotsman's jaw was less by far than the pain which throbbed in his brain. He had passed his word, and now he could not keep it; he who had never broken a promise in his life. He could not go back to the man who had befriended him—that was unthinkable.

Wearily, utterly dejected, he rose and stood for half a minute holding on to the railing of a gate. Then he took out the tin whistle and walked up Bensfoot Avenue.

The days passed and there came no message to James Henderson from Andrew MacIntyre. At his most cynical, Henderson moved his shoulders and said to himself:—

"Serves you right. You might have known better than to trust one of his sort."

And then, weeks and weeks later, a note reached him which said in one paragraph:—

You will be forgiving me, I hope, for being so long in writing, but I wanted to send money when I did. There's a postal order for one pound herewith, and I am hoping to send you one every month till the five is paid. You won't be wanting thanks I know, but I give it. I've a job, and I am happier than I've been in thirty years. It's a wonderful thing to be up here in the glen watching spring come along. . . .

It so happened that that note was brought to Henderson on a mellow morning when he had been glancing through a railway guide to Devonshire. He needed a day or two off anyway, and—well, there was something in what Andrew MacIntyre had written. It really was rather wonderful to see his corner of the Highlands rubbing its eyes and blinking at the spring-time sunshine.

At the foot of Glencruach Henderson was talking to the village doctor, to whom he had been introduced half an hour earlier, when, some distance away, an elderly man passed with a joiner's straw-made basket slung over a shoulder.

"Good Lord!" Henderson exclaimed. "I know that fellow. Do you?"

"Do I?" the doctor said. "I should think I do, and—wait a second—I'm just beginning to remember things. Were you the Mr. Henderson who gave him



five pounds to pay for his railway fare here?"

"I was," he admitted, "but that doesn't matter."

"It does matter," he was told. "You've got to hear the story from me, for Andrew MacIntyre would never tell it to you."

"He didn't come here by train, Mr. Henderson. He came here on his feet! I don't know how he managed to stick it out—pride, I suppose—but he'd walked all the way from London. I had to look after him when he got here. He was nearly done in, and his feet were raw. I remember how he kept saying: 'Well, I've broke my word in a kind o' way'—that was how he put it—but I kept it as best I could and, anyway, he needn't know.' You've got to hear the whole story just as he told it to me."

By the side of Loch Ashig James Henderson and Andrew MacIntyre stood looking away to where the sun was slipping down behind Ben Vrack.

"If it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't have come back to Scotland," Henderson said. "If I hadn't come, I'd have missed—this! London must be my home for most of the year, for nearly all my friends are there—and all my business interests. But I'm going to build a cottage here, and I'm giving the joinery contract to your boss on the condition—and remember this—that you're made his foreman. No! don't say a word. It's settled—and I think you'll find it easier than you expected to pay back that other four pounds that I'm not wanting but that you say I must take. . . ."

MacIntyre looked away.

"Did ye see yon hart slip across among the birches yonder?" he asked. "A bonny sight, that."

Still looking towards the birches, he held a hand out and felt it gripped.

"Remember only times of love and gladness,

Forget the troubles—let them slip away,

Store up the laughter, never mind the sadness

Of every day.

"Remember only things of joy and beauty,

Forget the sharp words people sometimes say,

For happy thoughts will help you do your duty

Through every day.

Cinnamon is a species of laurel that thrives in Ceylon.

Australia is the world's largest producer of wool.

## An Artist in Black Eyes!

**N**O city in the world boasts a stranger assortment of little-known occupations than London, England, and of them all none is perhaps more curious than the trade of "black eye" artist, carried on as part of the business of Mr. W. Clarkson, the famous theatrical costumier and wig-maker.

"My assistants and I have painted out dozens of black eyes for victims of assault and accidents," Mr. Clarkson said. "We have also painted in quite a number! I remember a man coming to me to have one of his eyes made to look as badly bruised as possible. He explained that he had quarrelled with his wife, who had thrown a book and hit him in the face. He wished to give her a shock by exhibiting a seriously damaged optic. Whether a reconciliation followed, I never heard.

### Comical Causes

"One client called with a black eye, which I duly painted out, and astonished me the next morning by turning up with another. Once two society women had a quarrel on the eve of a function at Buckingham Palace, and came to me to make them presentable. Both had badly blackened eyes. Another case was that of a girl who accidentally received a black eye the day before her wedding.

"Some of the excuses made by people with black eyes are amusing. One client said that her baby had hit her in the eye with its chubby fist, although I happened to know that she had quarrelled with her husband; while a clergyman declared that he had blackened his own eye while waving his arms in the pulpit. As a matter of fact, he had been jabbed in the eye by an umbrella wielded by an irate parishioner!"

The materials used by Mr. Clarkson's "black eye" specialist comprise grease paints, lily powder, and sometimes a little carmine. Usually the sound eye also requires touching up, in order to match the other eye.

Since the day I was told that story of the unclean boy who was sent home to be washed and fumigated, I have had a tender spot in my heart for the woman teacher in the elementary school.

"Dere Miss" (the mother wrote in reply), "I no Ikey ain't no rose. Larn him—don't smell him."

That attitude of mind is eloquent of the general indifference towards the teaching profession—a profession which I regard as the worst paid in the world if we consider the importance of it to the nation as a whole.—Andrew Soutar.

## Animals and Doctors

**R**EMARKABLE instances of what is apparently self-surgery among woodcock have been reported in France. Several sportsmen claim to have shot birds whose legs, having previously been injured, were skilfully "bandaged" with mud and downy feathers pulled from the birds' breasts.

A famous Parisian surgeon states that he killed a bird whose broken leg had been supported by a sort of sling made of feathers bound into position by the bird itself.

Of this extraordinary intelligence among birds and animals there are many other records. Not long ago a farmer in the Midlands reported that a calf with a broken leg to all intents and purposes set and healed the joint by licking it continuously.

### A Rat's Ruse.

Rats caught in traps have been known to amputate the captive limb by gnawing it with their teeth and afterwards "dressing" the wound with oil, or, as was found in one instance, butter. Deer which have sustained injuries find relief by covering the wound with a thick coating of saliva.

There is a well-authenticated instance of a brown bear which, after having been injured in the leg in the course of being captured, carefully and by some means known only to itself "shaved" a part near the ankle and then amputated it. The remarkable point about this case is that the amputation was made five inches above the wound. By what marvellous instinct did the bear know that the severance at this place was more desirable than it would have been at the seat of the injury?

There are more than 25,000,000 horses and mules in the United States. Of these 17,000,000 actually are in harness each year doing work on farm plantations and ranches. More than 2,000,000 are engaged annually in cities and other non-agricultural work.

Vessels at sea, regardless of nationality, may obtain free medical advice from Danish radio stations.

"Cheer up! Cheer up! What though the way be long?

The sun is shining. Hark! The cuckoo's song!

Look for the little pleasures by the way,

The scented flowers, the blossoming of May,

—Forget thyself."

—Hoel Caerlion.



## Smokehouse Correspondence

(Continued from page 81)

any cylinder packing. On other days, it is other things. This deplorable condition will exist until the store department has sufficient foresight to anticipate our needs. Can anything be done to remedy this unfortunate state of affairs?

Very truly yours,  
JOE STALLINGS.

Letter from Lewis Closefist, Storekeeper, to Joe Stallings, Roundhouse Foreman.

Dear Sir:

Yes, Mr. Stallings, something can be done to remedy what you choose to call "this unfortunate state of affairs." But it can not be done, altogether, by the store department.

Yesterday, I stopped to watch a machinist put cylinder packing in the 2179. Before I left I was peering over a broken pile of packing rings in order to see what was going on. If this metal mutilator is to apply cylinder packing to all our locomotives, kindly advise me of the fact. In that case, I will be able to have a few extra cars of this material hurried to the division.

Very truly yours,  
LEWIS CLOSEFIST.

Letter from B. O. Carr, Trainmaster, to Martin Cassidy, Conductor.

Dear Sir:

You are out of service until further notice.

Never in my entire experience of railroading have I come in contact with such a rank piece of negligence as your crew perpetrated on your last trip. Occasionally, the burning of a journal in the middle of a long train is excusable; but when a caboose journal is burned off, then, the very zenith of carelessness has been attained. I shall give you an opportunity to explain this incident. For your sake, I hope you can do it to my satisfaction.

Very truly yours,  
B. O. CARR.

Letter from Martin Cassidy, Conductor, to B. O. Carr, Trainmaster.

Dear Sir:

Someone took the packing out of the journal which was burned off, and filled the box with cinders. Ordinarily, either my rear brakeman or myself would have smelled the journal when it became hot. But as we both suffer from hay fever, our noses were unable to function in their customary manner.

I suspect that d— call boy, Tad Moran, knows who removed the packing from the journal box. It was only a week ago that he threw a fusee at Chris Jenkins, the pointed end of which lodged

itself in that particular part of the body which a rear brakeman uses the most.

Very truly yours,  
MARTIN CASSIDY.

Letter from B. O. Carr, Trainmaster, to Tad Moran, Call Boy.

Dear Sir:

It has been called to my attention that you have become exceedingly unruly—even for a call boy. Is it true that you hurled a fusee which lodged in Chris Jenkins' er-back? If so, what was the provocation?

I would also like to have you tell me whether or not you know anything about the removal of packing from the journal boxes of caboose 1226.

Very truly yours,  
B. O. CARR.

Letter from Tad Moran, Call Boy, to B. O. Carr, Trainmaster.

Dear Sir:

Yes, sir, I did fling a fusee at Mr. Jenkins. He was stooping over. It hit him . . . well, he had it coming all right. If he had used some of the dope on that burnt journal which he put on me, the thing would have never burned off.

No, sir, I never took any packing out of that journal box. That wouldn't have been right. Besides, that big stiff, Jenkins, was watching me all the time.

Very respectfully yours,  
TAD MORAN.

Letter from Asa Dunkerhead, Master Mechanic, to A. L. Dilatory, Engineer.

Dear Sir:

Why is it that you are the only engineer on the division who has to double

on the hills? Don't you know how to work your steam? If there isn't a distinct improvement in your work on the road, I shall instruct the road foreman to ride with you until you show an inclination to get your train over the hills in one piece.

Very truly yours,  
ASA DUNKERHEAD.

Letter from A. L. Dilatory, Engineer, to Asa Dunkerhead, Master Mechanic.

Dear Sir:

I am not the one to quibble with a superior officer, but allow me to say a few words in defense of my record.

One reason I am compelled to double on the hills is this: you are evidently laboring under the false impression that I am running a locomotive. I will admit that outwardly the old boiler does resemble an engine. But it has ceased to function like one for many weeks. This old mill has been ready for the back shop for months; it has leaky flues, faulty draft and loose tires. It blows all around like a porpoise. It has the spring halts, the heaves and a palpitating heart.

Do I know how to work my steam? That's a laugh. What steam I manage to get from the coal (which could be made into nice schoolroom blackboards) is gone long before it reaches the place where it would do some good.

There's some mistake about that draw bar record. This pot couldn't extract a draw bar from a kiddie kar. Send your road foreman along. Let him see that his insurance hasn't lapsed before he climbs up the gangway.

Very truly yours,  
A. L. DILATORY.

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# Labor Loses Strong Supporter

*Warren S. Stone, President, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Prominent Figure in Financial Labor World, Called by Death.*

Labor has lost one of its strongest supporters in the death of Warren S. Stone, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and one of the leading labor heads and labor financiers in the country.

Entering a hospital in Cleveland, Ohio, on Tuesday, June 9, for treatment for uraemic poisoning, Mr. Stone died there on Friday, June 12.

When Warren S. Stone completed his academic education in May, 1879, his father wished him to take up the study of law, while the son was inclined toward surgery. As a sort of compromise if it may be termed that, the son, in September of the same year, began firing a locomotive on the Rock Island Railroad out of Eldon, Iowa. Whether he sacrificed a distinguished career in law or surgery will remain unanswered, but the work he chose eventually made him internationally known and a leader in two widely-diversified fields—as head of an international labor organization and president of labor's First National Bank in America.

One of Mr. Stone's characteristics was a determination to do a thing as well as it possibly could be done. In that spirit he began firing his locomotive and in that spirit he continued, though promotion was slow. He worked five years and nine months at the firing job before being promoted to engineer. Then he rounded out a quarter of a century on the road by putting in 19 years and three months at the throttle in freight and passenger service.

Through all those years Mr. Stone had innate executive ability, for the display of which he had little opportunity in the locomotive cab. But he had shown it in the councils of his fellow-engineers, and while still holding his job in the cab was called upon in August, 1903, to fill the position of grand chief of the International Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which had become vacant by the death of Grand Chief P. M. Arthur, while delivering an address at Winnipeg, Man. Up to the time he started for Cleveland to take up his duties, Mr. Stone never had been east of Chicago.

## Serious Situation.

Early in his administration Mr. Stone was confronted with a serious situation as railroad workers generally had become dissatisfied with their wages. The new leader handled the problem skillfully, and in the end brought about sat-

isfactory agreements. He grouped the transportation systems of the country into eastern, western and southeastern sections. After reaching agreements with the railroads in the two latter sections, his negotiations with those of the eastern section became dead-locked and the matter went to arbitration, an agree-

administration was compulsory life insurance for all engineers. During more than 20 years as chief executive of the brotherhood it increased from a membership of 38,000 with \$69,000,000 insurance in effect to nearly 90,000 members carrying approximately \$200,000,000 of life, sickness and accident insurance.

## Starts Brotherhood Bank.

With wide experience in money matters as a result of having handled millions of dollars of brotherhood dues and insurance and having made an exhaustive study of co-operative banks throughout the world, Mr. Stone presented a plan for an engineers' co-operative bank at the triennial convention in 1918 and was authorized to start such a bank in Cleveland. It was opened November 11, 1920, with a capital of \$500,000, and a surplus of \$100,000. Three years later its resources were nearly \$25,000,000. This was followed by the establishment of several other banks throughout the country, controlled by the brotherhood, and in addition a substantial interest was acquired in the Empire Trust Company of New York.

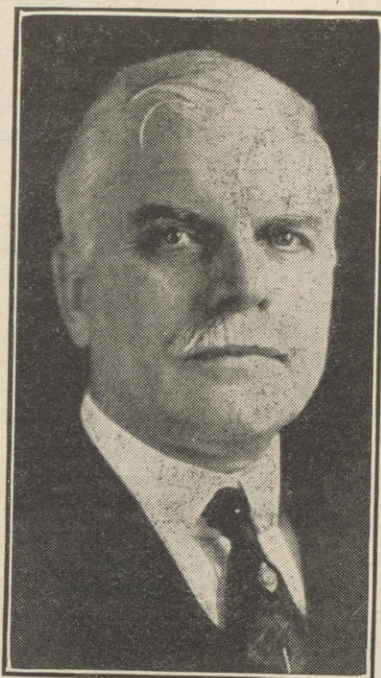
Because the brotherhood co-operative bank could handle only a limited amount of business under the restrictions of the national banking laws, the Brotherhood Holding Company, conceived by Mr. Stone, was incorporated in 1922 for \$1,000,000, the stock being sold entirely to engineers. A year later the Brotherhood Investment Company was incorporated with a capital of \$10,000,000. The brotherhood retained 51 per cent. of the common stock of the enterprises. A 21-storey building for the bank was erected in Cleveland and the Brotherhood Building Association acquired a 17-storey building in the same city.

Under Mr. Stone's guidance the engineers as individuals invested more than \$2,000,000 in coal mine properties in Kentucky and West Virginia, and financed a mail order store on a profit-sharing basis to provide themselves with the necessities of life.

## Born on Iowa Farm.

Mr. Stone was born on a farm near Ainsworth, Iowa, February 1, 1860. As a boy he worked on the farm in the summer and attended a country school three months in the winter. He rounded out this preliminary education with study at Washington Academy, Wash-

(Continued on opposite page)



Late Warren S. Stone

ment being reached on the basis of those of the other sections.

As grand chief of the engineers' brotherhood, Mr. Stone took an active part in the campaign of the railroad employees' organizations for the Adamson law. In all negotiations he earned a reputation for always keeping his word and never losing his temper, and although he became one of the most prominent labor leaders in the country he had gained the distinction of never having been called upon to lead a strike. He was quoted once as having said: "It is a fundamental principle without which no labor organization can hope to exist, that it must carry out its contracts."

One of Mr. Stone's early achievements in behalf of the engineers was the erection of the brotherhood 14-storey office building in Cleveland. It paid for itself in ten years, at the end of which time it was valued at more than \$3,000,000. Another feature of his



# Fighting Germs with Poison

**P**LANS for a systematic campaign against the minutest and most dangerous enemies of mankind were developed recently in the Division of Medicinal Products of the American Chemical Society in session in Baltimore, we are told by Science Service's "Daily Science News Bulletin" (Washington). For the first time in the history of medicine, chemists are co-operating with bacteriologists and physicians in the effort to make compounds that will be harmless to the human body and yet will poison or paralyze the parasites that prey upon it. We read:

New tactics are being employed in this campaign. Prof. Treat B. Johnson of Yale, in opening the symposium on 'Chemistry in the Field of Microbiology,' advanced the novel idea that the first step was to find out what the microbes were made of in order to find a drug that would kill them. He is accordingly engaged in growing tubercle bacilli by the pound and then analyzing them, and he has already discovered in these microscopic creatures a nitrogen compound hitherto unknown to biologists.

Dr. Carl Voegtlin, of the Hygienic Laboratory of the U. S. Public Health Service, is working on organic compounds containing arsenic in order to discover one that will penetrate the human tissue in pursuit of the parasite more freely than the earlier arsenicals introduced by the late Professor Ehrlich, of Germany. He reports that it is possible to produce a peculiarly active form of arsenic that will attack the mechanism by which the microbes breathe.

Dr. John W. Churchman, of the Loomis Laboratory, New York City, finds that certain of the aniline dyes will attack and paralyze particular species of bacteria, so that they can be used as antiseptics, both for skin wounds and internal infection. Solutions of these dyes strong enough to check infection may be left in cavities, such as the joints, since they are too weak to damage the tissues. He thinks it not improbable that we shall soon be able to combat many cases of blood poisoning successfully.

Dr. Veader Leonard, of Johns Hopkins, has made a new antiseptic that promises to be of great value. It is a derivative of the familiar coal-tar compound, resorcinol, and is called hexylresorcinol. This is more than 15,000 per cent stronger as a germicide than the mother substance, resorcinol, yet is probably less poisonous. The new compound is

excreted through the urinary tract, so it is likely to serve as a cure for infections of this region.

Prof. George W. Raiziss, of the University of Pennsylvania, has prepared chemically and investigated biologically a number of new dyestuffs containing mercury and has found two which are so much less toxic than the common mercury bichlorid that they may be injected directly into the blood. In tests on rabbits they were found to be as curative against blood infections as mercurochrome, which is one of the recent products of such research.

The discovery of mercurochrome, meroxyl, and similar antiseptics was no lucky accident but the result of the systematic investigations that have been carried on at the Brady Urological Institute of Johns Hopkins Hospital for the last eight years. Dr. Hugh H. Young, director of the Institute, reported today that in the progress of these investigations 265 dyestuffs had been studied and tested for their power of destroying germs and several drugs had been found among them that are useful as remedies for local or general infection."

Don't find fault with a child if it puts a toy to any other than the intended use (so long as the toy is not destroyed), for that is an exercise of invention. The child is discovering something for itself.

Jenks: Doctor, I have a frequent and intense desire to kiss young and beautiful girls. Do you think I ought to get married?

His Doctor: No. Under those circumstances you'd better not get married.

Hotel Manager: I see you have given our best suite of rooms to a man named Jones. Are you sure he can pay the price? Clerk: Yes, sir. He is immensely wealthy. "How do you know?" "Oh, he is very old and very ugly, and his wife is very young and very pretty."

(Continued from facing page)

ington, Iowa, and at Western College, Iowa. He became a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in 1884, six months after being promoted to engineer. His ability and his interest in the organization were recognized by his election as secretary-treasurer of his local division. Then he was made head of the local grievance committee and later chairman of the central committee of adjustment for the brotherhood of the entire Rock Island system.

When he became head of the brotherhood he made his home in Cleveland and took an active part in all its civic enterprises, being especially interested in educational affairs.

In October, 1884, Mr. Stone married Miss Carrie E. Newell, of Agency, Iowa.

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# Shakespeare's Wildest Woman

By GEORGE BLAKE

THERE is the word of a contemporary scholar for it that "in his idea of women, Shakespeare was very modern. We have taken three hundred years to catch up to him." Thus Professor George Gordon, of Oxford, in a recent address on "The Women of Shakespeare," at the Royal Institution, London, England. Most of us will agree at once that this is so. We can all recognize in Katharine the Shrew a type of spoiled girl that is very much among us today. We all feel that Lady Macbeth would make an admirable subject for psycho-analysis in its most advanced manifestations.

Lady Macbeth is certainly the most extraordinary female character created by Shakespeare. He makes her almost inexpressibly cruel, a monster in petticoats, and yet he gives her a strange tragic nobility. We may hate her, but we can never despise her. She was strong—she was great in her vicious determination. Beside her weaker husband, though it was he who committed the actual deed of assassination in abuse of hospitality, she seems specially hateful and yet admirable in her strength.

We all know her part in the tragedy of "Macbeth." Macbeth, returning victorious from the wars with his comrade Banquo, is met on a blasted heath by three witches, who hail him prophetically, first as thane of Glamis, then as thane of Cawdor, then as one "that shalt be king hereafter." Macbeth is already thane of Glamis; when he is welcomed by King Duncan at the palace he is informed that, for his noble part in the wars, he has been created thane of Cawdor. And here is the coincidence that works on his ambition. Why not king, as the witches' prophecy foretold? On this great possibility he broods.

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly.

## The Ambitious Wife

The rest is with Lady Macbeth. It is she who, swiftly grasping the possibilities, works on her husband's ambitions and spurs his more reasonable mind to the sticking-point. The king comes to their castle as a guest. Now is the time. She argues with Macbeth. He protests:—

We will proceed no further in this business:

He hath honor'd me of late; and I have bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,

Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

So Macbeth is driven by this virago to act. Duncan is asleep in his chamber, and Lady Macbeth has dosed his servants with drink, leaving their daggers ready. Here we get just a hint of some softness in her:—

Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Still, she pushes Macbeth to regicide, and when, the deed done, he is nervously remorseful and ashamed, she upbraids him for his weakness. He is afraid to return to the chamber of death with the daggers he had used:—

Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep"—the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.

## Man and Wife

The rest of the story is of the remorse of Macbeth and the revenge that overtook him. Always the Lady is a pillar of cold strength at his side:—

My hands are of your color; but I shame

To wear a heart so white. . . .

And when he mourns:—

Duncan is in his grave.

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;

Treason has done his worst: nor steel,

nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further.

It is she who replies:—

Come on;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;

Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

But Macbeth has a prophetic sense of the doom that is to overtake him in the end.

Come, seeling night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;

And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond

Which keeps me pale! Light thickens,  
and the crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood;  
Good things of day begin to droop  
and drowse,

Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill;

So, prithee, go with me.

The last we see of Lady Macbeth is in the famous "sleep walking" scene. It takes place towards the end of the play when Macbeth's fortunes are failing. Now, ill and weak, even that strong woman is remorseful, a little mad with remorse:—

The thane of Fife had a wife:  
where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—no more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting. . . . Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh! . . . To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed.

It is the end of an amazing woman. When Macbeth hears of her death, we realize finally the emptiness of the cause she so fiercely espoused and the vanity of human wishes:—

She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a word.

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

And then is heard no more: it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and

fury,  
Signifying nothing.

But what an epitaph it is!



# Dusting Crops Instead of Spraying

**"D**RY SPRAYING," or the application of protective chemicals in the form of fine powder instead of a liquid, is now the practice to a large extent on many fruit and vegetable farms, we are told by F. F. Rockwell and Lloyd Lewis, in "Farm and Fireside" (Springfield, Ohio). Mr. Rockwell is horticultural editor of the paper and both writers are connected with Seabrook Farms, Bridgeton, N.J. The subject is still in part a controversial one, Mr. Rockwell warns us; some claim that dusting is the only efficient way to fight bugs and diseases; others contend that nothing can ever take the place of liquid spraying. Dusting is comparatively a new idea and much has yet to be learned about it. He continues:

We are not interested in taking sides in the matter but are merely going to outline briefly some of the things we have learned about dusting here in the orchards and fields of Seabrook Farms.

On the occasion of the visit of a number of nurserymen last summer, one of them remarked, "Neither weeds nor bugs seem to grow here; tell us the secret."

They learned the "secret," so far as bugs are concerned, later when they were shown the battery of ten dusting and spraying machines which are used to keep our 1,100 acres of orchards and several hundred acres of field crops free from insects and disease. Naturally, the work of spraying such an acreage is tremendous. It is a subject that has received a great deal of attention, and it has been the object of countless experiments, carried on by ourselves and in co-operation with the New Jersey Experiment Station.

Spraying for crop protection has come to be considered just as much a matter of necessity as using fertilizer or getting a good strain of seed. With the advent of "dry spraying," or "dusting," a new era in plant protection began; and it came none too soon, for the multiplication of insects and diseases, and particularly the various "blights," was rapidly getting beyond control of wet spray methods.

Dusting is gaining in popularity each season, and has now reached a point where the general farmer can buy more crop-protection in dusts and dusting-apparatus than he can get for the same amount of money in spraying materials and apparatus.

Messrs. Rockwell and Lewis summarize what they believe to be the advantages of dusting, as compared to wet spraying, as follows:

1. In dusting, the bulk of material to be handled is so much less that material for half a day's work may be carried on the wagon. Moreover, the dusting outfit, including the engine, generally weighs less than 1,000 pounds. Moreover, spraying is absolutely dependant upon one's having a supply of water. If your water supply is cut off it is impossible to spray.

2. A big advantage in using dusts is that they are always available. Your machinery, if it is kept in condition, is the same. This means that when you discover a need for spraying you can "shoot" inside of thirty minutes. Likewise, you can do a big job of dusting in an hour or two, whereas with the liquid sprayer it would take almost that long to get started.

3. Dusting equipment is so much simpler, and has so few parts to get out of order, compared with a pump sprayer, that this alone would be sufficient reason for dusting, other things being equal.

4. Dusting can be done on time, without neglecting other jobs. This is particularly important on a general farm, where there are field crops as well as fruit.

5. The material can be more uniformly applied than a wet spray. This is a debatable question, but it must be admitted that it is possible, with dust, to reach equally well the tops of trees and the lowest growing field crops and plants.

6. There is likely to be more uniformity in the materials used in dusting, as they are applied to the crop, than is the case with liquid spraying, where there is always a chance of varying the mix on the farm.

7. A job can be finished while conditions are still right to get the best results. Sometimes these conditions last only a few hours. As an illustration, take the emergency which we faced in 1923 and 1924 as the result of a hailstorm sweeping a section of our 400 acres of peaches.

Left untreated, practically every hail-hit fruit would have rotted; by dusting immediately after the storms we were able to cover the 160 acres in ten hours with three dusters, using an 80-20 sulphur-lime dust that covered the injured surfaces before the decay germs could start. It would have been impossible to apply a liquid spray quickly enough to protect the injured fruit from rotting.

To give a very brief survey of how dusting has proved out it should be pointed out that its use is comparatively new, practically all within the last ten years. Experiments at Cornell from 1912-15 showed the percentages of perfect apples, of scab control and of worm control, from two to three per cent. better with dust than with liquid spray. At that time there was practically no commercial dusting being done, except experimentally.

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## What the Walrus Likes for Dinner

"OLD BILL" may have been very fond of oysters, but when he had them for dinner he turned up his nose at them. Of course "Old Bill," being a walrus in the London zoo, had not much nose to turn up, but the curator of the mammals in the garden knew that "Old Bill" much preferred to have a tender bit of seal blubber. Some naturalists feel sure that a walrus likes mollusks better, but perhaps the fact that "Old Bill" was really of the female persuasion, and should have been properly named "Little Alice," had something to do with it, says Mr. W. B. Pycraft, F. Z. S., in *The Illustrated London News*. Mr. Pycraft remarks that "what a walrus likes for dinner" has been a settled subject, supposedly, but now new light has been cast upon his diet, with the assistance of some interesting notes sent to Mr. Pycraft by Mr. W. Jobson, who, from his vantage ground of a trading station in Baffin Land, was able to glean much information from the Eskimos. Mr. Pycraft writes:—

Though ungainly in movement and uncouth in appearance, the walrus is yet a singularly interesting beast, no matter from what point of view we may contemplate him. Just now I am particularly concerned with the matter of his food. His fondness for oysters, which he displayed in that memorable feast shared with the Carpenter, most of us have never forgotten! But when we descend from fiction to hard facts, we seem to be, strangely enough, on less certain ground. Up to the present moment, all the books—and they are books written by men who ought to know—tell us that the walrus feeds upon mollusks and crustacea, and some add to this menu star-fish and sand-worms. In his search for mollusks, he sorts out "those of the largest size," as we have been taught to expect would be the case; and these are furnished by one of the clams, known to the conchologist as *Mya truncata*, also known as the "gaper," which is to be found in great abundance in Arctic waters. Like the ostrich, it buries its head in the sand, and so falls an easy prey to this hulking beast whenever he chooses to go rooting about the mud and sand with his great tusks to find a "square meal." One of the "boring-shells" is also eaten, and this is found by hunting at the roots of seaweeds, to which they moor themselves by a silken rope. The crustacea which make up part of

his diet are not specifically named, save the shrimps are mentioned. I should like to see a walrus chasing a shrimp!

For long years, "what the walrus has for dinner" has been regarded as settled beyond dispute. But it would appear that the last word on the subject has not yet been said. One of my most faithful and interesting correspondents, Mr. W. Jobson, who has a trading-station in Baffin Land, has sent me some extremely interesting notes, gleaned from Eskimos and from whaling captains, which seem to show that the appetite of the walrus is by no means appeased by juicy mollusks, sand-worms, and shrimps. On the contrary, I am assured that he prefers a far more solid and satisfying diet of seals. Seal meat and seal skin have, I am told, been taken from the stomachs of this mighty hunter, and he cites a case where an Eskimo had just landed a fine seal on an ice-floe, when a hungry walrus, without more ado, climbed up beside him and bore away his prize!

Circumstantial as the evidence seems to be, I must yet venture to ask for more. And this because, after carefully examining the skull of a walrus, I can not, for the life of me, see how such a feat as eating a seal can be accomplished. The tusks of this animal, in both sexes, are formidable weapons, for they may measure as much as thirty inches in length, and as weapons of offense are to be avoided as much as possible. They are also used, it is said, as digging implements and as grappling-irons, to enable their possessors to climb out of the water on to ice-floes, or slippery rocks. They are certainly used in fighting between rival males for the possession of the females which the stronger has managed to round up. They would certainly make short work of a seal which came within their range; but, being killed, how is it to be demolished?

The walrus is even worse off than the extinct sabre-toothed tiger, which apparently overreached itself by increasing the length of its "tusks," even though, by a special mechanism of the lower jaw, it was able to open its mouth wider than any other animal, either before or since its appearance on the earth. But the sabre-tooth had sharp incisor-teeth in the front of its jaws, and particularly effective check-teeth for slicing up flesh. The adult walrus has but one incisor

and three check-teeth, and these lie closely packed within the mouth on the inner side of the great tusks. Now, it is just possible to insert one's fist between these tusks, but in front of them there are no teeth. More than this, the tusks lie so far forward that the jaws must be quite incapable of obtaining a grip on any such solid body as the carcass of a seal; they seem designed, indeed, to prevent any such use, even though the lower jaw may allow the mouth to open as much as six inches.

There is, however, one possibility which must not be overlooked, remarks Mr. Pycraft:

The lips of the walrus are enormously thick, and beset with huge bristles, as thick as porcupine quills and quite as resistant. No one has yet assigned any use to this singular armature, but it may play not merely an important part in transferring mollusks from the sea-floor to the mouth, for such spines may serve equally well to thrust the loose skin of a slain seal sufficiently far into the mouth to enable a vice-like hold to be taken by the bony nippers formed by the extreme ends of the upper and lower jaws. Once such a hold was obtained, the skin and blubber might be wrenched off the still warm body, and a certain amount of flesh might also be seized in like manner. And just as an otter may be content with one or two good bites out of a fish, so a walrus may be content with a few mouthfuls from a seal. I feel quite positive that he could do no more. When "Old Bill" is old enough to grow a decent pair of tusks, the powers that be at the "Zoo" may be able to provide a seal as a test. May I be there to see!

There is another matter to be mentioned. The single incisor and the check-teeth already referred to are indistinguishable one from another, in so far as their shape is concerned. And all alike, in the adult, are worn down to the level of the gum, presenting tabular, slightly concave surfaces. These are quite consistent with a diet of shell-fish, since they would form admirable crushing pads, and their state of wear indicates that it is as "grindstones" that they are used; they certainly bear no evidence of being used for tearing or cutting up flesh.

As touching the number of the teeth in the walrus, the books, again, need revision. In some adult skulls, tiny sockets, sometimes even containing teeth, are found in the front of the upper jaw, though they do not cut the gum.



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